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# Franciscan Herald

## Geutopolis Illinois

*A monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.*

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## THE MESSAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

"May the Lord give thee peace." This was St. Francis's first message to the world. Peace—a magic word, the object of the prayers and longings of the human race since the fall. But what is peace? It is harmony between God and man and among men themselves. To restore this harmony—which has been disturbed by sin—the Prince of Peace, in the fullness of time, came down from heaven. Under the influence of His teaching, sealed by His death and resurrection, the face of the earth was renewed. Society was regenerated through the reform of the individual.

St. Francis, practical reformer that he was, knew that the world of his day could be rescued from perdition only by the saving power of the Gospel. To his far-seeing mind no reform of society was possible without the conversion of the individual. His pious salutation, therefore, "May the Lord give thee peace," was more than a simple blessing. It was a gage flung at the individual to seek his peace with God by breaking with sin—the enemy of God and destroyer of peace. Francis knew that, to reform society, it was not necessary to destroy existing governments and institutions or to abolish time-honored laws and conventions. His message paraphrased, therefore, meant simply this: Turn to God and He will turn to you. Put into practice the Gospel precepts of penance, humility, meekness, and charity, and the peace of God will flood your soul. For, "when the ways of man shall please the Lord, He will convert even His enemies to peace."

This is the peace that the world can not give, because the world is not of God. May the peace of God, "which surpasseth all understanding," through the intercession of St. Francis, the herald of the great Prince of Peace, keep our minds and hearts in Christ Jesus.



## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

TO all subscribers and readers we extend our best wishes for a thrice blessed and happy new year.

Looking back on the old year many will be filled with feelings of disappointment, if not regret. A twelvemonth ago, we had just emerged from the horrors of the world war, and were happy in the consciousness that peace with all the blessings which that sweet word implies was not far distant. For six long months a war-torn world waited and prayed and sighed for the return of peace; and when at length it came, strange to say, it met with a cold reception. Nowhere did its appearance excite genuine joy and enthusiasm. What comment it elicited was mostly of the unfavorable or palliative kind. Possibly the world had been so accustomed to the grim visage of war that it no longer recognized the charming features of peace. Possibly, too, the world took it for what it actually is, a child of Mars, and simply refused to be hoodwinked.

Be that as it may, the nations of the earth, though apparently at peace, are far from enjoying its blessings. In our own dear land, which, perhaps, has been least affected by the great cataclysm, a mighty industrial and economic war is being waged, the outcome of which will no doubt prove decisive for the future of the country and of the world. But no matter what the issue, the conflict is bound to have its effects on every one of us. Even now we feel them keenly. The struggle for existence, always acute, has become desperate. Where or when it will end, no man can tell. Present indications are that the war after the war will be the more protracted and destructive of the two.

Lest our readers think we are given to pessimism and despair, we hasten to assure them that our trust in God's providence and our faith in the rationality of the human race remains unshaken. We have some slight acquaintance with world his-

tory, and what little we know is sufficient to convince us of the wisdom of God's ways and the sanability of man's nature. True, the belief in God's ever-vigilant care and long-suffering mercy and love for the world, has been shaken in the minds of many by the calamities of the war. But, as little reason for distrust and despair, have they as had the Apostles when the surging billows of the Galilean Sea threatened to engulf their frail bark while the Master soundly slept amid the tempest's roar. If He slept, it was but to try their faith. If God seems to be indifferent to the dangers threatening a storm-tost world, it is only to make men cry all the more loudly and perseveringly, "Lord, save us; we perish." As soon as the world humbly acknowledges His supremacy and power and justice, the light of His countenance will again penetrate the encircling gloom, and above the roar of the storm will be heard His voice commanding the wind and the waves—and there will be a great calm. This then should be our New Year's resolution: to cast our care upon the Lord; He will preserve us.

## A WORD WITH OUR READERS

WHEN several months ago we announced our decision to advance the subscription price of the FRANCISCAN HERALD, it was with the distinct understanding that our subscribers should receive a *quid pro quo*. We promised them at the time that, in so far as our profits allowed, we would enlarge and improve our magazine. The present number, we make bold to say, is evidence of our good faith. We have not only added to the amount of reading matter, but we have tried to improve the quality, and we have gone to considerable expense to give the HERALD a more attractive appearance. We have endeavored to give our subscribers a bigger and better magazine. Just how successful the attempt has been, is for them to decide. Whatever their verdict may be, we hope we shall receive credit at least for our good intentions.

If the HERALD has changed its dress, it has not changed its policy, as a glance at the table of contents will show. It still retains its distinctly Franciscan character. Nor have we any intention of deviating from the path we have steadfastly pursued from the beginning. Of course, we must not be narrow and exclude all matter that is not strictly Franciscan. Yet, it is our duty to carry out the program to which we are pledged; namely, to interpret the message of St. Francis in essay and story and sketch and editorial. So long as we adhere to this purpose, we feel sure we have a right to exist. For we are convinced that the world to-day needs nothing so much as St. Francis's message of love and gentleness and humility and poverty and simplicity and unworldliness.

That our attempts at self-improvement, however, may not be fruitless, the co-operation of our readers is essential. After all, it is their magazine, published for them and paid for by them. They have a right, therefore, to express their opinion on it, and we shall be glad to receive communications regarding any matter that appears between its covers. We are candid enough to admit that we are human and, for that reason, not indifferent to praise; neither are we impervious to criticism, particularly of the constructive kind. Therefore, we ask our readers to tell us frankly just what they like and what they dislike about FRANCISCAN HERALD; what they find of value and what they miss in it. They need not fear that their criticisms, whether favorable or adverse, will be consigned to the editorial wastebasket. We preserve every letter, and daily turn to our files for information of one sort or the other.

We are always glad to hear from our readers even if it is only by way of complaint. That complaints are sometimes in order, it would be foolish to deny. For that reason, we are never offended when mistakes are called to our attention. Rather we are grateful for being placed in a position to correct them. We know very well that it is to our interest to keep our subscribers satisfied, because our very existence depends on their continued favor and support. May we not remind them that elementary justice requires them to lodge their

complaints with us *first*, before conveying to others the impression that we are unwilling to serve our patrons? "If we please you, tell others; if we don't, tell us."

### INDECENT FASHIONS

REPLYING to an address presented to him by the Italian Catholic Women's Union some weeks since, the Holy Father took occasion to score the prevailing immodest fashions and to call on Catholic women the world over to set their faces against all indecency of dress. He said in part:

We rejoice at the resolution which has been formulated that Catholic women, in addition to being modest, should also show themselves such in their manner of dress. Such a resolution expresses the necessity of the good example that the Catholic woman ought to give; and oh! how grave, how urgent is the duty of repudiating these exaggerations of fashion which, themselves the fruit of the corruption of their designers, contribute in a deplorable degree to the general corruption of manners. We feel it our duty to insist in a particular manner on this point, because, on the one hand, We know that certain styles of dress which nowadays have become usual among women are harmful to the well-being of society, as being provocative of evil; and, on the other hand, We are filled with amazement at seeing those who communicate the poison seem not to realize its malignant action, and those who set the house on fire seem to ignore the destructive force of the fire. It is only the supposition of such ignorance which can explain the deplorable extension in our days of a fashion so contrary to that modesty which ought to be the choicest ornament of the Christian woman.

The Holy Father further urged the forming of a Catholic women's league "for combating indecent fashions, not only in themselves, but also in all those persons or families whom their influence can affect." Such a league, in our opinion, is not merely a desideratum but a necessity. Never before within the memory of any man alive have women gone to such extremes of audacity and extravagance in their dress, and it seems that the height of folly and indecency has not yet been reached. Certainly when things have come to such a pass that clothes are worn apparently for no other reason than to reveal parts of the human body which sheer common sense and natural decorum require to be concealed; when mere man can not venture into any public place without without having his vir-

tue put to severe tests by the shameless display of nudity that meets his gaze at every turn: it is time for women to call a halt on the riotous fashions of the day. There is no doubt that much of the immorality rampant in the world to-day must be laid to the door of women wearing suggestive street costumes. We do not wish to reflect on the character of these women. In spite of bare legs and arms and nude breasts and backs, they may yet be "as chaste as unsunn'd snow." But if they have been warned of the dangers they are preparing for others, they are guilty before God of the sin of scandal. To excuse oneself by saying that to the pure all things are pure, is to deny the concupiscence of the flesh, which is one of the effects of original sin.

It is well enough for good women to deplore the tyranny of fashion and to weep over the sins of their degenerate sisters. But unless they make a sincere and determined effort to free themselves and others from the irksome yoke imposed on them by such as wish to prey either on their virtue or on their pocketbook, the evil will continue to increase. What is to be done in the matter? Our answer is: follow the suggestion of the Holy Father and organize a league of women for combating all indecency of dress. Some months ago, we launched a little crusade of our own against immodest fashions. We suggested that the Third Order Directors call on the Tertiaries to subscribe to the "Four Points" enunciated by a Franciscan Father in a "Letter to a Tertiary," appearing in the July issue of this magazine. These points are: 1. The exclusion of all décolleté gowns; that is, not only those that are technically such, but all low-necked and short-sleeved dresses. 2. The elimination of the short as well as the tight skirt. 3. The disuse of diaphanous or transparent outer garments (e. g., the much discussed Georgette blouses), unless the transparency is nullified by an undergarment. 4. The wearing of sufficient clothing to prevent needless revealing of the form. We have not heard that either the Directors or their charges have taken any action in the matter. Yet, now that the Holy Father has spoken, they have no choice. He wishes women to form

a league against shameless styles of dress. Let the women Tertiaries pledge themselves to observe the "Four Points," and the league will be a reality in this country. To accommodate the Rev. Directors, we will, on receipt of a sufficient number of orders, have pledge cards printed and delivered to them at cost. Let the Third Order for once take the initiative in a laudable reform movement. Time was when they were found in the forefront of every battle for good. Shall it be said of modern Tertiaries that they are content to leave the lead as well as the fighting to others while they sit at home telling their beads and heaving deep sighs over the iniquities of a reprobate world?

### WOMAN'S SPHERE

THE opening sentence of the Holy Father's address to the Italian Catholic Women's Union referred to above is worth pondering by all who have at heart the welfare of society.

The changed conditions of the times have conferred upon woman functions and rights which were not allowed her in former times. But no change in the opinions of men, no novelty of circumstances and events, will ever remove woman, conscious of her mission, from her natural center, which is the family. At the domestic hearth, she is queen, but even when at a distance from the domestic hearth, she must direct towards it not only her natural affection, but also the cares of a prudent ruler, in the same manner as a sovereign who is outside of the territory of his own State, but always keeps it foremost in his thoughts and solicitude.

As a paraphrase of this sagacious and forceful statement we should like to quote a passage from that delectable volume "What's Wrong With The World," by one of the shrewdest observers and sanest critics of modern conditions, G. K. Chesterton.

When people begin to talk about this domestic duty as not merely difficult but trivial and dreary. I simply give up the question. For I can not with the utmost energy of imagination conceive what they mean. When domesticity, for instance, is called drudgery, all the difficulty arises from a double meaning in the word. If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit that woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the Cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colorless and of small import to the soul, then as I say, I give it up; I do not know



what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labors, and holidays; to be Whitely within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes, and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology, and hygiene; I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No; a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness.

### LABOR QUESTION NOT ONE OF ABSTRACTIONS

WRITING on the industrial conditions of England, His Eminence Cardinal Bourne scouts the idea of effecting a settlement of the vexing labor question by invoking the aid of purely economic nostrums and abstractions. In other words he insists that ultimately the labor question must be solved by the application of moral principles. Says the learned Cardinal:

In dealing with these fundamental questions it must never be forgotten that it is not merely a question of abstractions, such as supply and demand, exchange and barter, but that living beings are involved, and definite, unchanging principles antecedent to and transcending all economic theories. Justice demands a fair wage, but at the same time calls for a conscientious fulfillment of the duty that receives a fair remuneration. Employers are not justified in trading on the helplessness of those whom they employ, in order to obtain their labor at too low a rate of recompense. An unfair attitude on the other side is morally indefensible, and can find no justification in appeals to so-called economic laws.

"Living beings are involved!" If capitalists and laborers could be made to realize in their mutual relations that they are dealing, not with soulless things, but with human beings, created, like themselves, after the image of God and for the same eternal goal and happiness, how different would be the outlook on the economic world. Economic laws are said to be rigid and inexorable; but in this workaday world of ours fixed and hard rules are practically valueless, if not positively harmful. They

must be tempered by humanity and common sense. It may be asked are these laws after all so immutable? Seeing how they are frequently interpreted for selfish ends, one can not but suspect that they are fictions, pure and simple.

### ST. FRANCIS'S CARE FOR THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS

ST. FRANCIS was often heard to say: "If I can have speech of the Emperor, to entreat and persuade him, I will ask that for the love of God and of me he will make a special law that no one should take or kill our sisters, the larks, nor do them any harm, and likewise that all the magistrates of cities and lords of fortresses and villages should be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw out corn and other grain on the roads outside the cities and fortresses, that our sisters, the larks, and the other birds, too, may have something to eat on the day of so great a festival; and that for reverence to the Son of God, whom, as on that night the most blessed Virgin Mary laid in a manger between the ox and the ass, everyone who has an ox and an ass should be bound that night to provide them abundantly with good fodder; and likewise that on that day all the poor should be satisfied by the rich with good food."—*Speculum Perfectionis*.

### BOOK REVIEW

**The Reformation.** By Rev. H. P. Smyth. Extension Press, Chicago, Ill.

There has always been a dearth in Catholic apologetic literature of short, concise works on the so-called Reformation. A number of larger works of undisputed merit have long been on the market, but the short, handy volumes are rarely met with. *The Extension Press* has taken it upon itself to supply this want. **The Reformation**, by Rev. H. P. Smyth, a book of one hundred and ninety-two pages, is a step in the right direction. It treats, in a condensed form, of the causes that brought on the Reformation in the various European countries, also it brings a sketch of the main present-day sects, and an outlook on Catholicism and Protestantism in the future. It is written in clear, understandable English, and should prove popular with the average reader. A second edition, we hope, will find the book revised, free from useless repetitions, and of a number of quotations, which to our mind had been better omitted. Why the old monastic Orders were overlooked in the chapter on "Counter Reformation" must be a puzzle to all students of Church history. The price of the book, \$1.00, places it within the reach of all.



## LETTER TO A TERTIARY

BY A FRANCISCAN FATHER

My dear Frank,

Thank you for that detailed account of your campaign for new Tertiaries. Apart from the pleasure it gave me to learn of your success, I appreciated your letter also for the valuable information it contained. You have reason to feel gratified with the results achieved, even if they fell short of your somewhat too sanguine expectations. Twenty-nine Tertiaries in a sodality that numbers no more than eighty members, constitute a fair proportion; and if you all prove zealous Tertiaries, your power for good will be immeasurable.

As you young men now have a representation well-nigh equal to that of the older men in your fraternity, I deem it well to emphasize again the warning I gave you in my first letter. Let your zeal for social activity through the medium of your fraternity be guided by the example or the direction of the elder members. Do not attempt to assume the leadership, and for this reason also avoid suggesting any new lines of work. It will be time enough for that when the elder members themselves nominate some of you for office and thus graciously signify their desire to relinquish the direction of affairs or at least to share the burden with younger shoulders.

The doubt which some of your friends harbored regarding the propriety of frequenting certain amusements, is an encouraging sign that they are taking their membership in the Third Order seriously; and as similar doubts may arise from time to time, I shall take this occasion to solve the present one in a manner that will enable you to solve them all.

In the first place, the Rule forbids only "dances, dangerous stage-plays and all revelry," and Tertiaries, like other Catholics, may therefore take part in any other amusement so long as it is innocent and is not indulged in to excess. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules on this

latter point, defining, for example, how often one might go to a good play or "movie" without immoderation. The point to be noted is that amusement is not an end in itself but a means to an end; namely, a means of recreation. The strain of work, whether mental or manual, must at times be relieved, the mind diverted and the body rested. Without this relaxation neither mind nor body would be in condition for the proper performance of its work. But the so-called amusements are not the only means of obtaining this necessary recreation. Mere change of occupation; e. g., from severe mental work to light manual labor, or from hard manual labor to some agreeable study or the practice of a fine art, often suffices as a means of recreation. Nay, certain amusements, by rendering one listless, nervous, morbidly desirous of excitement, or by depriving one of the necessary sleep, far from recreating, serve only to enervate mind and body and still further to dissipate the energies they are expected to restore. One may safely say, therefore, as a general rule, that when a means of recreation is indulged in to such an extent that it no longer recreates, it is indulged in to excess.

I need hardly remind you that we should not seek recreation at a time when we ought to be more seriously engaged; when we ought to be at work or fulfilling our religious duties—attending Mass, receiving the Sacraments, saying our prayers and the like. But even where there is not a question of strict duty, the habitual preference of earthly pleasures to spiritual advantages shows a worldly mind; and though each separate indulgence may not always be sinful, the disposition to undervalue the supernatural can not but be the source of many sins. There are, for example, the Sunday afternoon or evening devotions, Lenten services and May devotion. None of these is obligatory; but when a Catholic goes almost daily to the "movies" and not a

single blessed evening to the May devotion, or to some place of amusement every Sunday without ever attending the afternoon or evening service, there is something decidedly wrong with his Catholicity. This is one of the points in which Tertiaries must give their fellow Catholics (and non-Catholics, too, for that matter) an example of sterling Catholicity. There can be no question that a Catholic of deep faith, such as a Tertiary is expected to possess, will never be so enamored of and engrossed in worldly pleasures as to disregard ordinary religious practices. And, let me hasten to add, these afternoon and evening devotions are ordinary religious practices. If some Catholics imagine that attendance at such services is the maximum that is expected of only the very best Catholics, they labor under a gross illusion. The Church earnestly desires that all Catholics attend them as often as they conveniently can.

To steer clear of the danger of immoderate indulgence in amusements—a danger which is the greater nowadays the greater the facility with which they may be had—I would advise you to give preference to such means of recreation as possess not recreational value only but practical or cultural as well. Life is too short for time to be spent unprofitably; and while the time devoted to needed relaxation is not misspent, it might be still better employed if we were more judicious in the choice of our recreations. Above all,—and if there is one point on this subject of amusements that I would fix deeply in the minds of Tertiaries, it is this—let your favorite haunt of pleasure and most frequented recreational center be—your *home*. You have heard it said that several Popes have pinned their hopes for the reform of society to the Third Order of St. Francis. Well, if these hopes are to be realized, it is my humble opinion that Tertiaries must lay the foundation not by this or that kind of so-called social activity, however important it may be, but first of all by *staying at home*. It is just the tyranny of miscalled “social duties” that is helping to ruin society by destroying the home life of the family. I realize, indeed, that the fact that the members of a family can rarely be gathered together except in the evening, is the inevitable though sad consequence of

our modern industrial life; but it is a still sadder consequence of our insatiable appetite for worldly pleasures that most of these evenings which could and should be spent in the family circle, are spent most anywhere except at home.

Just think, Frank, what a world of evils would vanish at one happy stroke if people would only stay at home. And on the other hand, what a vast amount of good would flow from the re-establishment of home life in four million American Catholic homes. It would carry me too far to enlarge on this point; what I wish to emphasize here is this: that, since it is mostly the desire of amusement that breaks up the family circle at evening, this desire must be met by providing suitable and varied recreation at home. For those whom indulgence in more exciting pleasures has not yet robbed of the taste for simpler and purer joys, this will not be a difficult matter. The rest must begin by reforming themselves. The main duty lies with the parents, but each member of the family can contribute his share to the entertainment of the rest; and that family is the happiest in which all vie with one another in making the home life attractive. “Keep the home fires burning” is the slogan I would suggest for all those who are laboring for the reform of society. Instead of nightly sallying forth to the club, the “movies,” the theater and other places of amusement, let the members of the family once more gather round the hearth, whether to labor, to amuse themselves, or to pray. Better far one evening spent at home caring for mother’s flowers, building bird houses, or making playthings for the children, singing, playing games, or reading, than a dozen nights spent at the club or the “movies,” no matter how unobjectionable, educational, and inspiring.

Well, God bless you, Frank, and may your tribe increase! Kindly assure your sister “Rose” that I shall answer her letter—well!—sometime (to put it safely). I have come across it so often in attending to my correspondence, that I intend to keep it right before me on my desk hereafter until it is answered.

With kindest regards, I remain yours in  
St. Francis.

# PRINCESS AND TERTIARY

By MARY J. MALLOY

ON the walls of the Talbot Gallery at Alton Towers, the stately seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury in Staffordshire, England, hang, among the interlinked escutcheons of the alliances of the Talbot family, those of William Talbot and Gwendaline, daughter of Rhys ap Griffith, a Prince of Wales in the thirteenth century. Not far away, two other shields of arms bear the names of another Gwendaline Talbot and Prince Marc Antonio Borghese.

"Being made perfect in a short space, *she* fulfilled a long time: for *her* soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring *her* out of the midst of iniquities."—Wisdom, iv, 10.

To few, perhaps, uncanonized by the Church, are these words of Holy Writ more applicable than to this second Gwendaline. She was the youngest daughter of John, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the most prominent English noblemen of the last century. Her mother was Maria Theresa Talbot, of Castle Talbot, County Wexford, Ireland, member of a younger branch of the great Talbot family. Born on December 3, 1817, and called after her fair Welsh ancestress, she is said to have been a remarkably beautiful baby.

Earl John succeeded his brother in 1827, when Gwendaline was ten years of age. He was a man distinguished for his enlightened and artistic tastes; it was under him that Alton Towers became one of the most magnificent and picturesque estates of England. A fervent Catholic, it is to him also that many towns in that country owe the erection of churches in

place of those of which they were deprived at the time of the Reformation. He was likewise noted for his great charity. On every festival of the Church, the poor, for miles about, irrespective of creed were brought into the galleries of the Towers, and presented with gifts by the lord and his family. His benevolence was so well known from one end of the kingdom to the other, that William IV remarked it was much to be wished, for the welfare of religion and

humanity, that there were a second Earl of Shrewsbury in England!

Alton Towers was the home of an ideal Catholic family. Devoted to one another, models of faith and practice, they possessed likewise all the advantages of birth and education;—all the blessings of life were theirs. Yet with them these things, instead of drawing them from God, fulfilled their true mission and only brought them into closer union with him.

When his daughters grew older, Earl John took them with him on tours all over the continent, so that they were accomplished travelers at an age when most girls are in the schoolroom.

Down in her diary each day during these trips went Gwendaline's intelligent impressions of people and places. It was on one of these journeys that she made the acquaintance of Princess Helen of Mecklenburg, in later life Duchess of Orleans and daughter-in-law of Louis Phillippe.

No pleasure, however, was allowed to interfere with the serious work of education. Gwendaline took readily to her books, and became mistress of five languages—her own, French, Italian, Spanish, and



Patrons of the Third Order

German. It seemed no trouble at all for her to acquire whatever interested her. Literature, art, even the feminine accomplishments of needlework and embroidery, were all of moment to a mind unusually bright and receptive. Music was always a passion with her, and she was the possessor of a lovely contralto voice. Her elocutionary and dramatic talents, displayed in the amateur theatricals at Alton Towers, before audiences which included the old Duke of Wellington, the famous Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Robert Peel and his wife, and even royalty itself, easily made her the star of the company.

To these gifts of mind, there were added gifts of soul and body as distinguished. With her blue eyes, bright chestnut hair, regular features, and lovely complexion and coloring, her face, said a friend, "was only to be compared to one of Raphael's angels." Her disposition was cheerful, gay, and affectionate—she was a creature all light and life; but underneath were depths over which, as of old, moved the Spirit of God.

She was a great favorite with Queen Adelaide, who often sent for "a loan of her for a few days," even before she was introduced to society. Once, after she had just quitted the room in which a large circle of noted guests were assembled, the King said, "There goes the prettiest girl in all England," and there was a general murmur of assent. With all this, her modesty and simplicity were remarkable. She seemed indeed to be exempt from the common law of sorrow and suffering; but in her girlhood, as in her later life, she was a living proof that happiness and prosperity lead to God as unerringly and quickly as trouble and adversity, if such be His design with a faithful soul.

Her father's passion of charity burned as ardently in the breast of Gwendaline. In the midst of pleasures and enjoyments she never omitted to slip out quietly to her poor, and, with the poet, counted "that day lost whose low descending sun" did not see some misery relieved by her hands. In these good works her sister Mary always shared; the two were tenderly attached to each other.

In 1834, when sixteen years old, she found herself once more in Rome. Her

remarkable beauty and attainments made a sensation in the city where her family was so well known, and though she was regarded as still almost a child, suitors were not long in coming forward. Young as she was, her heart soon made its choice. Marc Antony, Duke of Sulmona and eldest son of Prince Borghese, one of the great nobles of Rome, was attracted at once to Gwendaline, and to him she gave the preference. They were married on May 11, 1835, when she was only seventeen years old, and the marriage was the topic of the day. Cardinal Weld, her father's cousin and member of an old Catholic family of England, which had remained steadfast to the Faith throughout its darkest days of stress, gave the blessing to the young couple.

They were made recipients of all sorts of tributes in prose and verse, in the florid southern style. A wedding of royalty itself could scarcely have created more sensation. Two days after the ceremony, her own family returned to England, and the young girl was left to her new existence, with all its untried possibilities and its danger of lofty rank, great wealth, and cloying adulation. But Gwendaline took the good things of life as thankfully and humbly as she would have received the reverse from the same beneficent Hand. The waves that might have easily overwhelmed another twice her age broke harmless at her feet.

Her new relatives, consisting of father and mother-in-law, her husband's sister Marie, Marquise de Mortemart, and his three brothers received her with the greatest affection and admiration. The nuptial benediction had sunk down deep into each heart and it bore abundant fruit. Her husband's delight was to anticipate her every wish; they were always together, walking, driving, riding, sharing every pleasure faithfully, a noble and impressive example of conjugal affection, but too rare in the society in which their lot was cast. A child, Agnes, was born at the end of the first year of their marriage, and the young mother wondered if her heart could hold any more happiness.

In the midst of all this, her poor were still with her. There was not a single good work going on or freshly started in Rome in which Gwendaline had not part.

Nothing—husband, children, social duties, the allurements of art, music or literature—for she kept up her studies and interest in all these things—could distract her from the thought of the suffering and miserable. And the calls of a higher life were never unheeded. Silently, beneath the round of pleasures—balls, receptions, musicales, all the minutiae of a social life of rank,—flowed the steady current of invariable fidelity to the duties of religion, frequent Communion, a habit of prayer, seemingly impossible under the circumstances. *Prest d'accomplir—Ready to do*, the ancient motto of her house, found in her an exponent without reproach. It soon became known, when at times she would be missed, where she was always to be found—in her oratory, intent on her devotions, snatching a few minutes from the world to lay her innocent heart afresh at the feet of her Lord.

She became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis after her marriage, and put the fact down in her diary—the same faithful diary in which she also wrote with a very human and feminine touch of nature—"I saw Marc in uniform for the first time to-day, and it was so becoming!"

Her father-in-law died in 1839, and the young husband and wife were now Prince and Princess Borghese. An even more exacting life was now hers. The Palazzo Borghese was noted throughout Rome for its Sunday evening gatherings, to which came dignitaries of the Church, scientific men, artists, literati of all nations, musicians, visitors of rank to the Eternal City, and to all these the young girl—for she was only a girl still—had to play the part of hostess. She filled the place with so much grace and dignity that she drew all eyes and hearts. "She is equally at home in the palace and the hovel," it was said. And she never forgot to take her three children herself, every morning, to the widowed grandmother's rooms to pay a call. There they would remain a while, she as merry as the little ones, the sunshine of the elder woman's day.

On one occasion, her husband gave her a large sum with which to purchase a new costume for some special gathering. She spent the whole in charity instead, and ap-

peared elegant indeed, but very simple. The Prince was charmed and declared that this very simplicity rendered her beauty more striking. She would often go to him when she had exhausted her private means and hold up her empty purse without a word, and he never failed to honor the eloquent silence of her appeal.

Cholera in those years was a scourge in Rome. The sympathy and the relief she brought to the sufferers won for her from the people of the city the name of "mother of the poor." On one occasion, Prince Borghese removed his family twelve miles away to Villa Aldobrandini, his beautiful country seat at Frascati, where the ruins of ancient Tusculum are still to be seen above, at the top of the hill. The seclusion and rest from the social obligations, the enjoyment of the society of husband and children in simple home life, Gwendaline found delightful, as she told a friend; but every now and then she would steal away to the city to some of her works of charity. One day she was followed in the streets by an officer of the Noble Guard, attracted by her appearance and not recognizing her, as she was veiled. Frightened, she quickened her steps, but finding he kept up with her, she suddenly stopped at the door of a miserable tenement and addressed him.

"If you will accompany me upstairs, sir," she said, "I will show you objects worthy of your attention."

When they entered the room, for he had the effrontery to follow her, a woman and three half-starved children hailed her with joy and called her by name.

"Children," said she with ready wit, "thank this generous gentleman who has come to give you help."

Ashamed and confused, the man threw his purse upon the table and hastily made his retreat.

She would never allow her name to be made known to those recipients of her bounty who, suffering reverses, were ashamed to ask for relief themselves; and more than once she listened to her own praises as she sat, unknown, at the bedside of a sick person.

Once an old woman whom she was visiting and tending refused to leave her bed, as the Princess wished her to do, until she

had received a certain dress, on which she had set her heart. The dress was procured for her; then she grumbled that it was too long. Someone entering unexpectedly found the beauty and toast of Rome sitting on the floor at the old lady's feet, taking a tuck in the despised garment.

Gwendaline spent the summer of 1840 at her old home in England, where a son was born to her in July of that year. During her convalescence, Queen Adelaide sent word to Lord and Lady Shrewsbury that she intended to pay them a visit. They had, of course, to receive her, though Gwendaline was unable to join the company which assembled to meet her majesty. The latter often left those below to steal upstairs to her young favorite, sitting with her and trying to cheer her; for there had come a strange and unwonted depression upon the spirits of the Princess. For the first time in her sunny life, the shadows closed about her, until "the joyous expression of her countenance was entirely changed." She was even found weeping at times—a sight that filled the hearts of those about her with dismay and foreboding.

This condition was purely physical, as events proved, but it clouded and saddened the last days she spent in the home she was never to see again. When the time of parting came, the mother and daughter clung together so that they could scarcely be separated. Her husband, hoping that the meeting would produce good effects, took her to visit her sister, who had the year before married Prince Doria Pamphili, and whose home was near Rome. But the unnatural depression still continued, and it was not until they set out for home and entered the gates of Rome once more that the cloud lifted. For the remainder of her life she was entirely free from it, and her old sweet self again.

Rome and the surrounding country were just then celebrating the "Ottobrate," an autumnal festival of a week's duration, when, according to old custom, the members of nobility threw open the grounds of their villas to the people of the middle class, who came from all parts to enjoy and partake of the entertainments provided by their hosts. The Prince and Princess al-

ways interested themselves in these festivities, and mingled freely with their guests. On one of the days of the festa, she complained of a slight sore throat. Scarlatina was then prevalent in Rome, but none dreamed of any danger to her, and she made light of her feelings herself. Two or three days passed. Suddenly, the doctors announced with consternation to the Prince that his wife was mortally ill, and could not live the day out. The news had to be broken to Gwendaline, entirely unsuspecting of the gravity of her condition. She was at first unable to believe what they told her, but summoning all her courage and resignation she murmured, "The will of God be done!" and died a few hours later in the arms of her husband, for whose reason fears were entertained.

The news of her danger spread like wildfire through the city, and all festivities came to an abrupt end. The churches were crowded with people, praying that their Princess might be spared to them, not knowing that her soul had already gone to God. Her parents and sister, hastily summoned, were unable to reach her bedside in time. When the Pope, Gregory XVI, was informed of her death he said, "It is a public calamity!"

A short while before she died, she sat up suddenly in bed, threw wide her arms, then pressed them to her breast again, as if embracing some one, cried out in a clear, distinct voice, a bright smile lighting up her countenance, "Oh, do you hear the beautiful music? It is for me and for you, dear children!"

This was recalled when, one month later, her three little sons, the hopes of their princely house, were laid beside her in the vault of the magnificent, Borghese Chapel in S. Maria Maggiore. The same disease that caused the death of their young mother ended their lives also, and of all the happy family group of a year before, none were left but the distracted husband and Agnes, the first born.

The funeral of the Princess Borghese was an ovation. Troops with arms reversed headed and closed the procession. Beside the funeral car walked ecclesiastics and members of the religious orders in Rome, praying in a low tone. All the

population seemed to be in the streets. As the sad cortege passed along, flowers and garlands were thrown on the coffin, and the Pope, standing in a window of his palace, solemnly blessed it as it was carried past. At a certain point in the streets, fifty young men suddenly approached, unharnessed the horses of the car and drew it themselves to the basilica. When Prince Borghese afterwards inquired who they were, wishing to thank them for their mark of respect, the simple answer was returned, "Tell Marc Antony it was the Romans who did it." Crowds lingered all day and the following night about the church, as if to guard their Princess in her last long sleep.

For days after her death her pictures were sold to eager buyers, and verses recited and sung in her honor in the streets. One of these tributes, by Francesco Florini, is worth preserving.

Faith planted once with greatest care  
A flower of Paradise, of beauty rare;  
Its fragrance, incense-like, so rose on high  
Among the blessed was roused a strong  
"desire  
To take it to them in the heavenly choir.  
At holy signal, made by angels nigh,  
The flower was culled, three blossoms on  
its stem,  
And borne triumphantly home to God and  
them.

A short time after the death of Gwendoline, Prince Borghese was notified by the police of Rome that a woman had been arrested trying to dispose of a ring bearing the name of his dead wife and the date of their marriage—a ring she had been accustomed to wear in life and which she took with her to the tomb. The woman, trembling and terrified, declared that the ring had been given her by a beautiful lady, as she knelt in the Borghese Chapel praying the Princess to send her help in her need. Nothing could move her from this account of how the jewel came into her possession. Finally, Prince Borghese, accompanied by his brothers and several friends who had been present at the interment of Gwendoline and had witnessed the sealing of her coffin, went down into the vault to make an investigation. The seals were found intact; but on opening the coffin the hand of the Princess was seen to be a little moved from the position in which it had been placed, and the ring was gone.

No explanation was ever offered; the woman persisted in her statement, and Prince Borghese made provision for her for the rest of her life and saw to the education of her children.

## MARY'S LULLABY

THE gleaming stars fade in the skies,  
Before the glow of Your infant eyes,

As perfumed winds that whispering speak,  
Your warm sweet breath upon my cheek.

What is the gold of the glinting sun,  
Compared with Your hair, my Precious  
One!

Or when did the lilt of winging birds  
Pour music like Your lisping words?

As naught the rose-bud's tender grace  
Beside my Rose of Sharon's face.

O Blessed Babe, how weak my song,  
Once You were praised by an angel throng.

Do you feel at home on Your mother's knee,  
Do you miss Your heavenly company?

Or ever ponder sad and lone,  
For the cherubs bright and Your shining  
throne?

For reply You smile—oh! I know You'd say,  
In Your mother's arms You are glad to stay,

And my heart o'erflows with a mighty joy,  
My Prince Divine—my Love—my Boy.

—Catherine M. Hayes, Tertiary.



# APPAREL TALKS

By AGNES MODESTA, Tertiary

Dear Sisters in St. Francis:

I know you are anxiously waiting to hear about Margaret's costume for the Randolph New Year's party of which I promised to give you an account. Oh, and before I forget it, I must apologize for failing to keep my promise to tell you about a "third and very common type of transgressor" last month. Martha Cummings took so much space with her new outfit that there was none left for the third culprit. We'll have her this time, however, as she was one of the guests of the party.

Margaret Randolph's mother had put her dainty slippered foot firmly down atop our first plans for Margaret's party dress. We had thought to set an example of economy by having Margaret attire herself in one of the creations little Mrs. Lyon had evolved early in the fall; but for the first time since Margaret's grand revolution, her mother proved adamant.

"Mother says that she has endured the sight of me in brown jersey and brown poplin and white batiste, with occasional variations of nicely 'opaqued' georgette crepe, left over from last year, without a murmur," laughed Margaret, when she came to inform me of Mrs. Randolph's ultimatum. "But she is forced to protest when I propose to appear at our New Year's party in one of those old things."

"Your mother has been a joy to the heart of a reformer," I answered. "She has viewed unflinchingly our most radical costumes. It's my opinion that she secretly approves—but naturally, for an occasion of this kind, she feels that her daughter must uphold the reputation of the family by wearing a brand-new frock. What does your father say?"

"Oh, Dad, why, do you know, he likes the things I wear now. He is really an enthusiastic convert to the 'Modesta Cult,' he calls it. But he says that if Mother thinks I'd better have a new dress—why, that's all there is to it."

"In a way, it's just as well. We might be in danger of becoming too extreme in our economy. There is such a thing as dressing according to one's station in life, you know, and then besides, every one will be waiting to see what your new gown will be like, and I can imagine the chagrin that would result if you had no new gown."

"That's exactly what I thought—afterward," exulted Margaret, "and Agnes, I have a perfectly brilliant scheme. Mother insists on having Madame Grayce make my dress. I'm going to have one that will be as expensive as Mother wants to have it; but it will be constructed so that it would look well in something inexpensive too. Then, you see, any of the girls can take the idea if they want to, without going bankrupt to do it."

So we straightway fell to planning, with the result that we soon blocked out plans and specifications which, as Margaret remarked gleefully, would cause each of Madame Grayce's "individual hairs to stand on end."

"She'll froth at the mouth, I know, at the idea of 'such a gown for Mademoiselle, wiz ze high neck! Eeem-possible!' I can hear her say it now."

"Don't worry about Madame," I reassured her. "She is a good sport, all right. She is a good soul at heart, and a fairly practical Catholic at that. You'll find that she will be highly edified at your choice."

And she was. Madame Grayce fairly outdid herself with Margaret's gown. On New Year's night, I arrived at the brilliantly lighted Randolph mansion in a flutter of pleased anticipation. The festivities on that occasion always took the form of a huge family gathering. Young and old, rich and poor mingled in true Catholic equality. For, as Mrs. Randolph was wont to remark, "All of our friends come on this night." And practically everybody in the parish was numbered among "our friends." In addition, there were a great many who were not Catholics. The annual party was a truly unique institution in that the most fluttery social butterflies would have counted it a calamity had they failed to receive an invitation. The entertainment was sufficiently varied to please every type of mind, and the latest Paris fashions mingled in perfect good fellowship with "best black silks" brought out for the occasion from their wrappings and afterward laid away till the next year.

My spirits were especially high, for the first person I encountered after paying my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Randolph—I had arrived before the rest of the guests to help play hostess—was a good-looking youth in correct evening attire who was fingering the piano keys in the music room, apparently perfectly at home.

"John Farrell," I greeted him accusingly. "You seem amazingly at home."

He laughed and colored straight up to his crisp curls. His brown skin made the flush doubly becoming, and his frank gray eyes twinkled.

"Miss Agnes," he laughed chummily, "I think if I don't play the piano or something, I'll crack." He laughed boyishly. "Remember the time you walloped me for playing on your piano when my hands were sticky?"

"John!" I protested, "how can you remind a spinster of my years of such things!"

"Never mind," he comforted, "nobody would ever suspect it! But honestly, I was wishing you'd come. You have a lot of influence with Margaret, you know, and I was wondering—if you should get a chance—if—well—"

"You blessed boy," I broke in, "I'll say every good word to Margaret for you that can be said. But really, I don't think you need my intercession."

"Last year this time," he mused, flashing me a look of gratitude, "I was scared stiff at the idea of Margaret. I loved her all right, even then, but I thought I could never support her. Funny, I never noticed how sensible and economical she was about her clothes. I think it was you who called it to my attention. I imagined it would cost a mint to dress her, till you set me right."

I felt a little glow of proper pride as John Farrell made this confession.

"No, lad," I said, "you could look from one end of the earth to the other without finding a more perfect little wife for a man like you—I know her. Has she really promised to marry you?"

"About fifteen minutes ago. She said to send you right up when you came. She wants you to be the first to know after Mr. and Mrs. Randolph—they like it."

"Like it! How could they help liking it," I cried. "A son like you isn't to be found every minute."

"Nobody else is to know, yet," he warned me as I started off in search of Margaret. "Please don't keep her too long. She's gone to get dressed for the party, but it's almost time for the people to begin to come now."

I had barely time to receive Margaret's blushing confidences before a ring of the front door bell announced the early arrivals.

"Mercy, I'm topsy-turvy," she laughed, her eyes glistening. "Hook me quick, Agnes!"

I snapped the fastenings of Margaret's gown, and she stood before me a vision of blushing young beauty. Over a slim little slip of gold tissue, made with a square neck and close sleeves that came midway between the elbow and shoulder, Madame Grayce had fashioned a perfect confection of brown silk net of heavy mesh, with touches of gold embroidery. The neck line was finished with a flat strip of gold embroidery, while the flowing sleeves of brown net, lined from the bottom of the slip sleeves with several layers of chiffon of varying shades ranging from a delicate cream to the brown of the net, fell in a clear sweep to the hem of the dress. Gold cloth slippers completed the picture.

"Will I do?" she asked saucily.

Before I could give vent to my enthusiastic approbation, a silken swish on the stairs announced the advent of one of the younger guests. Margaret looked out.

"It's Belle Marie Smythe," she said soberly. "Agnes, I just *must* make her like my clothes. She is a sweet girl, only a little common, and hopelessly society struck."

In one of the guest rooms, Belle Marie was laying off her wrap and adjusting her dainty slippers. Her brief little dancing frock was cut on the most extreme décolleté lines. It was a gown that even Belle Marie should have known was not proper for a gathering of this kind. But Belle Marie seemed serenely indifferent to its defects.

"Oh, Margaret!" greeted Belle effusively, "you look perfectly ducky! Nobody but you could do it though! I was going to have a new dress for to-night. I suppose this is a little low, but I hadn't a thing but this old rag."

Margaret laughed. "It surely isn't a rag, and I'll wager it isn't old. If you feel better about it, though, I have a tulle scarf just that shade, I think."

"That won't help much," laughed Belle Marie, flushing a little. "No, I must admit that I'd not feel better; but since you've taken to collar-bone depth evening gowns, any attempt to better my condition would be more in keeping. Come on with the tulle scarf!"

The evening was a huge success. Good cheer and happiness prevailed, and the happiness of the daughter of the house touched a responsive chord in all who saw her, even though they did not know the reason for it.

Just before the party disbanded, Margaret drew me into a secluded corner of the music room, where behind a palm stood John Farrell.

"I am just telling John, that it's all your fault, Agnes," she said, flushing peony-red. "I was extravagant just the way he thought me, till you took me in hand!"

"Absurd child!" I remonstrated. "No one can work a reform without proper cooperation. Look, they're beginning to go! One minute, John Farrell, to say good night."

As I slipped away, I saw Belle Marie Smythe gazing thoughtfully toward the corner from which I came, and where a brown and gold shadow was visible. I fancied that she was thinking a little.

I was standing beside Margaret as Belle Marie said good night, and her parting words, accompanied by a comical little grimace, were meant for us both.

"Next year, darlings, you'll see me arriving in a Mary Stuart ruff. I'm cured!"

Of course she was teasing, but I still maintain that Belle Marie's fluffy little mind had worked more than usual that night. We shall see.





# Fiction



## THE GOOD FIGHT

By BLANCHE WEITBREC, Tertiary

### CHAPTER I.

IT began with a wretched little picture in a battered frame that Martin brought home one gray Saturday afternoon, and hung in a vacant space between the library windows. I got his back up about it at once, but how could I understand, possessed of limited, unvexed vision, that the battered wooden frame might be a magic casement, opening on unsuspected vistas of perilous seas and fairy lands forlorn? It was wondrous bad art, and I said as much. Martin, without comment, removed it to a less conspicuous spot; and I realized that I had been unnecessarily snappy.

Martin and I kept house together rather successfully—or, to speak with greater accuracy, Li Minn kept house, and we paid the bills. It had been Martin's suggestion that I share with him the very sizable apartment over which the inscrutable Celestial ruled. "There's that perfectly good suite going to waste," he had said. "No one has used it since my brother left. Come and bring your traps."

I had felt flattered thus to be singled out of his club acquaintances by the exclusive Martin Barry. It was seldom that he entertained at his quarters, and few of us had seen the oddly secluded, oddly somber home of the heir to half a million singularly free and unobstructed dollars. I had always liked the debonair, indifferent young fellow, with his handsome profile, his amiable smile, and the waving mop of fair hair that made him a noticeable figure in any group of men. He was, of course, a matrimonial catch, and took care to remain alluringly out of hook's reach. His interest in the gentle sex was limited. I heard him called "a born bachelor"; but it seemed to me that his mind was simply occupied with other things; that he had not happened to find the woman question important.

There was a bit of a mystery about old

Stephen Barry's two sons. Martin was only twenty-one when the fortune fell into their hands: and presently David, the younger, disappeared—vanished, with a story-book completeness that set society agog for the proverbial nine days. I had heard the tale several years before my personal acquaintance with Martin began, and it had held an interest for me—the interest that any mystery carries. But when I had made a friend of young Barry I found myself more than passing curious regarding the brother to whom he never by any chance alluded. When he surprised me by the proposal that we join affairs and fortunes, and the first opening was given me for inquiry, I did not take advantage of it—why, I scarcely know. I came, and brought my traps, and settled down in his brother's rooms, and kept on wondering, all to myself about David. Had he, committed some dark, deep crime, and been smuggled out of harm's way? Had he, perhaps, killed himself, and the tragedy eaten into Martin's heart, and made him the half recluse that he was? No—these solutions of the problem, fascinating and dramatic though they might be, hardly came into line with reason. The son of a prominent financier couldn't fade away as quietly and tranquilly as David Barry had done, unless protected by innocence and the privilege of an honest American citizen, who, it is to be presumed, may be allowed to stage a trap-door disappearance, provided he interferes with no one's legal and moral rights. I was pretty sure old Stephen's lawyer could tell things, but that didn't do me any good. I gradually got over a silly feeling that the rooms I occupied in Martin Barry's apartment were haunted, and a year—two years—slipped by very pleasantly. It was much more satisfactory than club or hotel life. Li Minn's regime was

gentle, if firm, and my companion stood the test of intimacy.

Upon the memorable Saturday now in question, there came between us for the first time the shadow of a quarrel. Martin seemed to take quite solemnly to heart my hasty contempt of the little picture in the ugly frame. It was a stained and yellowed wood-cut of no particular value, and represented an uncomfortably bony monk, surrounded by a flock of very fat and hearty birds—obviously a conception of the "Poverello." To each saint his hall-mark: Joseph has his lilies, Aloysius his crucifix, Elizabeth her roses; Sebastian is appropriately decorated with arrows; Rita one can not miss, for the mark on her forehead; Antony holds the Child Christ.

But I hadn't noticed any special passion for the saints in Martin, and his fit of sulks amazed me. I pledged him, in our best Burgundy, at dinner; he accepted the tacit apology with recovered good humor, and went so far as to smile himself over the *casus belli* as we settled down before the library fire for coffee and a smoke. He had brought St. Francis from his corner, and propped the battered frame against his knees, lying back in his big chair, lazily content, as was I also, with the cozy warmth of the room, the efficient ministrations of Li, and the restful glow of the shaded reading-light.

"It is bad art," he remarked, generously making over the entire victory to me. "Do you really mind, Dick?"

"Mind?" I echoed.

"Because—" he hesitated. "I'd like to keep it—over my desk there."

"My dear chap, of course—"

"No—seriously—if it does disturb your sense of—"

"Beauty?"

"Congruity—" he twinkled. "I'll tuck him out of sight. We can't afford to ruin your disposition."

"Well," I twitted him, "you must watch your step, if you adopt a patron saint!"

"Oh—as to that—" his voice trailed off, absently.

"He's preaching to the birds," he resumed, after a moment. "Even the birds listened to him. But he ought to be dirtier

—torn, you know, ragged and tired! He must have been so awfully tired!"

I paused, in the act of setting down my coffee-cup, to look at the speaker.

"Don't you think so?" he demanded.

"I can't say I've ever made a very deep study of the saints," I said. "And I wasn't aware of your researches into things mystical."

He laughed a little, brushing invisible dust from his treasure with a careful finger, and avoiding my eyes.

"Saints," he murmured. "What is a saint?—Theresa in her cell—Stylites on his pillar—Celestine in his cave. No, they're beyond me. But this was a man! This we can understand. He nursed the sick, he loved the children, he walked in the wind and sunshine, and the birds gathered around his feet."

I signified assent, as he seemed to wait for, and expect it; and watched the profile I admired, sharply defined against the dull blue background of the wall. Sargent should paint him, I thought, as I had thought a hundred times before; he was a subject created expressly for the master's brush. In profile, just so, against a dull background; strong lights on the face, accentuating its good points and letting whatever faults it had fade into the big blocks of shadow. "Portrait of a Gentleman"—yes, I could quite see it, finished and exhibited. A little silence fell.

"Dick," he said then, abruptly, "do you believe in God?"

The ejaculation that escaped me was involuntary. I was taken completely off my guard. Martin turned his head and looked at me.

"I know," he nodded. "It's a *faux pas*. He's never mentioned in polite society—God!" He resumed his contemplation of St. Francis.

"The Friars Minor," he observed, presently, "were a mendicant order, vowed to extreme poverty, a vital protest against the indolence and luxury that Francis saw everywhere about him. The *frati* wore only the coarsest, commonest clothes; they ate no meat, they slept on straw, even upon boards or the bare earth. They were most imprudent and unwise and generally impossible. But—" he held up the little pic-

ture, "here's the answer! What do you make of it?"

"Well," I said, cautiously, "it was a long while ago."

"Yes. 'The Dark Ages.' What a comfortable phrase that is, Dick!"

"Distance lends enchantment," I suggested, learnedly.

He smiled. "A wise old poet said something about a thousand years that are as yesterday—"

"Yesterday's seven thousand years," I corrected. He laughed aloud.

"No, no Dickie—that's the wrong poet. This one was even older—a good deal older." His laughter died down into a chuckle. "Beautiful!" he cried. "Do you happen to know the famous young lady of Hague, whose ideas were excessively vague?"

We got back to the Dark Ages after a bit, and I moved with greater circumspection. "Well—the *frati*," I encouraged. "I'm vague there, too. And you've made no point. Lawyer versus *littérateur*! proceed."

He shrugged. "Point? I wasn't arguing. I was speculating. Raking up the dust-heap of yesterday's seven thousand years."

He lit a fresh cigarette, and busied himself in a serious attempt to make smoke-rings. Finally he got to his feet and began to walk about, with a restlessness foreign to him.

"I guess you don't believe in ghosts either," he remarked. "Gods and ghosts are out of fashion."

"Above all things let us be fashionable, Martin."

"Even though the fashion be blinders," assented my friend. "And let us not disturb dust-heaps; because they're unsanitary and unscientific, and we might find a forgotten treasure buried somewhere about. And what in creation could we do with it if we did find it?"

"Well, we could bury it again."

He cast a swift glance at me. "And if we met a ghost, we could shut our eyes. That's better than blinders."

"Throw me a rope," I begged. "I'm sinking."

"In the dust? What do you see there?"

"Thrones, dominations, principalities—fair women and brave men—kings and castles—trumpets and troubadours—monasteries and monks."

"Good! Very good, for a lawyer. With the proper education, I could make a poet out of you."

"You're making me dizzy at the moment," I protested.

He tossed away his cigarette, and flung himself on the couch. "The wind's coming up," he yawned. "Did you notice the sky this evening? I prophesy a blizzard. What says the weather-man?"

I reached for the paper. "Snow and colder. It is coming up!—Suppose you were a poor homeless tramp, Martin—or a monk out of a dust-heap—no shoes,—praying on a stone floor, red lamp swinging overhead and Things jumping out at you in the dark."

He shivered. "Better and better—for a lawyer—and Francis over there listening to it all! Well—Francis is silent, and the Dark Ages are gone. But gods and ghosts die hard!—I'll call you for prayers at five, Dickie."

I was just dropping off into my third or fourth late morning doze, with a faint smell of Li Minn's coffee in my nostrils, when I was unceremoniously roused by what I resentfully took to be a slight earthquake—a very impolite one, which sat upon my back and jounced. I reached for a handful of the earthquake's golden locks, but only succeeded in driving it to the foot of the bed, where it sat grinning at me as I turned over.

Martin was very wide awake, and dressed and shaved. "Get up," he said. "Breakfast in fifteen minutes. There's a perfectly gorgeous storm, Dick. I'm going out into the country, and fall down a well, or hide in a barn or something. And you're invited to the party."

He looked like a mischievous schoolboy as he sat curled up there, his hands locked round his knees, his eyes dancing.

"Come on," he coaxed. "You're a lazy brute. Get out of that! You're awfully frowzy and disreputable!"

"Did you get up to say your prayers?" I inquired, with some curiosity. This Sunday morning energy was disconcerting, and

I wondered whether it had any bearing on his tangled psychology of last night. I was still feeling dizzy from his giddy-go-round of gods, ghosts, monks, and dust-heaps.

"Get up," he urged again. "Do get up, Dickie, and hurry. The wind has gone down, and there are snowflakes as big as saucers!"

"They melt when they get between your collar and your neck," I said, making a last futile defence as I sat up and stuck my feet into my slippers. "And the wind will come up again, later. And I've no goloshes—regular ones, that is. I'll get pneumonia and die, maybe; and then you'll have to get up at night and pray for my soul."

"I'll lend you a pair of grand goloshes," said Martin. "They buckle 'way up. You're a hot-house orchid."

"Too small," I grumbled. "I haven't feet like a Spanish cavalier."

"They'll fit you. They aren't mine; they were my—my—brother's.—Hurry up, and don't be so beastly disagreeable."

I glanced up quickly, but he had turned away, and I could not see his face. I was taken aback to hear the family skeleton so casually mentioned. He made use of the past tense, too: "they *were* my brother's." My appetite for mystery was whetted. Having discovered a new Martin since yesterday, I was perhaps keener than I knew to solve the riddle. I felt that he was seeking my friendship along paths as yet unopened; that he had experienced a need of me in some new way. But he was shy as a deer; a motion, a touch—and he would be off like a flash.

Whatever was the motive behind this amazing Sunday jaunt, I was sufficiently interested in the new Martin to follow where he led. Capped, gauntleted, goloshed, tight-buttoned, and altogether storm-proof, we sallied forth. Li Minn's breakfast was a thing of the antediluvian past, if my personal interior and private feelings indicated anything, when we sat down to a belated luncheon in a forlorn and greasy restaurant somewhere in untraveled suburbs. The snow was piled yards deep in drifts, and the daylight was already beginning to fade out in utter discouragement.

"Are you game for a walk?" asked Martin, making faces over the lukewarm

coffee. "Our adventures are just nicely started."

I was thinking regretfully of how a luncheon would have tasted at home; I was chilled, tired, and irritable. I answered with a grunt, and he shook his head in remonstrance. "Hot-house flower, Dickie. Now think of those monks and things we were discussing last night! Those mon—"

I wished the monks further, very frankly. "What are you up to, anyhow?" I demanded. "If this is your idea of a well-spent Sunday—"

But I plodded beside him through the storm. Indeed, though the whirling snowflakes buffeted us unmercifully, I presently found a certain pleasure in the keen and cutting air, and the wonder of the transformed world through which we ploughed our way. I only hoped that traffic would not be entirely paralyzed by night-fall, and that a cruel fate would not maroon us in this wretched little hole, and unhappily separate us from the dinner upon which Li Minn was even now probably meditating.

Martin seemed to have left his usual lackadaisical self behind him in the city, and strode along, erect and eager and enthusiastic. There was a brilliant color in his cheeks, which was natural, what with the cold and the snow and the rapid walking; but I thought he was excited, too, and behaving queerly enough.

We had been walking for the best part of an hour. The occasional suburban dwellings dwindled to isolated cottages and truck-farms and open fields. Then I became aware of a high, ivy-covered wall, a tall gateway, and a pile of gray buildings looming vaguely through the storm. We crossed a flagged court-yard, from which the first heavy blanket of snow had been cleared, and where our foot-falls on the second light covering gave forth a dull, muffled sound, echoed by forbidding walls pierced through with blank, frost-covered windows. No sign of life was evident anywhere; and the whirling snow so hid and masked it all that I saw only as with the dimmed vision of a dream. We mounted a flight of slippery steps, and Martin rang a bell which tinkled indistinctly in the distance.

After a wait of a minute or so in what

I decided was the coldest spot in the world, the door was opened and a face appeared: a smooth round face with placid eyes immensely like a china doll's. The figure attached to the face was short and squat, and modestly attired in a coarse brown robe, girded by a white knotted cord. A friar—a Franciscan friar!

I wasn't exactly dumbfounded, for I had suspected Martin of something of this sort: but what his game might be, I was still at a loss to conjecture. He took off his cap, standing bareheaded in the storm.

"Good day, Brother Antony! This is my friend Mr. Lessing. May we come in?"

The doorkeeper bowed, smiled, and motioned us to pass, which we did, thankfully.

"A bad day," remarked Martin, but the other only bowed again, and led us to a little darkened blank room, furnished with a crucifix and a few chairs: smiled, bowed, and vanished.

There was a sepulchral chill about the place that went to my already saddened bones, and a sepulchral silence that gave me the creeps. I sat down gingerly, and looked to Martin for explanations. He had remained standing by the narrow shuttered window; and I saw that his color had died out, and that his ungloved hand on the sill was tightly shut. He looked to me a trifle stagey, and fitted in the picture quite to my satisfaction. "Waiting for the Abbot"—that was a good title. Or did Franciscans have Abbots? "The Retreatant." "The Penitent." The atmosphere was so ecclesiastical!—He bit his lip as I looked at him, but said nothing.

A silent, dragging quarter of an hour passed, and my nerves were inaugurating a protest, when a step sounded in the corridor, and Martin started forward as the door opened.

*(To be continued)*

## THE MESSAGE

By NOEL A. DUNDERDALE, Tertiary

WITH broad, heavy strokes of his pen, Stephen Young exultingly wrote "finis" across the last sheet of his manuscript, then cast the pen away, splashing ink in great blots over the plaster wall before him.

He smiled grimly as he regarded the numerous sheets that represented months of toil, now completed. There was satisfaction for him, certainly, in the knowledge that his story was brought to a conclusion, though this satisfaction was tempered by the realization of the price that he had paid in order to complete his work. His mind ran back over the many weary weeks and months spent in writing, writing, writing, morning, noon and far into the night, aye frequently all the night. Sometimes he had sweltered in the terrific heat that pierced the roof immediately over his head, making a veritable oven of the little garret that of necessity served as his place of abode as well as his work-shop. And in the winter this same garret was exposed to all the severities of the cold. The one window,

loose and cracked, admitted more drafts than light, and it was seldom that he could afford the luxury of the little stove in the corner. At times he would go to the public library, there to get information for his book as well as to start the circulation of his blood in the generous warmth of the building.

Occasionally, a short story or two for a popular magazine would produce a little ready cash with which to procure a good meal. At other times, he subsisted as best he could on stale bread, bought at a reduced price, the thinnest of coffee of the cheapest brand, with now and then a small piece of a cheap cut of meat or a few potatoes.

In this way, he had worked and worked incessantly, spurred on by the firm belief that he had a message to convey to the world, a message that, through his book, would reach thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of people. It would be successful, he knew, for the opening chapters and synopsis had been long before submitted to one of the big publishers whose

interest had been awakened, and who had set the price they would pay for the completed work.

But Young had not yielded to this, the greatest temptation of all. He would not sell outright. Rather he would accept smaller returns at first, in order that in the end his profit might be greater as the sales of his book continued. And continue they would, that he knew. He knew it from the desire of the publishers to buy him out entirely, and he knew it from his understanding of the modern mind. Did not the people want sensationalism and immorality, carefully veiled of course, but with a transparent veil,—which perhaps admitted of some drawing back, too? Did not they want a story of love, the great, free love that acknowledges not the hamperings of convention or social usage? Did they not want a master mind to paint their own portrait and justify them in the course they chose to follow? Others had attempted this and failed because they were too sordid, too flatly immoral, and on that account nauseating. Others had erred on the opposite side and failed from insipidity. Others had gone too deepy into psychology, and their readers had been unable to follow. But he, Stephen Young, had reached the highest goal, and his work would be known all over the English-speaking world; more than this, it would be translated into other tongues. It was a story of the world, of human nature as it is in every country, every city; therefore it would be read with equal enthusiasm by all. It was sensational for the American, modern for the Russian, liberal for the Frenchman, philosophical for the German, and passionate for the Latin.

Fame and fortune were to accrue to Stephen Young, and he began to feel his greatness. He threw up his arms and exclaimed aloud. He would celebrate the occasion by having a fire and something good to eat. He looked into his coal box and found it empty. In the stove he saw only cold ashes. Another box served as a pantry. There he found a few coffee beans and the dry end of a loaf. He thrust his hands into his pockets and produced a few small coins. At least he could procure the materials for his feast. Going to the window he removed some of the frost with

his finger nail and peeped through the space.

Below him was the street, thickly covered with a new mantle of snow. The lamp-post supported a little pile of its own, and a tree, the only one in sight, had caught the bright flakes on every branch and twig. More snow was falling and filling up the footsteps of the occasional passerby.

As Stephen Young looked, there came to his mind the thought that this picture before him was not new; a similar impression, ever to the exact placing of the tree and the lamp-post, had been made on his mind at some other time. He felt himself transported to another place, and he found himself singing words strange to him since the days of childhood:

Good King Wenceslaus looked out  
On the feast of Stephen;  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even.

A voice beside him said, in the accents of his sister, "I do like this kind of a Christmas eve; it's just in keeping with the day."

He turned, almost expecting to see some one, though fully aware that he was alone. Instead, the silence mocked him as his mind suddenly returned to full consciousness.

"The reaction is too much for me," he said, aloud. "I must go out; then I shall feel better."

He had forgotten that he had eaten nothing since morning. Fastening his worn coat about him and pulling a cap over his head, he passed downstairs. At the door his landlady greeted him with a cheery "Merry Christmas, Mr. Young." He answered with what cordiality he could hastily summon, though inwardly chafing at this repeated reminding of Christmas. What was Christmas to him now? It was all very well for children, for young people who could exchange gifts. But for him—ridiculous! He had put such things behind him years ago, and he put the thought behind him again now as he stepped into the snow-laden street.

Bent on making some little purchases he directed his course to the nearest business street. Almost the first store he noticed was a book-seller's, and the sight of the gaily bound volumes attracted his attention. There were books for old and young; books of poems, travel, history, fiction, piled high



in fantastic groups. Gazing abstractedly, he replaced these books with his own, so soon to be published. He saw himself heralded as the greatest writer of the day, with his name in shining gold letters on each of the red-covered volumes. The people would buy nothing else, and he would become rich, increasingly rich with every purchaser. He was brought to his senses by the animated cry of a child beside him. "Oh, mamma, buy me one of those picture-books for Christmas." Christmas, Christmas, Christmas, again and again. Could he never get away from it?

He passed on, and a moment later he was accosted by a man who, in a faded red robe and with a fringe of white beard, played the part of Santa Claus. "Merry Christmas," called the man. "Have you something for the poor?" Young pushed by roughly. The poor, indeed! Was not he poorer than anyone? Yet he asked for nothing. On the contrary he gave of his talent, his energy, his life-blood, that he might carry his message to them. But he, too, would soon be rich, and then, then he would snap his fingers at the world.

Presently he found himself far away from the busy crowds and the lights. Instead of rows of stores he saw stately houses, each with its windows decorated with holly wreaths and candles. It looked very cheerful and happy, but it concerned him not. He was a stranger, an outsider. But he was an author, the creator of a great work, and to-morrow—to-morrow—he would be hailed by the public.

He observed people emerging from the houses and passing down the street to a dimly lighted edifice in the distance. Ah yes, this was Christmas eve, and they were going to confession in preparation for the feast. He found himself following groups of people, why he knew not. Yet it all seemed perfectly natural, and he felt incapable of the effort to do otherwise. Before long he found himself in an obscure corner of a church. He felt warm and comfortable beside the radiator. Soon he became drowsy, and in a few moments more he was fast asleep.

In his sleep he felt himself in a narrow space, where he was slowly freezing to death. There was one means of escape, and

this was immediately over a deep abyss. On the other side was security, and there he vainly endeavored to get by filling up the intervening space with books. He threw them in by the armful, from an inexhaustible supply; yet, though he used thousands and thousands, the space was just as great, just as deep, and he as far as ever from the other side. There was one hope for him and one only. In the distance a bridge spanned the abyss, and many people crossed by it to the other side, where they found light and cheerfulness. To gain admission to the bridge they said "Merry Christmas." They called to him to join them, but he turned from them in anger and continued his effort to build his own road of books. Again they called to him, "Come; this is the way."

He was awakened suddenly by someone grasping his arm and saying, "Come along. This way. I have to lock the church. You must get out."

He rose and stumbled out of the church, blinking under the sudden light. He was keenly aware that he had been dreaming and, once fully awake, he found himself going over the details of the dream in an effort at understanding it.

He had studied dreams often, and he knew that commonly they were but the recurrence of impressions received during the previous day. That was clearly the case in this instance. The narrow space where, in his dream, he had been confined, was his own garret, where Heaven knew he had been near freezing more than once. The space before him probably came from the impression of the street as he had looked down at it just before going out. Books, of course, were always on his mind. He had crossed a bridge in his walk just a few hours previously, and everywhere along his route he had heard Christmas greetings exchanged. Last of all, the very words of the sexton who wakened him were the words of the dream people who urged him to cross the bridge with them. It was all perfectly logical, all capable of the fullest explanation. Yet reason as he might, he could not satisfy himself that there was not something else involved. The more he reasoned, the more satisfied he became that his dream was natural; but just as regularly as he accepted

this conclusion, there came back to him the feeling that there was also a factor beyond his power of reasoning. It occurred to him at last that deep down in his heart he had always had vague misgivings as to the course he was following; that sub-consciously he had felt he was traveling in the wrong direction, and that this sub-conscious thought had so impressed his mind as to produce a dream which was, to all appearances, entirely natural.

Suddenly the whole situation burst upon him in a vivid light. The old, old training of childhood came back to him and brought before his mind some of the chief points of the faith which he had once followed so diligently, but which he had allowed gradually to slip away during the years he had given to studying and writing. Somehow he felt no surprise at the change that was working in him. Instead, he was aware of an inner calm that had long been strange. He felt no fear for the future. In fact, to him there was no such state as the future. The present was all that counted, and the present was good. Beyond that he need not care.

His movements became more hurried, more purposeful, as these ideas gained weight, and he made all possible haste.

Suddenly, as he turned a corner, he ran into a group of people entering a brightly lighted church. The bells were sweetly calling pious worshippers to midnight Mass. He paused, gazed for a moment hesitatingly into the open portals, and entered. The almost celestial beauty of the scene, the devout bearing of the kneeling congregation, the harmonious strains of music, now loud and exulting, now soft and plaintive, increased that strange calm that had so suddenly taken possession of his soul. And when, after the solemn singing of the Gospel, a brown-robed friar stepped into the pulpit and began to speak of the purpose of the coming of the Prince of Peace, Stephen found himself drinking in every word. Had the preacher, unknown to him, seen his manuscript, read his story? Impossible!

For, besides his publishers, who had seen the sketch and opening chapters, no mortal eye but his own had ever gazed on the marvelous script that was destined to bring to the world the great Message of Life, for which it had been sighing these thousands of years; that message of true peace and consummate happiness which *he* had discovered in the depths of his soul, while working so feverishly in his dark and dismal attic, and which Fate had decreed that *he* should announce to his fellow men of every race and clime, who like him were longing for the millennium. And now he hears another message announced to the world, a message diametrically opposed to his own, a message, not of untrammelled freedom of the passions, of deification of the flesh, but of penance, of self-abasement, of submission, and of love, preached to the world by the Infant lying on the cold, coarse straw of Bethlehem's manger.

This message was not new to Stephen. He had heard it as an innocent child on his mother's knee. He had listened to it with boyish eagerness in the days long past. It was the message which he had striven so many years to banish from his soul, and which he foolishly thought he had finally obliterated from the tablets of his memory. But it was still there, more deeply engraven than ever before; and as the man of God descended from the pulpit and the officiating priest at the altar exultingly intoned the answer of Holy Mother Church to the Message of the Infant King, Stephen fell on his knees, buried his face in his hands, and with a heart full of compunction and tears of contrition streaming from his eyes he exclaimed, "Credo!"

Arriving at his bleak garret an hour later, he cleared out the little stove, and placed some pieces of wood across the grate. Upon these he carefully laid the manuscript that had cost him so much toil and privation. With a match he started a blaze and, convinced that the fire would burn, he left the place without looking round.



# THE HOLY NIGHT AT GRECCIO

By MARY J. MALLOY

DEEP down in the hollows of the Umbrian hills, lay the shadows of coming night. But Greccio over there on the eastern slopes was still a shining spot in the rose of the dying sun, and a golden moon stood up behind it in the clear air, as if impatient to claim her sway. For the hallowed hours were hers alone, and to her light alone was it given to go before the Light of Lights this *Natale* eve, so that the world might be not wholly dark till the Great Mystery should be revealed. Afar off in the wonderful bloom of the western sky, hung a splendid planet, already alight though day was not yet dead. Across the heavens, faint trails and mists of cloud reached over from the fading sunset to the darkening horizon beyond, as if Creation sent up its incense of prayer, faint and delicate, to linger about those gates of the east, whence, when all things were in quiet silence and the night in the midst of her course, the Dayspring from on high was to visit the sleeping world.

Along the mountain path came two men, journeying towards Greccio. One wore the somber dress of the friars of Francis of Assisi; the other's garb, though sober, was of a richness that bespoke a life of the world. Over his arm hung a large soft mantle that in compassion he had offered his companion, because his habit was so thin and old, and the night as cold as an Umbrian December night can often be. But *Il Poverello*—for it was he himself—had refused him smiling, and answered his urging:

"Ah, my Egidio, I have that fire within my breast that keeps me from all cold! And thou, too, shalt feel the burning of it when at last we kneel at Greccio, before the manger that good Messire Giovanni Velati hath made us for this night's midnight Mass. And when the people see them the lowly crib of my Lord within the stable, as of old in Bethlehem, with our brothers the ox and ass standing by—praise be to Him, will not our hearts also burn and flame within, and warm for them the winter air in such manner that Brother Fire, so strong and bright and powerful, must needs abase himself and learn, as says King Solomon, that the waters that quench him quench not love? Thou Babe of Bethlehem!" He paused, unable for further speech. Egidio, moved and awed, made no answer to him, feeling already that fire beginning to burn at his own heart.

So they moved on, a little more rapidly now, for they wished to come to Greccio before the darkness should set in utterly. As they turned the corner of a hilly path, there appeared to their eyes the figure of a bent old woman. Hobbling along, with many a stop and painful resuming of her journey, it was but a few moments before they overtook her.

"*Mia madre*," said Francis, ever courteous and

kind, "how is it that thou art so late on the road, with no one at thy side to lend thee help?"

"O good *frate*," she cried, grasping his arm with all her feeble strength, "God be praised that thou comest! In His Name, help me thyself, for I perish in this cold—Ye are both younger, and feel it not as I in my poor old bones—but I—the way is long and the night comes on apace. Would I had never started—but 'tis Caterina's fault, as ever! See—my Jacopo and his Caterina and his children must all to Greccio to gaze upon the wonderful *praesepio* that the friend of good Father Francis has made for him outside the church of the *frati*. Some say, indeed, 'tis the *real* manger of Our Lord—who knows?—perhaps so it is. But I—I, thou understandest, am too old to go likewise and see! Jacopo's Caterina will have it so! Not too old was I when first I lay Jacopo in his cradle and nursed and fed and cared for him—nor too old when with toil and trouble I reared him, that he might be the husband of Caterina! Caterina is not too old—oh no! to go see the fine sights over there in Greccio! So I gave to her the saying—thou knowest it—'Who goes slowly goes far,' and she laughed, *frate mio*, she laughed—a pest on her!—and said, 'But not too far.' Therefore, when they left me, I called on the *Santi* to show her her mistake, and I got up in spite of my aches, and I started—but *ahi, ahi*, I know now it was the devil and not the *santi* who played guide to me, for here I die of cold and weariness!"

Her poor old voice cracked and failed her and died in a pitiful wail. Francis had made no attempt to check her garrulity; but as she finished, breathless with pain and dislike of Caterina, he turned with a smile to Egidio.

"Friend Egidio," said he, "thou hast more than once asked of me of late admittance to the convent of our brethren, that thou mayst serve Our Lord as His servant and knight; now in His Name, and for His service, do thou give thy mantle to warm the *povera*." Instantly the comfortable garment was about her shoulders.

"*Grazie a Dio!*" she mumbled; then anxiously peered into Egidio's face. "But 'tis a gift? a real gift?" she queried, fearing that it must be returned, and grasping it jealously close.

"Thine truly, good mother," Egidio answered her. "It will keep warmth within for thee, and without, perchance, thy dislike of thy daughter Caterina. Nay, stay thee—" for the old woman was actually trying to make off, dreading to be deprived of this treasure, fallen from heaven upon her, "stay thee—lean upon my arm, and I will take thee home again, instead of going to Greccio with Brother Francis here."

"Nay, good cavalier, thou shalt go, for but a short stay up this path that crosses above is the dwelling of my gossip Nicola. If thou wilt

but aid me there, there will I stay for the night, and tomorrow I will send word for my mistress Caterina to come for me in her cloak of homespun—and mine so fine!" She gave a great chuckle and leaned her weight upon Egidio's kindly arm. He turned to Francis.

"If it please thee await me, my Father," he began, and Francis smiled and said to the old dame: "The peace of God be with thee, good mother, and with thy daughter Caterina."

So Egidio took her to her gossip Nicola's home and left and returned to Francis, sitting by the wayside. Then Francis blessed him and said: "*Carissimo fratello*, God hath given thee great grace this night. Now art thou indeed our brother, and tonight will I present thee to the *frati* and tell them how good a brother God hath sent to us." And as he spoke, Egidio felt once more that same strong burning at the heart.

By this time, the night was fully on them. Luccent stars above their heads made all the sky one great bed of light. Unaccustomed sounds began to steal imperceptibly to their ears. The ripple of a nearby little fall seemed all but to take tune and sing them as they passed. Surely that was a lark that threw up a sudden clear sweet note into heaven? A quick wind raced by them for an instant, laden with breath and scent of summer flowers. "*Il Natale!*" cried Francis, standing motionless, his face upraised to the glorious skies. "The world, O Lord, rejoices at Thy coming!"

They hurried now, for the time was growing nearer. Before long, they began to meet people in the road—shepherds, villagers, mountain-dwellers, all going down to Greccio for the wonder of the *praesepio*, which the Lord Pope had granted Father Francis permission to erect. A real *praesepio*, too; with a real ox and ass and a real manger, filled with straw, just as that of Bethlehem,

wherein the Divine Bambino came down to lie, so long ago!

The road grew more and more crowded. Just outside the town there came from a neighboring wood a long procession of *frati*, bearing lights and singing sweet canticles, and with them moved a multitude, singing as they, and carrying torches on high, so that all the place was light. There it was—the *praesepio*, fashioned as a real stable, open on one side; and inside there stood an ox and an ass, gazing out at the passers-by with great solemn eyes; and in the straw-filled manger—Egidio's startled eyes could scarce believe that for a moment he saw—what? an empty crib. But in that moment his heart leaped up so strongly in his bosom that his whole frame was shaken!

Now began the midnight Mass and Francis, the deacon, sang the Gospel with a voice like an angel's, said the people, listening. And when the solemn rite was over, they crowded again around the manger. Egidio, swept onward by the impetuous rush, found himself directly at its foot. As he caught his breath, remembering what he thought he had seen within but lately, a sudden hush fell all about. The crowd parted as if by common consent, and down the passage thus made, Francis of Assisi, as if called, came swiftly, his face transfigured, his eyes alight, unconscious of any man. At the side of the crib he fell to his knees and bent over, speaking rapidly, but so low that none but Egidio caught the murmured syllables.

"Thou Babe of Bethlehem! Thou Babe of Bethlehem!" was all he heard. But now indeed he saw again. Before his eyes, there, upon the manger bed, lay a sleeping Babe of unearthly beauty: and as Francis bent above, in an ecstasy of love and adoration, it opened its wondrous eyes and stretched out its gracious arms toward him.\*

\*See cover design.—Ed.

## THE SHEPHERD OF LONE-CEDAR GULCH

By L. M. WALLACE

IN the West names have meaning. "Lone"—in the space of a year not seven men had passed that way. "Cedar"—it speaks of thirst, for its roots are sunk deep into the arid earth. Yet a tree is a sign of hope, and joy came always to the weary eyes that sighted the lone cedar among the piled up boulders at the gulch's head; for at the cañon's end the Rio Colorado flows—water in a desert land.

So into the eyes of Chico Lopez came a light,—hope, but dark and bitter, kindling

the fire of fiercer passions. He leaned forward over his swaying horse. His quilt fell sharp on the weltering shoulders. His rowel ripped gashes in the pinto's flank; for the sight of the lone cedar had brought desperate hope to Chico, and the desperate are cruel.

The pony rallied her forces and plunged forward. Perhaps it was the keen power of pain; perhaps the faint scent of water, borne by the winds over dusty miles.

On—her breath rasping, hoarse, convul-

sive! On—her nostrils pits of blood! The cedar drew nearer. From a hand-breadth's blotch upon the night it had grown almost to the stature of a man. Then, like the long-worn cord of a violin, the pinto's life thread snapped. A blind swaying, a staggering halt, she slid to her knees, trembled a moment, and sank prone upon the sand.

A curse burst from the blood-cracked lips of Chico. Why should the beast fail now—now, when most of all the man needed her? He sprang from the saddle as the pony fell, and in half terrified rage, half in hope of rousing her, was beating wildly with his quirt.

Pain could no longer weaken the pinto. Perhaps the merciful numbness of death was shielding her even now; but her eye was fixed on Chico, wide, sorrowful, filled with piteous wonder that man should repay with blows the beast that had served him well.

Chico started, paused, and passed his hand across his brow. The eye of the horse had roused a memory. It was as if another eye looked into his, dark, mournful, loving, and a hand from the mystic world touched his arm. Softly, like the breathing of the night wind, came the voice of the vision: "You will not stay long in the North Land, Chico, beloved? You will not let the Gringo's gold wean you from baby and me?" He saw as in mist, the child that her mantle enfolded, and felt on his cheek the touch of wee fingers. The wild heart of Chico cried out to them, and then—

A sharp, rasping sound!—He whirled. The desert lay about him, dun and blue, and ghostly purple, stretching out till it trysted with the stars. He mocked at his own fears. The sound was but the night wind in the mesquites, yet it had driven the dream from Chico. He turned again to the horse. Death had come or was fast coming. The open eye aroused no dreams now. Leaning over the saddle his nervous fingers tugged at a little buckskin sack. It fell heavily on the sand, clinking as it struck. Chico shot swift glances about him. Out of the gloom, came a thousand rustling footsteps. He clutched the bag and thrust it into his blouse.

With dogged swiftness, Chico set out upon the trail. Terror goaded his weariness.

Pursuers seemed riding every wind. Their hoof-beats sounded now far-off and now near through the whispering caverns of midnight.

The lone cedar drew near. At last it rose above him, gnarled and old. He passed into the cañon. Perhaps the narrower range of vision gave him courage. Chico's step was firm, and the hand that gripped the pistol on his hip no longer trembled. Alert, noiseless, bold, Chico followed the long trail down Lone-Cedar Gulch.

Orion was burning wide and low, almost touching the cliffs across the Rio Colorado when Chico came out of the cañon's end. He drank of the muddy waters, cast them over his fevered flesh, laughed in the strength that they gave him. Then, like a bitter aftermath, his terror returned. Was it a reality or a phantom?—far up in Lone-Cedar Gulch he heard the echo of horseshoes chiding the rocks.

Fear whetted the wits of Chico. Within reach of a flying leap, an ironwood clung to the beetling rocks. He caught it in one frenzied bound. He hung,—Rio Colorado gurgled below. He pulled himself up and stood upon the small tough bending trunk, and rested his weight against the boulder. Above him the rock was rifted. It was a steep way, worn by flood or earthquake, but to Chico it seemed a stair. Swiftly he mounted the dizzy face of the cliff, hand over hand, a dozen terrible yards. Then he was safe on the narrow ledge above.

Here Chico crouched and waited; alert and bold once more, his hand clinching the steel at his hip, his eye scanning the trail. Behind the last turn of the path, he heard horseshoes scraping down the rock incline, and a voice that cursed the beast. The face of the fugitive whitened. "The wolf dog! —Black Noel!" he muttered creeping into the deepest shadow. Yet, like the bird that sees the snake coiling, Chico could not keep his eye from the trail.

Around the turn into the starlit way came the horseman, Black Noel,—hated and feared more than any other among all the men of the wild camp on the Little Blue,—hated for his luck, his greed; feared for his cunning,—and under the ragged blouse of Chico lay a sack of Noel's gold.

studied the tracks in the path, and Chico smiled. Could the eye of an eagle trace the fugitive's steps? Noel seemed to judge that his enemy was near. He drew the pistol from its case. He turned the barrel around, touching the steel with fingers that caressed. He drew the hammer back. His left hand held the reins short, in readiness to whirl. His spurs seemed poised to strike, but the horse came steadily onward.

Chico watched. Both sides of the divide were visible to him. Noel rounded the cliff. Then puzzle knit his shagged brows. The trail of Chico lay fresh made, distinct, down to the water's edge. Beyond that the silence mocked his cunning, for the ironwood told no tales.

Noel searched the shore. Pushing, he stood as if in thought, staring out over the turbulent waters. He chuckled, and his cunning eyes gleamed under their thatch of black. Then he wheeled his horse and passed slowly back along the trail, but his face turned toward Chico was gloomy, baffled.

Noel passed out of sight behind the second turn of the trail, and Chico slid from cover. Skulking behind the boulders, creeping among the mesquites, he reached a new scouting point. Then he laughed. Down below him in an angle of the rocks a camp fire smouldered. At one side of the trail a hobbled horse was grazing, and near the fire lay the figure of a sleeper wrapped in a blanket.

Opportunity knocked at Chico's door,—wild and wicked as the spirits that ruled his soul,—a fresh horse, food at hand, and Black Noel in his first deep sleep. Chico's eyes burned,—one swift silent thrust of his dagger, and his pursuer and accuser would be cleared from his path.

Softly, swiftly, like a creeping puma, came Chico, from ledge to slope, from mesquite to catclaw, till he reached the circle of smouldering light about the fire. Then he crouched, resting, drawing his breath deep, rallying his forces, his eye measuring the prostrate form. The steel must find the heart. There must be no error when Chico Lopez sprang upon Black Noel.

A sharp blow upon Chico's wrist—the knife spun into the air. A crushing weight

was on his back. It forced him down with his face against the rocks, and in his neck a ring of cold steel burrowed. Then came the voice of Black Noel, satanic in its mirth, "Whiten out, you Greaser!"

With a sudden change, Noel hurriedly drew back his gun from Chico's flesh; though he still held it in the shadow, cocked; and he said in a tone that might have been banter but for the menace underlying it, "Fool, knifin' a blanket stuffed with sand!"

Chico struggled to his feet dazed by this swift release. Then he understood; for halfway down the trail, coming straight toward them, was the weary plodding figure of old Padre Santangel. All men knew the power of that gentle, frail old man,—all men save the Padre himself. Only one thing he knew. There were sons of his that erred, precious Blood-bought souls on the brink of eternity.

Black Noel spoke. He could not bear the look in the Padre's eyes. He must establish his innocence. "Señor Padre," he said, "I am arresting this peon. Keep out of danger. He is a thief, Padre, a bad man from that wild camp on the Little Blue—" But even as he spoke he knew that he could not deceive those keen old eyes, and his voice trailed into confused silence.

Many had felt but few had fathomed the power of Padre Santangel. He came like the wind at strange times and to strange places; and like the wind his sudden coming startled rather than surprised men. It was as if the "Spirit that breatheth where it will" had made of him a messenger. Yet he was not mysterious. Men never feared that he had been borne to them by angel hands. No, they knew his weary sandals, clacking from one duty to the next, had brought Padre to them at that hour which God had set from all eternity.

So now before old Padre Santangel stood Black Noel and Chico Lopez like abashed boys before their father. Chico was the first to speak. He drew from his blouse the dirty buckskin sack. "I have hate for this thing," he said. "Once I have more love for Gringo's gold than for—" he paused. The wild heart of Chico was crying out within him for the two he had seen in the vision.

"Bien," answered Padre, "you shall go to them, when first you have made clean your soul, that you may not stand before them in shame."

But Noel grumbled as he clutched the gold, and he hid it swiftly. Padre might be God's messenger, but Noel would not be turned from his vengeance. "I have a duty to the law!" he began and his voice rang with menace, but the half spoken lie died on his lips.

"To the law of hate enthroned in your own heart, my son," responded the Padre. "The thief has restored his ill-gotten goods. But what should be the reward of him who does his fellow man to death upon a Christmas night?"

It was as if a lash had struck the soul of Noel. "Murder upon a Christmas night!" he cried.

"Bien, my son, you have drifted far from God and have forgotten much. Above you the selfsame stars stand witness that watched over the Babe upon the Holy Night."

Noel's eyes had in them the light of those before whose gaze the long forgotten years are passing in their fearful pageant; for to Noel also had come a vision out of the land of memory. There was a cot in a Flemish village, a long low thatched roof that sheltered both the peasant and his beasts. Noel sat again with those about the hearth, and heard beyond the wall the ox and the ass made restless by the storm without. Then through his memory a voice sounded telling a tale that he had heard a

thousand times. He felt again his boyish anger that he must listen, whether he would or not. Suddenly his mother's hand was upon his head as it had been that night. He felt the piteous pleading in her eyes. Her Jehan, and August, and Henri, they were quiet lads. They would be as their father; but this wild, black-browed, rebellious boy, how soon would he burst the bonds of her control? "Ah, son, and will you not listen to me when I tell of the Angel's song," so she pleaded, "you that I named Noel because you were born on the Holy Night?"

The words had grown sweet with the mellowing of the years,—sweet beyond measure; for in the dark after-life of Noel, kind words had borne but little part. With all men that which is rare is treasured.

Padre had stood patiently waiting, watching the swift play of emotion on Black Noel's face. Then, when the vision was gone, the old man spoke simply yet with joy untold that made his words gladden the hearts of his wild hearers.

"Bien, my sons, it is the Holy Night. Pablo comes with the dawn to meet me at the river with his boat, for I have promised to offer holy Mass in his abode. There, my sons, you shall make your peace with God, while angels bring the Christ Child from His home. We go." Over the east the light was breaking, and thus from Lone-Cedar Gulch the shepherd came to the Crib, bringing with him as an offering two wild and long lost sheep.

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FRANCISCAN HERALD.



# Missions

## AN OLD MISSION RESUSCITATED

“FRANCISCAN” and “missionary,” while not wholly synonymous terms, are nevertheless closely connected. From the first ages of the Order, the sons of St. Francis, after the example of their founder, have regarded preaching the Gospel to heathen nations so highly that there is hardly a country that they have not evangelized at one time or the other. That the modern Franciscans are not less zealous in this respect than their brethren of old, is well known to readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD. We find them not only in populous districts of China and Japan, in the dense forests of Africa, in the tangled jungles of South America, and on the lonely islands of the Pacific; but right here in our own United States we see Franciscan Fathers and Brothers leading lives of heroic self-sacrifice that may well bear comparison with those of foreign missionaries. Their life, indeed, is a hard one, but they draw strength to hold out bravely against the hosts of heresy and paganism on this far-flung line of battle from the thought that friends “back home” are aiding them with their prayers and generous almsdeeds.

A case in point is that of Fr. Tiburtius, a well known Franciscan missionary, who has spent all the years of his priesthood among the Indians of southern Arizona. He has now been chosen by his superiors to open a new mission in a section that has long been barren of results, although its soil has been watered by the blood of martyrs. This happened many years ago, when—but let Fr. Tiburtius himself tell you about it. He writes to the Herald under date of

NOV. 20:

DEAR FATHER:

On October 1, our Fathers took over the missions among the Yuma-Cocopawh and Mojave Indians along the Colorado River. This latest addition to the “Kingdom of St. Francis,” as the Spanish Padres called Arizona and New Mexico, is an old heritage of the Franciscans. From the time that Fr. Francisco Garcés, in 1768, first visited the Indian tribes on the Rio Gila, he

urged the viceroy and the college of Santa Cruz to found missions in this region. Finally, the king of Spain ordered these missions to be established according to Fr. Garcés’s plans. But De Croix, who was entrusted with this important enterprise, had notions of his own regarding the new settlements and he established two missions among the Yumas on the Colorado River, in spite of the protests of Fr. Garcés, who foretold that the result would be disastrous.

The expedition set out in the fall of 1780, and one town Purisima Concepcion, founded on the site of the present Fort Yuma, California, and placed under the patronage of Mary Immaculate. Here Fr. Garcés and the youthful Fr. Juan Barenche took up their quarters, determined to do for the conversion of the natives what they could in spite of the limitations set on their ministry by De Croix. The second pueblo, San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer, of which Fathers Juan Diaz and Matias Moreno were the missionaries, was founded at another rancheria of Yumas about eight miles southwest of Concepcion. As the Fathers had neither gifts of food or clothing nor anything else to attract the savages, they succeeded in gaining only a few Indians for the Faith. And these soon apostatized, owing to the fact that, unlike the neophytes of the Pacific Coast missions, they were compelled to live with their pagan relatives, where they were constantly exposed to ridicule and temptation. The imprudent and total disregard of the rights and feelings of the natives manifested by the colonists in taking over their fertile fields for their own use, likewise greatly hindered the work of conversion. Goaded at last to madness by the insolence of the Spaniards, the Yumas of both pueblos rose in rebellion on July 17, 1781. They massacred soldiers and settlers and friars, not excepting even the universally beloved Fr. Garcés, set fire to the buildings, and carried away women and children as captives. Later, the bodies of the martyred friars were discovered on a spot covered with beautiful flowers, although the country all about was barren desert. They were tenderly raised, and borne to Sonora, Mexico, for burial. Various efforts were made to punish the natives for the massacre, and to subjugate them, but they were unsuccessful and the Yumas remained independent of Spanish rule and were always more or less hostile.

About twenty years ago, some secular priests worked among these tribes but they, too, met with little success. The Methodists, somewhat later, started a mission in this section, and although they did not gain over many of the older people,



because they still cling to a few Catholic traditions in spite of all their pagan customs—thus the Yumas and other Colorado River tribes still cremate their dead—they succeeded in coaxing many children to their meeting house by offering them attractive presents. The Methodists are at present erecting a beautiful \$12,000 church for their mission.

Now that the Franciscans have again taken up the interrupted work of their brethren of over a hundred years ago, may we not hope that God will bless their endeavors and at last bring these poor pagans into the bosom of Mother Church?

The soil has been watered with the blood of martyrs and is sure to bring forth a rich harvest if we are not remiss in our duty. What we need absolutely before we can hope to make even a fair beginning, are suitable quarters. For the present, I am using an old shack, belonging to one of the Indians, for my church and it threatens to fall to pieces over my head. I have a room in the Agency for my personal use, and sally forth from it to visit the Indians, teach them and their children the catechism, and prepare them for the reception of the holy Sacraments. Besides these missionary trips—one of which takes me to a tribe about two hundred miles distant, I must needs do my own cooking if I wish to eat, unless, indeed, I cross the river to Yuma, Arizona, where I can get a meal in a restaurant. But as I am not always near Yuma, I must fall back on my own resources. As

it is intended to make this mission the headquarters of the Fathers working in this locality, it will require, with the present high price on all building materials, from \$10,000 to \$12,000 to build a substantial church, school, and priest's house.

Don't you think you could bring this new mission to the kind attention of the many readers of the *HERALD*? The proposed church is to be built on the spot where the saintly Fr. Garcés and his friar companion spilt their blood that Christ might be born in the hearts of these poor Indians, and it should be a memorial worthy of this great apostle of the Southwest. I am confident that

many a reader on hearing about this latest attempt to bring the Yumas and their kindred tribes into the true Fold will be moved with charity for them and will contribute their mite that God's kingdom may also come to them. Far be it from us to neglect the foreign missions. The more we do for them, the better, but on the other hand we must not forget those hungry souls who are crying at our very door for the bread of the word of God, of which they have been deprived these many years, and which it is in our power to give them.

Trusting you will do for old times' sake what you can for this new mission, and assuring you and your readers of my own and my poor Indians' everlasting gratitude, I am,

Faternally yours in  
St. Francis,

FR. TIBURTIUS.



An Apache Maiden in Buck Skin Dress

Well, my dear friends of the missions, I have given you herewith the good Father's letter in full, and you can readily understand the difficulties he is meeting with in this new field. I know you will do what you can for him, even if it is nothing more than to breathe a fervent prayer that God may send him the wherewithal to build up the mission. And don't let his queer Latin name frighten you. It won't seem so outlandish when you stop to think that his patron is St. Tiburtius, the brother-in-law of St. Cecilia, and like her a martyr. And you can rest assured that, whether your charity is material or spiritual, Fr. Tiburtius will call down on you the same reward that St. Francis invoked on those who aided him to rebuild the church of San Damiano: "He who gives me a stone, will have his reward in heaven. He who gives me two stones, will have two rewards. He who gives me three stones, will receive three rewards."

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XIV

*Juan de Zaldivar at Acoma—Treachery of the Acomites—Fearful Battle in the Skytown—Frightful Leaps—Survivors—Onate's Dilemma—Justification for Wars—Collective Opinion of the Franciscans—Acomites to be Punished—Vicente de Zaldivar's Forlorn Hope—How the Men Prepare—Acomites Defiant—Demand for Surrender*

**B**EFORE his departure, on October 6, 1598, from the camp at San Juan de los Caballeros for the western tour which was to take him to the South Sea, but owing to the winter storms led him only as far as Moqui, Governor Oñate directed Lieutenant Juan de Zaldivar to deliver the command over the camp and the colony to his brother, Major Vicente de Zaldivar, as soon as the latter returned from the buffalo hunt, and then to follow the commander with thirty men to the west. Don Juan, accordingly, at noon on November 18, started out from San Juan to join the governor. When he approached Acoma, the natives came down the rocky steep, and treated him so overkindly that he allowed himself to be persuaded to ascend to the town above with sixteen of his thirty men, in order to enjoy the hospitality of the Acomites. The remainder of his party stayed below to guard the horses.

Through various movements the Indians contrived to separate the Spaniards, something Oñate had not permitted. Suddenly, at the shout of the war chief, the savages furiously attacked their guests with clubs, bows and arrows, and stones. A fearful hand-to-hand struggle ensued. "It was a ghastly and an unequal fight," as Lummis describes it in keeping with Villagrà's poetical narrative. "Here and there, with back against the wall of one of those strange houses, stood a grayfaced, tattered, bleeding soldier, swinging his clumsy flintlock club-like, or hacking with desperate but unavailing sword at the dark, ravenous mob

that hemmed him, while stones rained upon his bent visor, and clubs and cruel flints sought him from every side. There was no coward blood among that doomed band. They sold their lives dearly; in front of every one lay a sprawling heap of dead; but one by one the howling wave of barbarians drowned each grim, silent fighter, and swept off to swell the murderous flood about the next. Zaldivar himself was one of the first victims; and two other officers, six soldiers, and two servants fell in that uneven combat. The five survivors—Captain Juan Tabaro with four soldiers—at last got together, and with superhuman strength fought their way to the edge of the cliff, bleeding from many wounds; but their savage foes still pressed them; and being too faint to carve their way to one of the 'ladders,'<sup>1</sup> in the wildness of desperation the five sprang over the beetling cliff!

"Never but once was recorded so frightful a leap as that of Tabaro and his four companions. Even if we presume that they had been so fortunate as to reach the very lowest point of the rock, it could not have been less than *one hundred and fifty feet!* And yet only one of the five was killed by this inconceivable fall; the remaining four, cared for by their terrified companions in the camp, all finally recovered. It would be incredible, were it not established by absolute historical proof.<sup>2</sup>

"Fortunately, the victorious savages did not attack the little camp. The survivors still had their horses, of which unknown brutes the Indians had a great fear. For

<sup>1</sup> A rocky cleft in the mountain to the summit on which the dizzy town is perched three hundred and fifty odd feet from the valley below.

<sup>2</sup> "Resistiendo à la turba que cargaba—Se fueron à gran priessa retirando—Hasta llegar à un salto lebatando—De mas de cien estados descubiertos—De donde todos cinco se lanzaron—Por Villagrà, las vidas escapando—Ecepto el miserable de Robledo." (Villagrà *Canto* 23, folios 124-125).

several days the fourteen soldiers and their four half-dead companions camped under the overhanging cliff, where they were safe from missiles from above, hourly expecting an onslaught from the savages. They felt sure that this massacre of their comrades was but the prelude to a general uprising of the twenty-five or thirty thousand Pueblos; and regardless of the danger to themselves, they decided at last to break up into little bands, and separate,—some to follow their commander on his lonely march to Moqui, and warn him of his danger; and others to hasten over the hundreds of arid miles to San Gabriel and the defence of its women and babies, and to the missionaries who were scattered among the savages. This plan of self-devotion was successfully carried out. The little bands of three and four apiece bore the news to their countrymen; and by the end of the year 1598 all surviving Spaniards in New Mexico were safely gathered in the hamlet of San Gabriel" (rather at San Juan).<sup>3</sup>

Governor Oñate received the news of the disaster on December 13, when he reached El Agua de la Peña, the last of the Zuñi towns, where he found Ensign Bernabé de las Casas with six companions, survivors of the massacre. On December 21 he arrived at San Juan with his sad and weary following.<sup>4</sup>

"It was a most serious dilemma in which Oñate now found himself," continues Lummis. "One need not have known half so much about the Indian character as did this gray, quiet Spaniard, to understand that he must signally punish the rebels for the massacre of his men, or abandon his colony and New Mexico altogether. If such an outrage went unpunished, the emboldened Pueblos would destroy the last Spaniard. On the other hand, how could he hope to conquer that impregnable rock? He had less than two hundred men; and only a small part of these could be spared for the

campaign, lest the other Pueblos in their absence should rise and annihilate San Gabriel (San Juan) and its people. In Acoma there were full three hundred warriors, reinforced by at least a hundred Navajo braves; but there was no alternative. The more he reflected and counselled with his officers, the more apparent it became that the only salvation was to capture the Queres Gibraltar; and the plan was decided upon."<sup>5</sup>

Before proceeding to execute the decision, Oñate desired that the Fr. Commissary and the other religious give their views in writing with regard to the justification for a war, and he formulated the question as follows: "Don Juan de Oñate, Governor etc. of the Provinces of New Mexico, asks, what is required for the justification of a war, and supposing that the war is just, what might the person who wages the war do to those who are conquered and to their possessions?"

The answer returned by the friars to this momentous question in the heart of the continent just three hundred and twenty-two years ago would seem to deserve pondering at our own period. It is certain that if the principles laid down by these Franciscan Friars were made the standard by rulers and peoples nowadays, the world would be in a far better condition than it is. The reply of the Fathers is somewhat lengthy. It is therefore given here very much curtailed.

"The question proposed," say the Fathers, "contains two points. The first is: What is required so that war be just? To this the answer is: There is required, in the first place, a ruler who has no superior in temporal things, like the emperor, or king, or whoever has their power to that effect; for a private person can not declare war, since for that purpose it is necessary to call out the people, which is the right of the ruler alone.

<sup>3</sup> Lummis, *Spanish Pioneers*, 129-130. At this time no Camp San Gabriel, nor Villa San Gabriel existed. The *Ytinerario*, (Doc. Ined. p. 269) written by one of the friars, clearly says: "Diciembre 21. Volvió el Señor Governador á este pueblo de Sant Joan, do está el Cuerpo de su Real, con nuestro Padre Comisario." (See preceding chapter.) Villagrà also writes, *Canto 23*, f. 125, "A todos escribieron y avisaron—Que á mas andar se fuesen recogiendo—Al Real de San Juan con toda priessa."

<sup>4</sup> *Ytinerario*, 269; Villagrà, *Cantos 22-24*, folios 117-131; *Spanish Exploration*, 238; Bancroft, 141-142; Read, 224-225.

<sup>5</sup> *Spanish Pioneers*, 132.



**Fr. Commissary blessing two missionaries about to set out on their apostolic journey**

*How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace,  
of them that bring glad tidings of good things!—Rom. 10, 15.*

"The second requisite is that there be a just cause, which happens in four ways: For the sake of defending the innocent who suffer unjustly; for the restoration of property taken unjustly; for the sake of punishing culprits against the laws, if the guilty are subjects, or against the laws of nature, if they are not subjects; and finally for the establishment and conservation of peace, because this is the chief purpose for which war is intended.

"The third requisite is the right intention to fight for one of the four causes just named, but not from *ambition to command*, nor for *deadly revenge*, nor *through greed for the goods of others*.

"The second point in the question is: What might be done with the defeated and their property? To this the reply is, that such conquered persons are at the mercy of the victor, in keeping with the form and manner which the just cause requires for declaring war; for if it was in defense of the innocent, the victor can proceed until he has placed them in safety; and he can satisfy them and satisfy himself for the damage they have suffered and undergone.

"If the cause of the war was the restoration of property it can satisfy itself by so much of the same kind, or to the same value with entire justice.

"If the cause of the war was the punishment of guilty persons, they and their property are subject to the will and mercy of the conqueror, in conformity with the just laws of his dominion and republic, if they are his subjects; and if they are not, he can reduce them to live according to the divine and natural laws by all means which in justice and reason may to him appear expedient.

"Finally, if the cause of the war is the securing of peace for his dominion and republic, he may much more justly wage the said war until he has succeeded in effecting the peace; but when once gained he must not continue the war, because the act of war is not the act of choice or will, but of just cause and necessity. So, too, he must

request peace *before he commences war*, and he may demand and take all due satisfaction, but he must refrain from injuring the innocent, because these are always blameless in all justice. He will also abstain, as much as possible, from killing men, because for one reason it is odious to God, so much so that from the hand of the just David who had committed homicide, God would accept no temple. Secondly, because of the manifest condemnation of the body and the soul, which is caused in the enemies who unjustly make war.

"This is my opinion, *salvo otro mejor*. Fr. Alonso Martinez, Comisario Apostolico." All the other Fathers, seven probably who had been recalled from the outlying missions, expressed themselves to the same effect.<sup>6</sup>

Oñate, accordingly, selected seventy men whom he placed in command of Don Vicente de Zaldivar, the brother of the murdered Don Juan de Zaldivar. Among the officers were Captains Pablo de Aguilar, Marcos Farfan, Gerónimo Marquéz, Bartolomé Roméros, Gaspár de Villagrà, the poet-historian, Ensign Juan Cortéz, and Secretary Juan Velarde.<sup>7</sup>

Before "this forlornest of forlorn hopes" \* went on its perilous errand, Don Juan de Oñate addressed the men, and reminded them that they were not going on an expedition for mere revenge, but in order to administer just punishment for crime on the guilty, and for the purpose of correction; that he hoped for good success if they conducted themselves in accordance with this object; that, inasmuch as it was a most dangerous undertaking, he would ask all to make sacramental Confession, because Mother Church so commanded under circumstances of such grave peril, lest any one pass out of life in the state of grievous sin. Like good Christians, all the members of the command then purified their consciences and received Holy Communion. Only one, not named, refused and was quite properly left behind.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Villagrà, *Canto 25*, folios 131-132. For full text in English, see Read, 226-227.

<sup>7</sup> Villagrà, *Canto 25*, folios 133-134; Bancroft, 125, 126, 143; Read, 229.

<sup>8</sup> *Spanish Pioneers*, 132.

<sup>9</sup> "Lavaron como buenos sus consciencias—Comulgando despues devotamente—Ecepto un desdichado que no quiso." (Villagrà, *Canto 27*, f. 141.)

At the head of his little army of seventy men, accompanied by the intrepid Fr. Commissary Alonso Martínez,<sup>10</sup> Vicente de Zaldivar, now lieutenant colonel, marched away from the camp at San Juan de los Caballeros<sup>11</sup> on January 12, 1598, and on January 21, the feast of St. Agnes, as the *Ytinerario* remarks, reached the Rock of Ácoma. Warned by their runners, the Acomites stood ready to receive them. Gicombo, one of the chiefs, who had taken no part in the murder of Zaldivar and his companions, anticipating the determination of Oñate, had advised removing the women and children; but Zutucapan, the leader of the war party, ridiculed all precautionary measures, and declared that they could hold the rock against the armies of the world, and that their victory would be the prelude to the annihilation of the invaders of their country.<sup>12</sup>

When the Spaniards came in sight, crowds of men and women covered the cliffs. "Naked savages, painted black, leaped from crag to crag, screeching defiance and heaping insults upon the Spaniards. The medicine-men, hideously disguised, stood on projecting pinnacles, beating their drums

and scattering curses and incantations to the winds; and all the populace joined in derisive howls and taunts.

"Zaldivar halted his little band as close to the foot of the cliff as he could come without danger. The indispensable notary stepped from the ranks, and at the blast of the trumpet proceeded to read at the top of his lungs the formal summons in the name of the king of Spain to surrender. Thrice he shouted through the summons; but each time his voice was drowned by the howls and shrieks of the enraged savages, and a hail of stones and arrows fell dangerously near. Zaldivar had desired to secure the surrender of the pueblo, demand the delivery to him of the ringleaders in the massacre, and take them back with him to San Gabriel (San Juan) for official trial and punishment, without harm to the other people of Ácoma; but the savages, secure in their grim fortress, mocked the merciful appeal. It was clear that Ácoma must be stormed. The Spaniards camped on the bare sands and passed the night—made hideous by the sounds of a monster war-dance in the town—in gloomy plans for the morrow."<sup>13</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Canto 30*, f. 156. More about him in the next issue.

<sup>11</sup> Read persistently uses "San Gabriel," like Lummis and all other writers save Bancroft and Bolton; but he means the camp at San Juan on the east side of the Río Grande, whereas they mean San Gabriel on the other side, which then did not exist. See note 3 above and last issue.

<sup>12</sup> Villagrà, *Canto 26*; *Ytinerario*, 269, 270; Bancroft, 143.

<sup>13</sup> Villagrà, *Canto 27*; *Spanish Pioneers*, 133-134.

### EXALTAVIT HUMILES

THE arm of God is mighty and shall be  
 Forever and forever, and that earth  
 Might learn the nothingness of its low birth,  
 He raises men, neglecting scornfully  
 Their rank and lineage, to work His will,  
 While He, Himself, despising pomp and show,  
 Died once disguised as pauper long ago  
 To manifest through lowliness His skill.  
 Earth's unknown thousands He crowns for all time,  
 A peasant girl becomes His spouse and mother,  
 And by His Court acclaimed its Virgin Queen;  
 The fisher Cephas, His most ardent lover,  
 Is mitered, and stupendous and sublime,  
 Unbolts those Gates the Heavens and Hell between!

—Charles J. Quirk, S. J.

# Miscellaneous

## ST. FRANCIS AND ENGLISH POETRY

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN, Tertiary

LIVES of the saints are read not only for edification, but also for curiosity, literary and scientific, for love of the marvelous, the romantic, the truly chivalrous, and for their poetic values. That the life of Saint Francis of Assisi has been widely read and pondered, is evident from the numerous references in literature to the Poverello, the Little Poor Man of Assisi.

Knowledge of the life of Saint Francis is indeed necessary to a full understanding of English literature. His impress upon the social order of his time is preserved in literature and survives to-day. He is an example of a poet of the highest order, one wholly devoted to God. His joyousness of renunciation and his conception of poverty as the Lady Poverty, his relation to nature and to his fellow men are in the highest sense poetic. These give a soul to poetry, for which the art of litterateurs, poets great and small, create a body. For the inspiration with which we are familiar in poetry is always love of nature, of kind, and of God, however He is apprehended by the poet. The life of Saint Francis reads like a poem of God's creating, a most happy romance. His words and deeds are poems. Of his extraordinary disciple, Brother Juniper, he spoke in figurative language: "Would I had a forest of such trees."

The work of his order still inspires poets, as Harrison Conrard's *Quivira*, Charles Warren Stoddard's *Bells of San Gabriel*, and *Litany of the Shrines*. His sermon to the birds is a poem embodied in an act. Thomas Walsh has paraphrased it in verse in *Scribner's magazine*, and T. A. Daly recalls it in his classic *Ode to a Thrush*. Modern societies for the protection of birds have a debt to Saint Francis, which both Catholic and non-Catholic readily acknowledge. His conversion of the wolf of Gubbio is to many a source of light upon the meaning of charity, in the undeniable truth that it is not

a myth but a deed. His power over fierceness and strength in nature is supplemented by his tenderness for the most helpless beings. He who was wont to remove a worm from the path, lest it be trodden by the careless, carry crumbs for the birds, place honey in bee hives in winter, build nests for doves, give Christmas feasts to dumb beasts, carried this practical application of faith to the composition of songs of praise, of which the Sun Song comes nearest in form to a technical poem.

The occasion for his composition of the Sun Song brings forward Saint Francis's relation to nature. His exaltation of love and joy, his understanding of truth, and his will to live the truth fully are the elements of beauty in this song of praise. Inspired by the canticle sung by the three young men in the fiery furnace at Babylon, he continually sought occasion for joining in its symphony of praise. His conception of nature was simple. To him it was the creation of a common Father. Hence in all living things, in all created things, he saw only brothers and sisters. Suffering an affliction of his eyes, during which he could not bear the sunlight or firelight, he was made more deeply to understand that such suffering is a blessing. Hence in gratitude to that which caused his pain he composed the following:

### THE SUN SONG

Most high, omnipotent good Lord,  
Thine are the praises, the honor and all benediction.  
To Thee alone, most High, do they belong,  
And no man is worthy to mention Thee.  
Praised be Thou, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,  
Especially the honored Brother Sun,  
Who makes the day and illumines us through Thee.  
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor,  
Bears the signification of Thee, most High One.  
Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the Stars,  
Thou hast formed them in heaven clear and precious and beautiful.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Brother Wind,  
And for the air, and cloudy and clear and every  
weather,

By which Thou givest sustenance to Thy crea-  
tures.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Sister Water,  
Which is very useful and humble and precious  
and chaste.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for Brother Fire  
By whom Thou lightest the night,  
And he is beautiful and jocund, and robust and  
strong.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our Sister,  
Mother Earth,  
Who sustains and governs us,  
And produces various fruits with colored flow-  
ers and herbage.

Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks,  
And serve Him with great humility.

Mistress of Vision, Francis Thompson  
says:

All things by Almighty power  
Linkéd are  
That thou canst not stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star—

While there is no more sensuous appre-  
ciator of nature's beauty than Thompson,  
he has attained his saint's purified love of  
this beauty, seeing in it the symbols of the  
Eternal Beauty. Thus he likens the setting  
sun to the Sacred Host, "set in the flaming  
monstrance of the West." By his symbol-  
ism he has become, as Father James Hayes



St. Francis Singing the Song of the Sun

In this song how many poems we may  
trace, written by later singers, who some-  
times do not know that in writing such they  
are obeying the saint's injunction to praise  
and bless the Lord. Poems in praise of  
fire come naturally to a poet; lines in praise  
of all weather rise from an understanding  
heart. Poems to the moon are the youth-  
ful poet's impulse. Mother Earth and all  
the elements of the universe have been a  
fruitful source of song bearing truth or  
doubtful questing.

One of the great English poets who  
draws close to the saint whose name he  
bears has well expressed his understanding  
of our brotherhood with nature. In the

sings of him, the priest of Nature who weds  
the Church again to Art. His treatise on  
the care of health, entitled *Brother Ass the  
Body and His Rider the Soul*, shows again  
Thompson's debt to Saint Francis. Since  
then, new Catholic singers have carried on  
the revival of Catholic tone in verse.

Father T. L. Crowley in *Autumnal Mus-  
ing* sings:

The cerule canopy above  
With pinioned clouds bedight  
Mirages God's unceasing love  
For vale and lake and height.

And in *Awakened Joy* the same poet  
shows the meditative mind passing from  
sensuous to spiritual beauty:



I watched the dandelion unfold  
Its beauteous shield of shining gold,  
I saw the tiny creature's bliss  
When on it fell the sunbeam's kiss.

I heard the goldfinch far away,  
Singing his joyous roundelay  
To field and stream and tree and flower,  
Even beyond the vesper hour.

I wondered then why I was cold,  
Why fetters strong my heart did hold:  
I could not, like this flower, gold-spun,  
Drink in the glory of the sun;

Nor from my soul with shadows drear  
Sing like a finch a song of cheer,  
Yet bird and flower awoke my lyre  
And set my chilling heart afire.

Theodore Maynard's appreciation of nature reaches heights and depths which can be well explained by a reading of Saint Francis's companionship with nature, his friendship for the hare, the captive bird, the fish which followed his boat when replaced in the water, and all the instances of nature's response to love and reverence. The following lines of Maynard's do not in this light seem morbid or strained:

But what if we should break  
A secret spell as easily as glass  
And stumble on their sleeping wrath and wake  
The armies and the million blades of grass?  
And find more dread than whirlwinds round our head

The sweep of sparrows' fierce avenging wings,  
The anger of wild roses, burning red,  
The terrible hate of earth's most helpless things.

Having seen the poetry of Saint Francis thus reflected in artist souls, who, Father Donnelly says, are "rethinking the creative thoughts of God," for new research we may read the Sermon to the Birds in the Saint's own words:

My sister Birds:

You owe God much gratitude and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt Him, because you can fly so freely wherever you want to, and for your double and threefold clothing and for your colored and adorning coats and for the food which you do not have to work for and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. You sow not, neither do you reap; but God feeds you and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourselves in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and though you can neither spin nor weave, He gives you and your young ones the necessary clothing. Love therefore the Creator much; since He has given you such great blessings. Watch therefore well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves always in pleasing God.

To-day a school of writers are dispensing with accepted poetical forms, writing polyphonic verse, which is not often poetry. We are familiar, too, with verse having the adornment of art but lacking in truth, poetry which sees only the sensuous beauty of nature, only the human in man, and which does not know God. Classics, such as Shelley's, are written in agnosticism and pantheism; Byron yearned to "mingle with the universe," Markham to "mix my soul with the wind and the sea."

Socialistic poets sing the woes of toiling brothers without giving them an outlook of faith and hope. Others groping after Truth know not whither to turn in their doubts and their despair. Thus Joaquin Miller laments the dead Stoddard:

The night wolf prowls; we guess, we grope,  
And day is night, and night despair,  
And doubt seems some unuttered prayer,  
And hope seems hoping against hope.  
But Charlie, you had faith, and you,  
Gentlest of all God's gentlemen,  
You said you knew, and surely knew,  
Now speak, and speak as spoke you then.

They have heard the pipes of Pan who might have heard, and yet may hear, the lauds of the Herald of the Great King, as Saint Francis called himself. Among non-Catholic writers, of the past and the present, are some who sing the truth, clearly, sweetly, powerfully, even though they had not yet the whole truth of revealed religion. Thus Robert Burns is like Saint Francis in his tender lines *To a Mountain Daisy*, and *To a Mouse*. Still more holily sings Coleridge in the conclusion of the *Ancient Mariner*:

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All creatures great and small,  
For the dear God Who loveth us  
Hath made and loveth all.

And of Stoddard, George Sterling sings:

Of all he said, I best recall:  
"He knows the sky who knows the sod,  
And he who loves a flower loves God."  
Sky, flower and sod, he loved them all.

And of Joyce Kilmer, whose poetry outran him in his coming to the Catholic Church, Thomas Walsh writes:

Child of the stoled princes of the past,  
Brother of all the lowly in the soil,  
Among the fishers were your deep nets cast;  
With the Assisian was your song of toil.

And from your heart with a seraphic flame  
Sounded a paean of the streets and squares;  
A chant of glory from obeisance came  
Making the trench into a heavenly stairs.

To Catholics and to many others, the lives and even the legends of the saints have been full of inspiration, which, if it has not often produced masterpieces of literature, has produced the "high romance," the true poetry of deed and achievement of soul. To-day, anew, Catholic verse sings, with the voice of great poets and small ones, the paraphrase of Saint Francis's

lauds, of which his *Laud to the Virtues* and to the Blessed Virgin Mary is an example:

Hail Holy Lady, Most Holy Queen Mother of God, who are a virgin forever, chosen from Heaven by the most holy Father, whom He consecrated with the most holy beloved Son and the Paraclete Spirit, in whom was and is all plenitude of grace and all good. Hail His palace, Hail His tabernacle, Hail His house, Hail His vesture, Hail His handmaid, Hail His Mother, and all you holy virtues which by grace and illumination of the Holy Ghost may you pour into the hearts of the faithful, and may you make out of the faithless ones men faithful to God.

## A SONG OF LOVE

O GOD, O God! my own true Love,  
What rapture in the thought  
That none can ever take from me  
The secrets Thou has taught.

That none can ever take from me  
The Love, Who lives within—  
The very Love, the Light of life,  
Whose praises angels sing,

They know not, oh, they know not, Love!  
What Thou hast been to me.  
What thou hast been through long dark  
nights  
Of secret agony.

They know not how Thou hast laid my head  
All wearied on Thy Breast;  
Or how Thy Voice has gently lulled  
My troubled soul to rest.

They know not how Thou hast fixed my  
gaze  
On heaven's eternal shore;  
Or how the objects once so loved  
For me are now no more;

Or how Thy beauty has effaced  
The charm of earthly things,  
And how the music of Thy Voice  
Within me ever sings.

They know not of the compact made  
Between Thy Heart and mine,  
And how since then we have understood  
Love's lightest breath or sign.

Perchance they see sometimes the tears  
That all in silence roll;  
But oh, they know not with what joy  
Thou delugest my soul.

They see how Thou hast ta'en from me  
All to which nature clings;  
They know not how the soul despoiled  
Thirsts but for heavenly things.

And though they fain would have me leave  
The way which Thou has traced,  
The words Thou hast graven on my soul  
Can never be effaced.

Though round about the strife of tongues  
Like many waters roll,  
The secret whisper of Thy Voice  
None ever can control.

Oh, there are memories in my soul  
Which none can e'er efface;  
They'll thrill me through and through e'en  
when  
I see Thy unveiled Face.

—Sr. Mary Rose



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by **GRACE STRONG**

## CONTROLLING THOUGHT

**J**EALOUSY is a kind of misery that could be avoided if one could forcibly remove one's mind from a hurtful subject. Anyone who has ever been jealous knows how the mind runs round and round from one suspicion and one torturing thought to another, like a lion in a cage. Mind control would enable one to take the mind out of the cage and set it free.

Anger is another energy-waster which would be minimized if one could control one's mind. One might be momentarily angry, of course, but one would not permit one's mind to brood over real or fancied wrongs until one's whole brain was filled with the poison of hate.

These states of the mind are but a few of the many which could be avoided if one only began as early as possible to control one's mind. Begin in the little things and by and by you will gain a larger control. Say, this very day, "I will not worry over that problem."

Mind control is not an easy faculty to acquire. No one can say that. But one always has this to encourage one—that every victory makes the next victory easier.

## A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

**T**HE Parish Sewing Circle had met as usual for its afternoon's work. The members were busy; for Christmas was at hand and many garments for the poor were yet to be made. Then, through the whirr of the machines, one of the handworkers said to her companion:

"I wonder what the revelers will do without their liquor this New Year's Eve."

"Perhaps," answered the other, "we shall now be spared some of the disgraceful conduct we have had to witness on our streets and in our hotels, if we went out on that night."

"It is such folly anyhow," objected another. "Why should we rejoice, because we are one year nearer the grave?"

"I think it a beautiful custom when properly carried out," said the first speaker. "In the town where I used to live our church had a beautifully toned bell, and I shall always remember its voice, pealing out, first, a farewell to the old year, then a welcome to the new. The other church bells would chime in, the few railway engines in the yards would whistle, some shots would be fired, and the houses would light up. That was beautiful—but the bedlam of a city—"

"Still," began a quiet little woman, "through all the noise you catch the solemn undercurrent of thought. The heart of that surging, reckless mob is beating to another measure, as each individual looks his or her last into the face of the dying year. Sorrow, misfortune, sin, suffering—how they throng that parting hour! I think their angels must weep in compassion, seeing what all those hearts are feeling."

"And so much of it wantonly induced," observed another.

"That is where the tragedy comes in," said the quiet woman. "From acts of God and our neighbor, we are spared the remorse that companions our own."

"But why harrow ourselves by calling it all back at the end of the year?" said the objector.

"The heart must reap its harvest, for one thing; for another, to resolve to avoid our mistakes in the coming year."

"Oh, resolutions! that are broken often before New Year's Day is over."

"Of course, it is quite the thing to twit at New Year resolutions," commented one, running her scissors across a piece of muslin with determination, "but I am strong on them, even though I do break some of them before the day is over. I read somewhere that the very fact of making a resolution is strengthening. We are clear-eyed enough to see our weak place, brave enough to admit it exists, and wise enough to set about to mend it. I know that if I

live to be three-score-and-ten, I have plenty of faults to keep me busy eradicating them; but I know I should not be bearable if it were not for my New Year resolutions—forgotten, lost, broken, patched up, as I usually find them at the end of the year."

"As spiritual writers tell us," said the quiet woman, "a good method is to take the gravest fault and resolve completely to conquer it. The trouble with us is that on New Year's Eve we resolve to grow perfect all at once. 'Man thou art, not angel.'

I am ashamed when I see fathers and mothers, who were trained up in the custom of family prayer, having none in their own homes. It was family prayers that kept alive the faith in Ireland through centuries of persecution. Rosary time in Ireland! O my dears! As you would be passing along the road, you could hear the voices of the young and the old coming out of the open door. It is something to remember, that holy sound." The mist came into the homesick eyes, and they were dropped on the needle.



The First Christian Home

says Kempis. And really there is something wonderfully satisfying in self-conquest. I remember so well what my teacher in English literature once said to me, when I bewailed the fact that there were no knights now 'to ride about redressing human wrongs.' She told me there was nothing more gallant than the redressing of the wrongs against God, neighbor, and self in one's own life, and that each individual was called upon to be such a knight in such a holy cause. And prayer was our sword, she said."

"Prayer," ejaculated a silvery haired woman, with the Irish accent mellowing her tones. "What the world needs to-day is prayer, especially prayer in the family.

The silence that followed was eloquent. The words had shot home for several, and a flush came into cheeks. An involuntary smile played around the quiet woman's lips. Then the objector said, bravely:

"I agree with you, Mrs. O'Neill. And I am one of those of whom you are ashamed. Unless we were sick, none of us children were ever excused from 'Rosary time' in my parents' home, and the very tenderest, dearest memories of my childhood and girlhood are centered on the half hour that found us all kneeling at the hearthstone. The dog slept by my father's side, if it were winter, the cat purred before the fire. If there were a guest or stranger who had asked the hospitality of the night, and they

were of the Faith, they knelt with us while we recited the Rosary, which was always offered up by my mother 'through the hands of the Blessed Virgin, for the souls in Purgatory.' When I married I fully intended to graft the beautiful custom on my new home, but except spasmodically, I failed to keep it up. I suppose I will have a hard time now to start it, but I am going to begin. I shall make one resolution this New Year's Eve, thanks to Mrs. O'Neill."

"God be praised for that. And you will be happier, my dear, at the end of the year, if you keep that good resolution."

"Oh, I'll keep it," said the objector.

"I think," observed the quiet woman, "that it would be a good resolution for each of us, who has not family prayers, to make. We have our Lord's words that where two or three are gathered together in His name, He is in the midst of them—and who but wants our Lord in the home. Where He is felt to be an abiding presence, there are peace and happiness and success in our undertakings. How can it be otherwise but that God will help readily those who make place for Him in their homes and in their lives."

"How little I thought," began the first speaker, "that my consideration for the 'dry' revelers this New Year's Eve, would end in our making a good resolution for the coming year."

"When it might have broken up the meeting in an argument on Prohibition," said Mrs. O'Neill, a twinkle in her eyes.

### BELITTLING OTHERS

**B**EWARE of those who belittle others.

Those who are always looking for flaws are not able to judge of a character as a whole. There is nothing perfect that we have seen. Even a rose has its thorn. But for all that there is a great deal of beauty and worth and truth and happiness in the world, if people would only let us see it, and not mar our view by interposing their ugly fault-finding.

"Mrs. Smith is one of the most amiable of women," this flaw-finder will say, and you feel your heart warming toward Mrs. Smith, "but—" Then you are no longer free to admire Mrs. Smith's amiability, but

must look at her extravagance, want of candor, or something equally distressing in character. Now the extravagance or want of candor may be entirely in the fault-finder's imagination, but, somehow, you have lost all interest in Mrs. Smith, and if you should meet her, your association will have been marred by the recollection of what you have heard of her.

If you praise any person or anything never add "But." Let us have your criticism without your praise. Either alone may be valuable, together they are contradictory and worthless.

### "NEVERS" OBSERVED BY THE POLITE

Never look over the shoulder of one who is reading or writing.

Never sing or hum in public places as such practices are annoying.

Never try to attract the attention of strangers.

Never stare at people and make comments about them.

Never discuss private affairs in public places.

### A BELOVED MAIDEN

**I**T seems to me that every January girl should be given the name of Agnes. It also seems to me that if my name were Agnes and anyone were to desecrate it by changing it into "Aggie," my conscience would call the following act justifiable, however the law might interpret it.

To begin with, Agnes is a pretty name, and since it has no choice in so important a matter, a child has a right to have a pretty name selected for it. Then, that little Roman maiden who first endeared the name to all Christians, is so altogether lovely and lovable, all parents should want her as a patron for their daughters.

Greater saints there may be, saints who did monumental work for the Church and the world, and, in the institutions they founded, have continued those works through the centuries; but that young girl, turning herself from life and love and position and happiness, and courting cruel death for love of the Christ so newly found, gathers about her a radiance as poetical as religious, and she becomes a white and

singular star, which our eyes ever seek, of whose wonder and beauty we never grow weary.

You think of her going her happy way, the idol of her home, her loveliness and childlike gayety endearing her to the very beggar at the gate; thoughtless of the future, as any girl is. Then, into that world of hers, so far removed from the world of the catacombs, pierces the knowledge of the new God from the East, and lo! grown of a sudden into the full stature of the spirit, she perceives its truth, falls a swift worshipper before the beauty it reveals, and in her desire to possess the good it offers, joyously relinquishes the life upon which her feet are but lately set. So little Agnes becomes the whitest lamb of the sheepfold of Christ, and down the ages the Church has sung her praises; and on her feast day annually observes a solemn ceremonial in the city of her birth and her martyrdom.

Tennyson has sung the praises of some of the fair women of history, from her for whom "many drew swords and died" to "Joan of Arc, a light of ancient France"; but more exquisitely sweet his voice in singing of St. Agnes. When the snow falls, do you not find yourself saying,

Deep on the convent roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the morn?

And when January brings the feast day  
Of the darling girl saint, does not the last  
stanza of the poem go singing through  
memory?

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strews her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
Rolled back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

Agnes is not a common name. I do not now recall any Protestant bearing it, and there are only a few Agneses among my Catholic acquaintances. And one singular fact about these few Agneses I know is that they are amiable. This is as it should be, of course; but since none of them, except one or two, is exceptionally pious, I like to fancy that the little Saint bestows the gift of amiability upon those who bear her name.

M. T.

### THE CARE OF THE TEETH

MUCH attention is being given by the medical and dental professions of late to the instruction of the public in the care of teeth as a great means of insuring health. It has been shown that by a festering root or a tooth devitalized, poison may be carried to other portions of the body resulting in diseases painful and pernicious. The director of one of the largest dental dispensaries in the world says that:

"Medical men now realize that many cases of chronic diseases, acute diseases and special local diseases come from mouth infection; for example, neuritis, sciatica, acute paralysis, etc. Ulcerated stomach, diseases of the gall-bladder, appendicitis, etc., are often caused by local infections. Cases might be cited of rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, chronic valvular disease of the heart and many others that have been greatly relieved or cured by proper dental attention."

Children early should be instructed in the proper use of the tooth brush and at the first indication of decay in a tooth the dentist should be visited

Piety and neglect of the body are incongruous. Our body is the finished work of God, and while to be the slave to the care of the body is foolish, a reasonable regard for it is demanded of us. The poet tells us that body helps soul no less than soul helps body.





# Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

Conducted by *ELIZABETH ROSE*

## MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

**M**AY Christmas bring you store of pleasure,  
And happiness beyond all measure,  
And the New Year of 1920  
Be filled for you with luck a-plenty.  
And may the Babe of Bethlehem bless  
That pleasure and that happiness,  
And of His loving bounty shed  
His grace and favor on your head!  
This wish to each and all our Young Folk goes  
With warmest love.

F. HERALD (*per E. Rose*)

## THE NIGHT WATCH

**T**HE sheep lay out on the quiet plain in peaceful sleep. A knot of their shepherds sat in the midst, talking together and gazing out into the starlit night that hung over Judea. It was a night of nights—the stars shone bright and beautiful above their heads in the clear air, and all about brooded a calm and stillness that made unusual silence among them, for it was a tedious work, this watching of their flocks by night, and sleep would often steal upon them unawares if they did not meet and speak with one another through the long hours. But tonight no one cared to say much. A strange feeling was all about—something seemed waiting, waiting, and they with it, for something unknown that lay within the coming hours.

Little David, the head shepherd's son, sat at his father's feet, wide awake, not at all as his anxious mother in Bethlehem was picturing him to herself. It was the first time that he had ever gone into the fields at night with his father, and the tender mother thought him still too young. "He is to follow the life," the father said, "and therefore must he sometimes taste of its hardships, that he may no longer mind them when he is of age to join our band." So little David went along this night, with a little crook fitted to his small hand, and a shepherd's

pipe to call a straying lamb, and thought himself as big a man as his father. He, too, felt the strange stillness in the air of night, and presently nestled close.

"It is so quiet!" he whispered. "Art thou afraid, little David?" his father laughed back at him. "A brave shepherd lad wilt thou make afterwhile!"

But the spell was broken by the lad's murmur, and the shepherds began again to talk among themselves and tell old tales of years gone by, and the legend of Him who was to come down on earth from the skies to govern men. It was uppermost in their minds now; for the time set by their prophets in their Holy Book was very near at hand, and in the heart of every Israelite was an anxious looking for the Messiah and the fulfilment of the Great Promise. Little David listened entranced—often had he heard of this wonderful Messiah, who was to come and rule—but when and how and where?

No one seemed to know. Even his father, who could tell afar off, whether a wandering sheep was of his own fold or that of his neighbor,—his father, who knew everything in the world, he thought, and all that had happened in it since Father Adam and Mother Eve lived in Paradise, and who told him such stories of great King Solomon and his wondrous Temple, and of royal David, whose name he bore—even he did not know when the Messiah would appear or where His mighty throne would be built. His childish mind filled with these thoughts, he lay silent and at peace, his head against his father's knee, looking up at the splendid sky above him with its numberless lights.

By and by, his thoughts began to wander afresh. What were those lights? The torches of angels at the gates of heaven, maybe. Oh, how beautiful, how bright! Were the lights inside any brighter, he won-

dered? And would angels with shining wings come down to light His way when He finally came out to go to earth, or would there be soldier-angels, with golden helmets and flashing swords, like those of the Roman soldiers who strode the streets of Bethlehem, calling the people to come and give their names to the Emperor and be numbered like sheep? Or were they—over there in Bethlehem came the far-off cry of the watchman, proclaiming midnight. Suddenly, between him and the beautiful stars a film seemed to be drawn—a star of magnificent light burst forth in the sky above him as he gazed—could he believe his eyes? The filmy vapor was coming down, down closer and closer, faint and cloudlike at first, but growing ever into shape and form as it descended. What light!—what dazzling light!—what sounds came to his ear!

"My father!" he shrieked, veiling his eyes and clinging to him, half-dead with fear.

And now, as the vision of what the child's pure eyes had first beheld came upon them, the startled shepherds sprang up in terror—for a glorious company of angels out of the opened heavens was all about them; and all around them rang the chorus—

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

And then, as they fell to the ground in affright, one voice came clear through all the rest—

"Fear not, for unto you is born this day a Savior Who is Christ the Lord."

## THE STORY OF PRIVATE PUNKINS

**P**PRIVATE PUNKINS, Company C, 27th Engineers, U. S. A., has the distinction of being the youngest soldier in the American army, possibly in the whole world. He enlisted in Baltimore, Maryland, on December 25, 1917, at the age of three months. He saw active service for fifteen months, was wounded in the neck by shrapnel in the Argonne Forest and gassed at Chateau Thierry—all before he cut his wisdom teeth. He was living on Edmonson Avenue, Baltimore, with devoted friends, when Private William Hall, of the 27th Engineers, stationed at Camp Meade, an important military camp lying between Baltimore and

Washington, dropped in to pay a Christmas call. Punkins and Private Hall swore an eternal friendship at sight, and when the older soldier took his return train to Camp Meade, Punkins went with him. The new recruit found no difficulty in enlisting, although he was so far below regulation height that he was carried in a suitcase on board the transport that conveyed the troops across. But he was game, if he was so tiny. He was in more than a dozen engagements, and the most popular member of his company. He recently paid a visit to his old home in Baltimore, wearing a khaki coat ornamented with numerous chevrons, and proudly displaying an honorable discharge, in which it was stated that his behavior "over there" was beyond reproach.

Private Punkins is a Boston terrier, and a fine illustration of "handsome is and handsome does."

## THE SAINT OF THE HOLY NAME

**O**NE of the beautiful feasts of the Christmas season is, as you know, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. But did you know that it is to a Franciscan priest, St. Bernardine of Siena, who lived in the fifteenth century, to whom its celebration is owing? His great devotion was to the Holy Name, and whenever he preached, he had a placard with the word "Jesus" on it put before the eyes of the congregation. Even when he was only a young boy, his tongue was always pure and clean. He so hated the least word that was wrong or profane, that whenever a companion started to use such language and he was seen coming, the others would say quickly—"Hush! Bernardine is coming!" He wasn't in the least afraid, either, to speak right out if he overheard any one committing this sin. So after a while there was never any swearing or cursing or bad language of any kind where Bernardine was. It is a pity all boys don't have his courage about these matters. He was no coward—he was never afraid to stand up for the right and "call down," as the phrase goes, what was wrong. So it was that he kept his lips a fit resting-place for the Holy Name, and brought many to honor it who had formerly



taken it in vain or said things no Catholic boy (or girl) should ever say. One of these days, perhaps, some of our Young Folks may join the choir of their church. If so, I am sure they will find among the hymns, a simple but very sweet one, which is a great favorite with all Catholic singers. It is called "Jesu Dulcis Memoria" (Jesus, how sweet the thought of Thee!) and the

words are said to have been written by St. Bernardine:

"No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name  
O Savior of mankind!"

So runs one verse, and so, 500 years after his death, St. Bernardine of Siena is still praising the Holy Name of Jesus.

## IA QUARREL ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

THE Christmas Tree stood at the end of the hall,

A filled and a laden tree,  
And from every bough hung a splendid ball—  
A green little ball and a blue little ball and a pink  
little ball,

As pretty as pretty could be.

"I am the Earth!" said the green little ball,

"As green and round—now you see  
How great I am, for our Christmas Tree  
Never could grow nor flourish at all  
Without the earth—that's me!"

"I am the Water!" the blue ball said:

"So blue—and don't you forget!  
What would become of our Christmas Tree  
Without my water to keep it wet.  
And its food and drink to be?"

"I am the Air!" the pink ball said;

"With the flush of the sun all bright.  
And what would our Tree do, pray—be fair!  
If only water and earth were there,  
And not my health-giving light?"

"You make me tired!" said a Candle of wax:

"'Tis I am the greatest of all—  
For if you truthfully state your facts  
(Though on your tempers it may be a tax)  
Fire can master the Tree and you all!"

So they wrangled and quarreled till the Christmas  
Tree

Got very tired of hearing,  
And suddenly gave a great shiver and shake  
That set them trembling and fearing.

"Be quiet, be quiet, 'tis I 'take the cake'

—Of me you are only a part;  
You Earth, Air and Water, you're nothing at all  
But a green little, blue little, pink little ball,  
And you, friend Candle, exceedingly small—  
Let me hear no more of your chatter!"

So they wisely decided to drop the matter.

And snuggled down deep in the Tree's big  
heart,  
And peacefully slept till the night fled away  
And the bright sun awoke them on Christ-  
mas Day.



# Franciscan News

**Rome, Italy.**—In a private audience granted recently to the Franciscan students of the Oriental Institute, the Holy Father congratulated the young friars presented to him by Monsignor Papadoulos. He recalled the glorious part of the Franciscans in the Oriental missions, especially in the Holy Land. On leaving, his Holiness presented each student with a medal bearing his own image and on the obverse that of the Queen of Peace.

The cause of the canonization of Bl. Theophilus of Curte, a Franciscan friar, is all but finished. It is expected that he, together with Bl. Joan of Arc, will be solemnly canonized early in 1920.

The following Franciscan Fathers have been promoted to the episcopacy by the Holy Father: Monsignor Ernest Tonizza, Vicar Apostolic of Libya, in Egypt; Monsignor Hippolyto Olivelli, Vicar Apostolic of Gran Chaco, in Bolivia, South America; Monsignor Raymond Calvo, Vicar Apostolic of El-Beni, also in Bolivia.

**Ascoli, Italy.**—The Third Order in this city is zealously and faithfully performing the offices of charity to the poor, especially to the aged and cripples. In 1918, the members distributed 8,981 bread tickets, 2,379 milk cards, and 718 meal tickets.

**Paderborn, Germany.**—On September 30, Rev. Fr. Joseph Sievers, O. F. M., celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Franciscan Order, in the quiet friary at Rietberg. Born December 2, 1852, he joined the Catholic Church as a young man, and on September 30, 1869, donned the garb of St. Francis in the famous old Franciscan convent at Warendorf. Forced by the infamous May Laws to leave his native land, Fr. Joseph came to this country on March 5, 1875, and in the following year, on June 4, was ordained priest in St. Louis, Mo. From 1882 to 1896, he filled the chair of dogmatic theology in St. Antony's Convent, St. Louis, with great credit. His impaired health, however, finally led him to seek a milder climate, and on October 3, 1897, he departed for Europe. From 1899 to 1908, he again filled the office of professor of theology, this time in his native city of Paderborn. It was during these years that he composed his masterly compendium of dogmatic theology, a text book of recognized worth and extensively used in the schools of the Order. Of late, Fr. Joseph has again been compelled by advancing age and failing health to discontinue his teaching, but he still manages to make himself useful as chaplain of various institutions. FRANCISCAN HERALD, of which he is a faithful reader and friend, unites with his brethren and many friends, both here and abroad, in wishing him God's choicest blessings and still many days of usefulness in the service of the Master.

**China.**—After commenting on the sorrow felt by the Franciscans of North Shantung at the loss of their much beloved Bishop, Monsignor Giesen, O. F. M., Rev. Fr. C. Herkewrath, O. F. M., writes in a sad strain regarding the numerous other afflictions that have come to test the courage

and patience of the missionaries for some time past. He says:

"When I look back upon this year (from autumn 1918 to 1919), I must say that it has been altogether a year of hard trials. First came a gang of robbers, who invaded our entire province of Shantung. These strong men had been regularly trained and fitted with modern arms. Not satisfied with tormenting the poor Christians, they also attacked the missions. Since the Boxer troubles, we have not had to suffer to such an extent as this. In one of our missions, the brigands ransacked the church, leaving nothing behind but the bare walls. They desecrated the sacred vessels, took the vestments as saddle-cloths, and as for other objects, they tossed them about in contempt. We had hardly got rid of these, when the influenza made hundreds of victims among our Christians. They were wholly lacking medicine and preventive remedies, and consequently the epidemic spread in a terrific way. Add to these drawbacks thoughtlessness and the ignorance of the Chinese, and you may realize what a rich harvest death reaped."

The following sad incident is vouched for by *The Franciscan Review*, of Canada:

"Rev. Wenceslaus Van Ruyteghen, a Franciscan missionary in China, was about to cross the river Azul, with some other people, when he heard the voice of a drowning man crying for help. Immediately the intrepid missionary leaped into the river and did all he could to save the poor man from a watery grave, but his efforts were futile. Then the onlookers heard a few words pass between the drowning man and the priest, and the next moment they saw the latter take water into his hand and pour it on the pagan's head. Having baptized the unfortunate Chinaman, the priest and his last convert sank beneath the water."

**Graymoor, N. Y.**—October 30 was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement at Graymoor, N. Y. That day was the tenth anniversary of the corporate reception of the Society into the Catholic Church and its union with the Holy See. Ten years ago, the Friars were but two in number, namely, Friar Paul James Francis and his sole companion, a Jew, Brother Paul Jacob, now known as Brother Antony. On October 30, 1909, five Anglican Sisters renounced their connection with the Episcopal Church, and made their submission to Rome. The reason for rejoicing and thanksgiving lies in the fact that now after only ten years, in spite of much opposition and lack of means, the Friars number 36, and the Sisters 45, besides enrolled Tertiaries living in the world but connected with the Society, 325. That God, through the prayers and merits of our Seraphic Father St. Francis, may continue to watch over and bless this youngest branch of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis, is the sincere wish and prayer of FRANCISCAN HERALD.

**Cleveland, O., St. Joseph's Church.**—St. Anthony's Fraternity of this city, true to the spirit of the Third Order, has just forwarded to the Franciscan missions of Arizona, the following articles procured by the members within the last six months: One church bell, \$155; one statue each of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady of Lourdes, of the Queen of Heaven, of St. Joseph, and of St. Clare; two adoring angels; six sets of stations of the cross; four sets of altar cards; a holy water vessel; three crucifixes; ten candlesticks; one carpet; six chasubles; one Cope; two benediction veils. To this the Tertiary Sewing Circle added the following articles: five albs, eight amices, nine corporals, six palls, twenty-two purificators, two cinctures, thirty altar boys' surplices, fourteen sacristy towels, eight table covers. In the near future, the following articles will be ready for shipment: two violet and two green chasubles, one violet cope, and one benediction veil; also a number of albs, altar cloths, and other church linens, besides 120 pillow slips. To all this was added a cash gift of \$500. A few members of the St. Louis Fraternity, which is composed en-

tirely of men, donated \$200 to the missions, besides a small altar rail and a set of stations of the cross. This practical charity on the part of the Cleveland Tertiaries toward the poor missions of Arizona is certainly to be commended. May it serve as an example and an incentive to the Tertiaries of other cities.

**St. Paul, Minn., Sacred Heart Church.**—At the regular monthly meeting of St. Roch's Fraternity on November 9, seventy-six novices were admitted to holy profession. This is the largest number of members professed at one time, and the solemn ceremony made a deep impression on all present. The Tertiaries of the Twin Cities are hailing with delight another recruit from the ranks of the secular clergy for the great Tertiary army of St. Francis, in the person of Rev. O'Donnell, of Northfield, Minn., who received the Third Order scapular and cord on November 14. On the previous day, two seminarians of the St. Paul Seminary also donned the Tertiary garb of the Poverello. It is expected and devoutly to be hoped that their example will soon be followed by many of their fellow seminarians.

## AS OTHERS SEE US

As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so it may be said that the proof of a magazine is in the reading. That FRANCISCAN HERALD is read—and read with interest—is evident from commendations we receive almost daily. Being pressed for space we have selected for publication on this page only one or the other of these letters, relating to the several departments of the HERALD. It is our intention to turn over this page entirely to our readers. Elsewhere in this issue, the Editor asks for suggestions how to improve the HERALD. We hope our readers will avail themselves of this opportunity to take a hand in making their magazine more readable. Correspondents are requested to confine their remarks to one subject or department at a time, and to address their communications to Desk C, care of FRANCISCAN HERALD.

This sentence from a letter by G. F. V., St. Louis, Mo., calls for the editor's special thanks:

Accept sincere congratulations on your sound, wholesome, timely editorials. They are a feature.

To the following effusion from far-off Wyoming, however, the editor pleads, "Not guilty":

Never think for a moment that I shall ever forget the FRANCISCAN HERALD. I look for its coming with pleasure and like its reading very much. Its editorials have no equal anywhere.

Our Third Order department interests a wide circle of readers. Mr. L. M., of Southbridge, Mass., has this to say:

I am pleased with the HERALD. It is a long time since I have read anything so really Franciscan. I am a member of the Third Order. But since I came to this country from England twenty years ago, I have had little chance to keep in touch with it. So you will know how welcome the FRANCISCAN HERALD is to me.

A reader on the Pacific Coast, Mrs. M. A. M., writes:

As Tertiaries, I fear most of us do not appreciate our privilege of affiliation with the grand Franciscan Order. Otherwise, all members would be subscribers and readers of the FRANCISCAN HERALD.

M. M., from Brewster, N. Y., finds even the inside rear cover page useful, if not interesting. She says:

I like the HERALD very much and am glad that it is to be enlarged. I like above all the calendar page each month. It helps me to remember when plenary indulgences can be gained and when general absolution can be received.

The missionary articles likewise have a strong appeal. A priest from Nebraska thus expresses his appreciation:

Enclosed please find check for \$10, for the next five years' subscription. Knowing as I do from personal investigation and research the wonderful, almost unbelievable labors of the Franciscans in the early history of this great country, I would indeed be a "slacker" if I did not subscribe to such an interesting and valuable publication of your great Order. Among your contributors you have in Fr. Zephyrin, O. F. M., one of the greatest writers of American history. His great work reflects credit not only on himself but also on your publication and your Order.

A lawyer from Dorchester, Mass., writes in a similar strain:

I enclose check for \$2 in payment of my subscription for the coming year. The HERALD is certainly worth it. Its articles on the early Catholic missions are of great value, as too few Catholics appreciate the fact that, if priority gives any rights, we have greater rights in this country than those who try to give the impression that America owes all to the Pilgrims and Puritans. Good luck to the HERALD and please stick to your present policy.

A well known writer of historical works on New Mexico is a constant reader. He says:

The HERALD has been and always will be a welcome visitor to my home. From the first day I read a number of the HERALD, my mind was made up never to miss a single copy, and *Deo volente*, I shall live up to my resolution as long as I live.

Our fiction department, of course, is the most popular with our readers. J. K., of Chicago, Ill., expresses his opinion in the following manner:

For the money herewith enclosed kindly have my subscription to the HERALD renewed for four years. I wish to say that the FRANCISCAN HERALD has always been welcomed by me, and that its stories are very interesting.

M. D., from St. Paul, Minn., says of the HERALD:

I like the magazine very much and read every bit of it. The stories are fine. Not that alone, but I am also glad of the good work the HERALD is doing for the missions.

Likewise from Chicago comes the following reassuring letter penned by Miss J. M.:

I am with you in everything that promotes God's work and particularly anything that is

Franciscan. I have sent the HERALD to a friend of mine, who lives in Philadelphia, almost since the magazine began. She lives with her sister and her family, and she writes that they are all delighted with it. I hereby renew my friend's subscription for five years; my own I will renew in due time. When I say that I have all my HERALDS bound, you will not doubt that I enjoy reading them.

The two new departments, "The Christian Home" and "Fireside Talks and Tales" found favor at once. Says a charter subscriber from Chicago:

I wish to congratulate you on the new departments—"The Christian Home" and "Fireside Talks and Tales"—which tend to make the magazine even more interesting than before, and I should like to see the name of every Tertiary on your subscription list.

Miss A. P., of the same city, finds food for thought in the "Apparel Talks." She says:

I am greatly interested in the "Apparel Talks" and am anxiously awaiting the coming issues.

The idea of the "Apparel Talks" originated in a jocular remark by one of the subscribers, which the editor took up in earnest.

The HERALD is surely getting to be a genuine magazine! Now comes a Young Folks' Corner. Where do you secure the maidens with the appropriate names?—Grace Strong, and now comes Elizabeth Rose. By association of ideas I find myself muttering: "St. Elizabeth—roses—children." Well, the Young People have an extremely pleasing section. I shall be looking for a page of "Latest Modes for Tertiaries" in an early issue, by, say, Agnes Modesta.

Here is a letter that would hearten even a starving editor. It is from the pen of M. F. B., of Chicago.

Enclosed you will find \$5. I am glad to be able to send it and wish it were five million dollars for our holy Father St. Francis. Many happy hours have I spent in the companionship of FRANCISCAN HERALD. I could not be without it. I wish I were so placed that I had time to digest more of that kind of literature. We should then certainly be more obedient to the commands of Holy Mother Church. Do not worry, for I am confident that the HERALD will never suffer for lack of funds. I am sure that I can speak for all of St. Francis' children. I am paying \$2 for one year and the other \$3 are for the St. Francis Solano Mission Association. It is certainly a privilege to be asked to have one's name enrolled in the Association.

ORIS PROVINCIAE  
 S. S. CORDIS IESU

# Franciscan Herald

## Geutopolis Illinois

*A monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.*

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### THE MESSAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

"My God and my all."—These words formed the favorite prayer of St. Francis of Assisi. They are not only the outpouring of a heart filled with divine love, the expression of a soul totally immersed in God, they are also the Herald's cry of a new social movement, the challenge of the Saint to the world in which he lived, the shibboleth of millions of his followers.

St. Francis's message was primarily a spiritual one. Spirituality was the principle and keynote of his life, as it was the one great need of his times. To a world given to religious indifference, Francis preached the gospel of spirituality, of other-worldliness. He directed men's hearts and minds to God as the one supreme and all-sufficient Good. He told them in effect, both by word of mouth and by the example of his unworldly life, "Love God above all things, and He will be all things to you," which is but another way of putting the Master's saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

It is a singular fact that all true reformers, social as well as religious, have been spiritual men and women. St. Philip Neri used to say that with ten really detached men he should be able to convert the world. The modern world is now in process of reconstruction, which, if it is not to end in failure, must begin with the return of society to the principles of Christ. To effect this conversion, there is need of spiritual-minded men and women, who, like St. Francis, are willing to begin the work of reform with themselves and to draw others to the love and service of God by the sweet influence of their lives; there is need of single-minded, thorough-going Christians, whose God is indeed their all, who seek not themselves in the service of their fellows but solely the glory of God and advance of His kingdom. In the work of reconstruction now under way in all countries, there is one thing more necessary than welfare work or social service, and that is—spirituality.



# Editorials

## THE GREATEST CRIME OF THE CENTURY

SOME have thought that the provocation of the world war is the greatest crime in the annals of mankind. It must be admitted that whoever started the great European conflagration has a terrible responsibility. But, after all, he could hardly have known at the outset that the war would assume such proportions, and that it would involve in ruin so many individuals and nations. The heinousness of the crime, therefore, must be measured by the perpetrator's foreknowledge of events.

Much greater in our opinion is the guilt of those men, mighty in the councils of Europe, who, to glut their vengeance, have hit upon the inhuman plan of starving an utterly vanquished foe into accepting the most humiliating terms of peace. Not satisfied with merely wreaking their vengeance on the enemy survivors of the great conflict, these merciless men found it in their hearts to punish generations still unborn for the sins of their fathers. Twenty millions of Germans must yet be exterminated if France is to recover from the hysteria into which the enemy invasion has thrown her. Such, at least, is the opinion of the man whom his compatriots quite appropriately style the Tiger; and sad to say his view seems to be shared by the man who happened to be in supreme command on the western front when General Pershing and his gallant troops saved the day for the allies. If Clemenceau undertook to act the part of judge, Foch consented to act the part of executioner in the ghastly tragedy which might be fittingly called "The Extermination of the Teutonic Race." With relentless rigor they have extorted their pound of flesh and left their victim writhing in agony on the ground. Germans and Austrians by the hundreds of thousands have died of inanition and starvation, and the end is not yet. There exists the gravest danger that the Austrians as a people will disappear from the face of the earth, and that the Germans for generations to come will be a nation of physical degenerates. Hideous disease and gaunt famine are stalking through the lands where once reigned health and plenty.

The responsibility for this appalling condition rests on the shoulders of those European statesmen who have given the world a peace of might and vengeance and imperialism. But already they are being haunted by the shades of the thousands of innocent women and children whom, to gain their peace, they have sent to the grave; for they have graciously invited

the United States to rescue the Central peoples from the fate prepared for them by the folly of Versailles. The United States will most certainly hasten to their aid, because this country will not be guilty of complicity in the greatest crime of the century. For the good of humanity, however, we hope that our Government will refuse to issue a cent of credit to the allied countries until they release their strangle hold on the peoples whom they are asking us to save from their senseless and remorseless fury.

## HEART-RENDING APPEALS

THE distressing appeals for help, issuing from the stricken countries of Central Europe, notably from Austria, are becoming more and more frequent and insistent, the more urgent is growing the need and the more intolerable the misery. We ask the indulgence of our readers for quoting in part some of the appeals that have lately come to our notice.

Cardinal Piffi, Archbishop of Vienna, an eyewitness of the suffering of his countrymen, sends the following message to the people of the United States:

Every home in Vienna is now a house of sorrow in which you will find disheartened women suffering from cold and hunger and emaciated babies dying a slow but certain death from lack of nourishment. The older children are dying a slow but no less painful death. I speak for these innocents. They must be saved . . . I have the greatest confidence in the generosity of the American people. When I saw the allies failed to act, I suggested sending several delegations to the United States to explain our situation and obtain funds . . . Our only hope is America.

Philip Gibbs, the noted British newspaper correspondent, writing to The London Chronicle, under date of December 5, reports as follows:

It is impossible to convey to the outside world anything like the extent and depth of misery into which the Viennese have fallen. Look at a few simple, appalling facts as I have found them.

There are 100,000 men out of work in Vienna. There are 6,000 homeless families. There are 2,500,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 at least live without meat, butter, milk, or any kind of fat. Eighty-three per cent. of the children suffer from rickets, so badly bulbous-headed, that many are deformed. No children over one year of age get any allowance of milk. Children under one year of age are allowed one litre of milk per day; but, as a rule, do

not get more than half a litre. The bread ration for each person is two pounds a week. No potatoes can be obtained by the great mass of people. In a cold climate (with snow already in the streets of Vienna) the people are miserably clad in cotton clothes, and many children are bare-legged, so that one sees them shivering in the streets, blue to the lips with cold. In the tenement houses there are thousands of women half-starved, with babies who flourish—some of them—while they are fed on the breasts, (others have rickets at three months old), and then wither and weaken and stay stunted, or die, because they can get no milk or fat. Before this I have never seen a city that was hopeless—and it is not good to see, unless we are those who lick our lips because vengeance is sweet.

Such is the dismal picture that the correspondent draws. No wonder that it has wrung from Baron Eichhoff, head of the Austrian peace delegation, the following pitiful appeal to the people of this country:

We beg to inform the United States of our sufferings and to transmit the cry of distress of a starving people to the noble-minded American nation, to which Austria confidently has recourse in this supreme moment. We beg to appeal especially to the American wives and mothers and to point out to them the dangers and sufferings which imminent maternity imposes on Austrian women, unable to secure their own living. They look forward to the arrival of a poor creature, unfit to live, whose existence can not be but a painful burden to the new-born as well as to his family.

The perishing under the eyes of the whole world of 7,000,000 of human beings, who, in the face of inevitable starvation, would fight each other in utmost despair, were a catastrophe unparalleled in history and an everlasting stain on the civilization of the twentieth century.

The Holy Father, too, whose benevolence is surpassed only by the misery he has been trying to alleviate from the beginning of his pontificate, has addressed a most touching letter to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church on behalf of the suffering children of Central Europe. He says in part:

News reaches Us from all parts that in those thickly populated regions there is a want of food and clothing beyond all imagination, and that the health of the weaker among the people, especially the children, is suffering terribly in consequence. Their sad state wrings Our heart the more in that, besides being innocent and ignorant of the deadly struggle which has put almost all the world in mourning, they are the germs of future generations which must necessarily be enfeebled. As the Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ

draws near, Our thoughts turn naturally to the poor children, above all, those of Central Europe, who are feeling most cruelly the want of the things most necessary to life; and We feel the more solicitude for them in that they reflect most clearly the image of the Divine Child, Who, for love of men, bore in the Grotto of Bethlehem winter cold and lack of everything. Could any better plea be found for Us when we beg on behalf of innocent children the charity of all Christians and of all who do not despair of the salvation of the human race?

Similar reports and appeals come almost daily from Germany. The Society of Friends, The Methodists, the British and American Relief Agencies are trying to postpone, if they can not prevent, the worst. What are American Catholics doing? If there is anything like a national Catholic relief society for the Central European war sufferers, we have yet to hear of it. We hope, however, that such an organization will soon be formed. In the meantime, the work must be carried on by individuals. FRANCISCAN HERALD has undertaken to collect funds for the suffering Germans and Austrians. Our appeal in the December issue has met with a most generous response. But we expect to hear from many more. If you, dear reader, have not yet contributed in any way to the German and Austrian relief work, though you are able to do so, and if, after reading the above heart-rending appeals, you feel no inclination to open your purse as well as your heart, would you kindly pass on this magazine to some friend or acquaintance of yours more merciful than yourself? Should you, however, feel moved to send a gift to this office, it will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

### “METAMORPHOSING” THE PHILIPPINES

IN its issue of January 3, *The Christian Herald* brings an article entitled “The Metamorphosis of the Philippines,” from the pen of one Rae D. Henkle. The evident purpose of the writer is to show the marvelous progress the Filipinos have made since Protestant missionaries of this country began proselytizing them. The general trend of the article is very misleading, while not a few particular statements are, mildly speaking, rather gratuitous. We know nothing whatever of Mr. Rae D. Henkle. Just how familiar he is with actual conditions in the Philippines, the article fails to disclose. Of historical information concerning the islands he must be absolutely innocent; otherwise he could never have been guilty of such animadversions as the following:

It is true that the archipelago had suffered for three centuries from a perfect riot of misrule under Spanish governors,

and that comparative tables for this reason cannot be judged with too great a degree of satisfaction; but even these tables provide a most amazing mass of evidence to show the educational, religious, civic and economic development of the islands . . . . Not only did the Protestant missions rapidly extend their work, but the enthusiasm they generated stimulated the priests and brought about a marked reform in that church, by which, for the first time, the Catholic clergy undertook to preach to the Filipinos in his own language . . . . The gospel had never been preached to the Filipino in his own language until the Protestants began the work.

Far be it from us to belittle the efforts of the American Government or of Protestant missionaries on behalf of the educational advancement of the Filipinos. But, after all that has been written by truth-loving scholars and impartial investigators concerning the work of the Spanish friars in the Philippines, we had thought that the time was past forever when a man of average intelligence and education should be asked to take seriously such vapourings, as Mr. Rae D. Henkel's in *The Christian Herald*. Had the writer been anxious to gain any historical information on the Philippines, he could have found it in some such standard work as Blair and Robertson's "The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898." Nor would it have been necessary for him to plow through the fifty-five volumes of that monumental history. Already the introduction, by Edward Gaylord Bourne, would have told him that it is not true "that the archipelago had suffered for three centuries from a perfect riot of misrule under Spanish governors." On page 73, for instance, he might have read the following citation:

To Spain belongs the glory of having raised to a relatively high grade of civilization, improving greatly their condition, a people which she found on a lower stage of culture distracted by petty wars and despotic rule. Protected from outside enemies, governed by mild laws, the inhabitants of those splendid islands, taken as a whole, have no doubt passed a more comfortable life during recent centuries than the people of any tropical country whether under their own or European rule. This is to be accounted for in part by the peculiar conditions which protected the natives from ruthless exploitation. Yet the monks (friars) contributed an essential part to this result. Coming from among the common people, used to poverty and self-denial, their duties led them into intimate relations with the natives and they were naturally fitted to adapt the foreign religion and morals to practical use.

Again, on page 75, the contributor might have found the following reference to the well-being of the natives under the old system:

If the natives fared badly at the hands of recent authors, the Spanish Administration fared worse, for it has been painted in the darkest tints, and unsparingly condemned. It was indeed corrupt and defective, and what government is not? More than anything else it was behind the age, yet it was not without its good points . . . . Let us be just; what British, French, or Dutch colony, populated by natives can compare with the Philippines as they were until 1895?

The statement that the Gospel was never preached to the Filipino in his native tongue until the arrival of the Protestant missionaries is so absurd that we can not understand how it escaped blue-penciling by the editor. How did the friars succeed in converting millions of the natives? Certainly not by preaching the Gospel to them in Spanish or reading the Bible to them in Latin. Says Bourne again on page 33 of his Historical Introduction:

Nor should the work of the Friars be ignored. Inspired by apostolic zeal, reinforced by the glowing enthusiasm of the Catholic Reaction, gifted and tireless they labored in harmony with Legaspi, won converts, and checked the slowly-advancing tide of Mohammedanism. The ablest of the Brothers, Martin de Rada, was preaching in Visayan in five months.

The large number of grammars and dictionaries of the native dialects is proof that the friars at large took great pains to learn the language of the natives, and that they used it, too, when occasion required. As early as 1550 (i. e., only three years after his arrival), the Franciscan friar, John of Plasencia, wrote a grammar, a dictionary, and a catechism in the Tagal tongue; about the same time Francis de Trinidad, another Franciscan, composed the first greater poem in that language. Of devotional works translated into the native dialects Bourne (page 79) enumerates not less than sixty in Tagal, and from three to ten or twelve each in Visayan, Vicol, Pampagna, Ilocan, Panayan, and Pagasinan.

All this is sufficient evidence that the Catholic missionaries did not need the stimulus of Protestant competition for evangelizing and civilizing the natives. If space allowed, we could "provide a most amazing mass of evidence to show the educational, religious, civic and economic development of the islands" under the old Spanish mission system. We hope, however, that the new editor of *The Christian Herald*, Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, will be fair and fearless enough to use his privilege of censoring all future contributions of the "metamorphosing" kind.



## CHARITY NEVER FAILETH

**E**LSEWHERE in this issue, we bring the first installment of a life-sketch of Frederic Ozanam, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that this great apostle of charity was a zealous Franciscan Tertiary and drew much of his inspiration for his charitable work from the example of St. Francis of Assisi. Few laymen of the last century have deserved so well of Church and of society as this earnest-minded and large-hearted Catholic gentleman, who with a small coterie of friends set out to prove to a doubting world that true Christian charity was still alive in the hearts of men. The success of his enterprise was proportionate to the nobility of his purpose and the sincerity of his efforts.

The little society founded by him for the relief of the spiritual and corporal needs of his fellow-citizens, has had a marvelous growth. To-day its influence is felt even to the farthest ends of the earth, and many there are that have experienced its beneficence and blest the name of Ozanam. Happy the parish or the community that harbors a conference of active Vincentians. What such a conference means for a city, may be gathered from the following report of the particular council of Troy, N. Y., published in *The Charities Review* and selected at random from a number of similar reports:

Conferences reporting, 6; active members, 136; honorary members, 4; subscribers, 58; families relieved, 272; persons in families, 1,010; visits to families, 3,246; visits to institutions, 270; situations procured, 30; total receipts, including \$573.52 contributed by members at weekly meetings, \$7,647.16; total expenditures, \$8,168.14. All the conferences show an increase in membership and are actively engaged in carrying on the work.

"In the spirit of Christ," says the Archbishop of St. Paul in a recent letter to Mr. Thomas Nolan, President of the Society in that city, "the St. Vincent de Paul Society confronts the misery of the parish or the group of parishes and noiselessly and tenderly brings relief to 'the man who fell among the robbers.' It is a force of very great influence in spreading the atmosphere of Catholic thought and life." We have nothing but admiration and praise for the wonderful work of this organization of charitable Catholic laymen, and we hope that in these trying times their capacity for doing good will increase with the growing needs of poor, suffering, sinful humanity. We urge Tertiaries to lose no time having themselves enrolled as active members of the nearest conference. Surely if anybody is bound

to do charitable work, it is the Tertiary of St. Francis; and if his own fraternity does not provide him with opportunities of engaging in this kind of work, he is under obligation to seek them elsewhere.

## SHAMELESS WOMEN

**I**N what does the great part of our modern life differ from what it would have been, if our Lord had never appeared on earth? The Vicar of Christ has recently been forced to protest, in the name of Christian morality, against the shameless audacity of female attire. How far removed we are from the spirit of the Gospel! According to the word of God, women should dress in decent apparel adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety, as it becometh women professing godliness; but the modern woman too often flaunts along the streets, setting modesty at defiance. Can the gospel message ever have touched the hearts of those painted, leering, half-clad horrors which infest nearly all public resorts? Our modern morality seems to suffer them gladly.—Archbishop of Birmingham.

## THANK YOU

**S**O many of our readers have remembered us with Christmas gifts and greetings that we find it literally impossible to acknowledge their communications individually. Nothing remains for us to do, therefore, but to have recourse to this means of expressing our heartfelt thanks to all our friends who have been good to us or to the missions during the Christmas season. We wish them to know that our gratitude is none the less warm for being expressed in cold type, and that we pray God every day to reward them for their kindness. If it is true that there is more joy in giving than in receiving, then must the joy of our friends have been great indeed on Christmas day. May every day be Christmas for them in the year 1920.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Conditions entirely beyond our control have caused a considerable delay in the January and February numbers of the HERALD. The March number will be on hand at the usual time. In the meantime we will gladly consider all complaints sent to the home office.

FRANCISCAN HERALD,  
Teutopolis, Ill.



# Third Order of St. Francis

## LETTER TO A TERTIARY

By A FRANCISCAN FATHER

My dear Miss A—,

Encouraged by the grateful reception you accorded my letter on dress and above all by your practical indorsement of my standard of modesty, I can approach another very important subject with the greater confidence. I fully share your opinion that "Catholic women would gladly reject the improprieties of fashion, if there were only a group of women of character with whom they could align themselves, as in that case their action would not be regarded as the effect of a personal whim, but as part of a concerted effort in which each individual would be upheld by the prestige of all the rest."

Do you know that you have here pointed out the great need as well as the tremendous power of the Third Order of St. Francis? What is true of women is true also of men; and what is true of modesty of dress is true of other things as well. I do not hesitate therefore to generalize your observation and say that if our Catholic men and women were only banded together by the staunch profession of truly Catholic principles and ideals, their practice in a dozen different points in which they have yielded to "prevailing customs" would not be so at variance with their Catholic Faith and Christian virtue. It is because Tertiaries are banded together by just such a profession, that the Popes have expected so much from their example and desired the Third Order to flourish throughout the world.

In this letter I wish to speak to you on the subject of keeping company. To prepare you for a possible surprise in what I shall write, let me say right at the outset that true Catholic thought and feeling have become so unpopular in society, and wrong notions have taken hold of so many Catholics, that even among students for the priesthood and postulants for the veil, we sometimes find young men and young women who must radically alter their views as to the propriety or even the licitness of certain social customs. "That's the way everybody else does," is considered a sufficient excuse, if indeed any excuse at all is still deemed necessary. "I'm only following the universal custom"—and forgetting the while that it is a custom opposed to the principles that should be engraved in every Catholic heart. It is in no way surprising that the world finds fault with these principles; our Lord predicted that. The sad thing is that, from constant and familiar association with non-Catholics and from

reading non-Catholic writings, so many Catholics have become estranged from them. Only let some one come along occasionally (as some one invariably does) and not only point out the strange discrepancy between these Catholics' profession and practice but also urge in all seriousness that their actions be made to square with their profession, and a cry of derision goes up that anyone should be so hopelessly medieval as to demand such a thing of Catholics of the twentieth century. "Such visionaries," we are told, "may have been all right hundreds of years ago when all the world was Catholic, but they betray an utter blindness to changed conditions by insisting on the observance of evangelical precepts in our day."

But the "visionaries" are right all the same. Was not St. Francis called a visionary? Did not his proposal to carry out the counsel of evangelical poverty at first meet with opposition—even from the cardinals themselves? It would be well for all modern opponents of such "visionaries" and idealists to ponder the reply which the Cardinal of St. Paul made in defense of St. Francis. "If we refuse," he said, "the petition of this poor man on the plea that his Rule is too difficult, let us beware lest we reject the Gospel itself; for the Rule which he desires us to approve is in conformity with the teaching of the Gospel, and to say that evangelical perfection contains anything unreasonable or impossible is to rise up against the author of the Gospel and to blaspheme Jesus Christ." What the pious and learned Cardinal here says of the reasonableness of evangelical perfection must be asserted with equal emphasis of the obligation of evangelical precepts. The precepts of the Gospel, like human nature for which they were made, though adapted to all times and all conditions of life, never change with the passing ages. The Church may, and sometimes does, change her disciplinary laws, but not the laws of morality. In her march through the centuries she overcomes the opposition she encounters, not by accommodating the Gospel to the times and the people, but by bringing the people into conformity with the Gospel. Her triumphs are achieved not by Anglicizing, Germanizing, or Americanizing the Gospel, but by *evangelizing*, that is Christianizing, the nations.

My first counsel, then, on the subject of keeping company is that you should refrain from associating with non-Catholics. I mean

principally, of course, associating with non-Catholic men; but as intimacies with non-Catholic girls frequently lead to familiarity with the young men of their circle, such intimacies, too, would best be avoided. You know the teaching of the Church on mixed marriages. She abhors them as subversive of the Christian idea of the marital union and productive of endless evils. It is an utterly erroneous view, held even by many Catholics, that the Church does not disapprove of mixed marriages so long as the threefold pledge is given, and that the giving of this pledge is in itself a sufficient reason for granting the dispensation. The Church is opposed to them altogether; she has never sanctioned them; she is incessantly doing all that she can by legislation and persuasion to put a stop to them; and if in individual cases she sometimes permits them by way of exception, she does so only with the greatest reluctance and because in each particular instance there is a serious reason—some weighty circumstance that serves as an excuse for the Catholic party's contracting marriage with a non-Catholic.

Now if the Church is so unalterably opposed to mixed marriages, it follows as night follows day that she must be opposed also to the main cause of mixed marriages; namely, keeping company with non-Catholics. And Catholics that look to Mother Church for guidance and heed her repeated warning will not place their Faith in jeopardy by needlessly exposing themselves to this danger of contracting a mixed marriage. It is this necessity of shunning the occasion that leads to mixed marriages that needs to be emphasized almost as much as the evils of a mixed marriage itself. *Principiis obsta* is a very old and very sound maxim. "Resist the beginnings." The first step towards marriage with a non-Catholic is associating with non-Catholics.

You may find it strange that I should warn you against what may seem to be not even a remote danger for you; but I am in dead earnest, Rose, just the same. Many a pious, convent-bred girl like yourself thought the danger of her marrying a Protestant equally remote, in fact, unthinkable—until she suddenly became conscious of the attentions of a handsome non-Catholic "friend." Therefore I say, "Resist the beginnings." The devil knows well the sad consequences that almost invariably attend mixed marriages; he knows too, that a mixed marriage is usually the parent of several other mixed marriages, the children following the precedent set by their father or mother; and if he can but bring a Catholic to fall in love with a Protestant, he gives himself the credit for another victory against the Church. A mere determination, then, never to enter a mixed marriage is not enough. You must shun the occasion. To mix familiarly with non-Catholics in society and to say

one will never consent to marry a non-Catholic is like paddling heedlessly down the rapids of Niagara with the solemn assurance that one does not intend to strike a rock.

Perhaps the greatest danger for a truly pious Catholic girl comes from her desire to convert her non-Catholic friend. She meets some engaging young fellow and is so taken with his frankness, his broad-mindedness, his chivalry, and philanthropy, that she says to herself, "What a grand thing it would be to convert him; and what a splendid Catholic he would make." And she at once sets about converting (!) him by doing her utmost to win his love; for deep down in her heart is that other conviction: What a grand husband he would make! A grand thing, indeed, to add even one splendid Catholic to the Fold; but a still grander thing, because utterly unselfish, to hearken to Holy Mother Church, warning her children against these "detestable" mixed marriages. The Church has never regarded courtship and marriage with non-Catholics as safe means of propagating the Faith; rather has she looked upon them as leading causes of apostasy. In the face of this avowed opposition of the Church, it is unthinkable that a properly instructed and well-meaning Catholic should wish to effect a conversion by a means that more usually ends in a perversion either of the Catholic party or of the offspring. The truth is, though, that the desire to marry the non-Catholic is paramount; the desire to convert him is an afterthought—and a pretext. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is not a strong Faith upon which a mixed marriage is built, but a strong love, or, I should say, an infatuation.

In accepting the ideas here set forth, my dear child, and in conforming yourself, as behoves a Tertiary, unreservedly to the wishes of Mother Church in regard to mixed marriages and intimacy with Protestants, you will be doing no more than your duty as a loyal child of the Church. There is no idealism in such an attitude; it is nothing but plain Catholicism. That a Catholic should woo and wed only a Catholic is not a sublime ideal that the Church expects to see realized only by her most perfect children; the marriage of a Catholic with a Catholic is the only truly Catholic union, the only union that the Church positively sanctions and desires. Any other conjugal union, no matter how securely braced with dispensations and precautions, is at best only "tolerated" as a lesser evil, to right some wrong already done or in the hope of averting some impending greater evil.

Now a word about keeping company with Catholics. Friendship with persons of the other sex is more or less always attended with a certain amount of danger, the chief antidote against which is a mutual reverence and reserve. The main source of danger nowadays

lies in that "pernicious custom" (as an eminent authority styles it) of according young couples, whether engaged or not, the privilege of almost as complete privacy and seclusion as if they were already married. This is one of those social customs I spoke of before that even Catholics have picked up from their "pagan" surroundings. It is a custom so lauded and glorified in a thousand different ways, in songs, in stage-plays, in moving pictures, and above all in novels, and has become so ingrained in society that it has come to be looked on as wholly unobjectionable and scarcely anyone is found with courage enough to rise up and challenge its propriety. If once in a while some one does dare to appeal for a return to the custom of elder days, he is pooh-pooed as an old fogey.

Not long ago a well-known elderly congressman was deploring the prevalent mode of courtship, which he thought was largely responsible for the frequency of divorce. Speaking of courtship as it was practiced in his youth, he said that when a young man visited his girl (which he did but once a week, namely, on Sundays), he was entertained by her "in the general living room with the rest of the family present." Such is truly the proper mode of courting, which eliminates at once the dangers of late hours, too frequent calls, and undue familiarity. It were vain, perhaps, to expect a universal revival of this praiseworthy custom, but it is surely not too much to expect that it be observed by Catholics, and above all by Tertiaries. The whole family, of course, need not be present; that would be asking too much of the family; but the young lady and her gentleman friend should not be alone. And when the family retires, the young lady should retire with the rest.

I should not be a bit surprised, Rose, if you scented even less danger in this matter than in associating with non-Catholics; but that is precisely why you need to be warned, for you will certainly admit that there may be dangers of which you know nothing. It were a sad thing for virtue if the hidden foes and secret pitfalls that line its path had to be discovered by everyone through personal experience. Harken, therefore, my child, to the advice that embodies the accumulated experience of ages. If you were told that the ice on a river was too thin to hold, that a person had just broken in and drowned, you would without doubt heed the warning and keep off the ice. Well, let me tell you that the girl who permits herself these tête-à-têtes, these long-drawn-out private interviews, is trusting to very thin ice. They are a source of evil and a source of scandal. And even if you were sure—which you can not be—that no harm would come to you from them, you should shun them none the less in order to give a good example.

Permit me to conclude with this admonition, which I have perhaps given you often enough, but which can hardly be repeated too often; namely, that of all things a Tertiary must be careful not to give a bad example. If the picked troops falter, what can we expect of the common rank and file? "Mixed marriages!" so some one might sneer: "Humph! Look at Marie A—, a Tertiary! wants to be so pious; she goes with a Protestant!" Woe to them through whom scandal cometh! But blessed they who by their good example hearten their fellow-men and help to build up the spiritual City of God!

Yours with a thousand blessings,

## FREDERIC OZANAM, Tertiary

Founder of St. Vincent de Paul Society

By FR. FAUSTIN, O. F. M.

THE Third Order was intended by its founder St. Francis to be an active force in the Church of God, and this it has proved to be in the seven centuries of its existence. In every period of its history, we find Tertiaries who were able to wield a powerful, beneficial influence on their times. But what of to-day? What of our own modern times? Even in modern times, there are Tertiaries who have shed luster on the Order of St. Francis by their lives of sacrifice in the service of Christ and of humanity. Words teach, but examples move us to imitation. For that reason, we intend to bring in these pages brief sketches of the lives of modern Tertiaries, lives that will appeal to the reader as eminently

practical and worthy and possible of imitation.

A Tertiary, honored and revered throughout the world as the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a society of laymen, dedicated to the honor of God in the service of the poor—is Frederic Ozanam. His life, though short in years, was replete with activity. It is a sermon to all Tertiaries to go and do likewise, and teaches us all the possibility of doing some good, however humble and limited our sphere may be.

### His Noble Parents

The Ozanams were a French family of ancient lineage, renowned for virtue and learning. For more than three centuries, every

generation produced some distinguished man of science and invariably counted one, frequently several members, in the service of the sanctuary. They were of Jewish origin, but in the seventh century became Christians.

Antoine Ozanam, the father of our hero, fought with distinction in Napoleon's Army in Italy, and when the war terminated, he returned to Lyons, France, his native city. There he married the pious daughter of a rich merchant, Marie Nantes. Shortly after his marriage, a reverse of fortune, brought about by

was soon at the head of his profession in Lyons, Dr. Ozanam never became a rich man. Wealth was not his aim. He looked on his medical profession as a sort of priesthood; and therefore devoted his life to works of charity among the poor, whom he attended gratuitously and otherwise aided out of his meager fortune. In this pious work, he was seconded for seventeen years by his pious wife. They were both frequently to be found in the hovels and the garrets of the poor. Familiar as he was with the rickety, broken stairs of these places, he nevertheless made a false step one day, and fell, injuring himself so severely that he died the next day. His noble wife survived him but two years. We have no proofs that these two saintly souls were members of the Third Order; but they certainly were true exponents of the spirit of St. Francis. Poor in spirit, they became all things to the poor and unfortunate. May their lives be an incentive to all Tertiaries to model their lives according to the teachings of St. Francis, in piety, poverty, and charity. What wonder that such noble persons should be the parents of the greatest apostle of charity of the nineteenth century. From them he inherited not only his solid piety but also his great love and pity for the poor and miserable. What a noble legacy to leave one's children!

#### His Schooldays

At school, Frederic showed an earnestness and intelligence which gave promise of a brilliant future. At the age of eleven, he received for the first time holy Communion—in his case indeed the "Bread of the strong," the "Fountain of life." "O glad and blessed day"; he writes, "may my right hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if ever I forget thee." (O'Meare, *Frederic Ozanam*). And his biographers tell us, that at the age of fourteen he composed Latin poems and

at sixteen contributed able articles to a periodical of Lyons, *L'abeille française*.

It was at this time, during his studies of rhetoric and philosophy, that he experienced the bitter trials of doubt and unrest, which so often afflict earnest thinking minds in youth. "The intellectual activity, which had so quickened his mental powers, suddenly kindled a flame within him, that stirred vital questions and evoked the demon of doubt, that torment of noble and active souls who hunger to believe and cannot rest until reason has justified belief. (Horgan *Catholic Layman*.) Let us listen to his own account. "In a century of doubt, God gave me the grace to be born in the faith. He gave me a Christian father, a



Frederic Ozanam  
Died 1853

his going security for a friend, almost ruined him, and he was compelled to seek employment as private tutor in Milan, Italy. It was here that our Tertiary, Frederic Ozanam was born, on April 13, 1813. Of the other children born to the Ozanams, only two lived to advanced years: Alphonse, who became a priest, and Charles, the physician. As private teacher Antoine Ozanam found much leisure. This he devoted to the study of medicine, and in less than two years we meet him as a physician with an extended practice. After the fall of the French Empire, Dr. Ozanam returned again to Lyons, where the fame of his medical skill had preceded him, and he soon had a host of patients. Although his fame grew and he

saintly mother; as my first teacher he gave me a prudent sister, pious as an angel, whom she has since joined. Later on the noise of a godless, unbelieving world reached me. I experienced all the doubts, which eat at the heart in the daytime and fill the eyes with bitter tears at night. However, the teachings and counsels of a prudent priest saved me. He brought order and light to my thoughts. From then on my faith was firm, and touched by this singular grace, I vowed to God to dedicate my life to the service of that truth, which had saved me." This priest was the Abbé Noirot, professor of Philosophy at the college of Lyons, a man gifted with the happy ability of leading young men to their true vocations. Pious young man that he was, he had recourse also to prayer, and it was prayer above all that brought him safe through the crisis. One day when the temptation was at its worst, he entered a church, and falling on his knees prayed with all the ardor of his soul to be delivered from the trial, promising that, if God gave him light to see the truth, he would forever be its champion. The prayer was heard and the vow fulfilled.

#### The Law Student

At the age of seventeen, our Tertiary had completed his rhetorical and philosophical studies at Lyons. His father, Dr. Ozanam, had designed him for the Law, but he dreaded so much the risk of his faith and morals which would ensue from sending him so young to Paris, that he placed him as clerk in the office of a local attorney. What a beautiful example for all Catholic parents. Dr. Ozanam was willing to do everything for his dear child; but he was above all anxious that his boy should preserve his innocence and his faith.

Young Ozanam found but little pleasure in his new occupation. He devoted his spare time to the study of English, German, and Hebrew. He also found time to write timely treatises against the then prevalent evils. He was deeply grieved to observe the ever increasing indifference and irreligion among the young men of his acquaintance. Then already, to judge from his many letters, he seems to have formed the idea of an association of young men, who should be of mutual assistance and encouragement in their religious exercises and good works. This idea was the germ from which later his Society of St. Vincent de Paul blossomed forth, enriching the whole world with the fragrance of its noble works.

#### In Paris—The Champion of Catholicity

Dr. Ozanam after a year's trial was so fully convinced of the earnestness and the solidity of the faith of our young Tertiary that he deemed it opportune to send his son to Paris for further studies. Thus we find Frederic, at

the age of eighteen, entered as student in the famous law college of Paris, *L'Ecole de Droit*. Here he found himself thrown among young men utterly destitute of religion and of respect for its ordinances. Of the many students there only three proclaimed themselves Christians, and that in a country supposedly Catholic. At his boarding place, he was the only one who observed the Friday abstinence; for which he was often ridiculed. But he was not to be influenced by the malice and cowardice of others.

Among such associates, his naturally pious mind told him that he could not and should not make friends; and so he found himself utterly alone, a homeless, friendless stranger in a large, godless city. What wonder, that writing to his mother on November 7, 1831, he thus gives expression to his pent up feelings: "Here I am alone, without any amusements or any sort of consolation. I, so used to fireside talks, who took so much pleasure in seeing every day around me those dear ones who love me; I so terribly in need of advice and encouragement, behold me cast unprotected, without a rallying point of any sort, into this great capital of egotism, this vortex of human passions and errors. I have no one to pour out my heart to but you, my dearest mother, you and God: but these two are all in all to me." (O'Meara.) These words disclose to us in a beautiful way two virtues of our young Tertiary, a confident love toward God and a tender affection for his mother. May they be the characteristics of all Tertiaries. We note also in his words the truly Franciscan sentiment, expressed centuries before by our holy Father St. Francis: "My God and My All."

But God, who amply repays all loving confidence placed in him, watched over this pious young man, and led him to call upon the great professor of Mathematics at the *College de France*, M. Ampère, whom he had already met at Lyon. To him he unfolded his loneliness and misery. The venerable man, touched at this recital, proffered his home to the young student as a boarding place, which offer, upon the advice of his father, Dr. Ozanam, Frederic accepted. André Marie Ampère, was not only a learned man, but also a good Catholic. And so the young stranger was soon happy and at home. Here he came in touch with many learned men of the day, and not least of them was Chateaubriand.

The poet asked him one day whether he frequented the theaters. Frederic for a moment hesitated to reply,—he had promised his mother never to enter a theater—then he frankly replied that he had not and did not intend to do so. Chateaubriand warmly praised his resolve and then added, "You would gain nothing, and might lose a great deal."

Amid the dangers surrounding him, our young Tertiary led a pure and blameless life.

He had, however, interior enemies. His main besetting fault, or we should rather say temptation, was pride. His was not the foolish, repellent pride, born of ignorance and nurtured on conceit, but rather the pride peculiar to noble, highly intellectual men. His natural impulse was to design great projects, often impossible or extremely difficult of execution; and because these would not realize, or not in the manner expected by him, he would be disappointed, and he sometimes gave way to fits of discontent. In a man less prayerful or less active, these would have embittered his existence; but he fought them off by means of prayer and positive acts of charity, and by his daily conversation with M. Ampère.

Besides his law studies at the *Ecole de Droit*, Ozanam attended historical and philosophical studies at the *Collège de France* and at the *Sorbonne*. At these places, he found his work cut out for him. At the former, he soon noticed that the professors were accustomed to court a cheap popularity by attacks on Christianity, Revelation, and the Church. Mindful of his vow to champion the cause of Truth, he made note of these attacks, consulted proper authorities to enable him to refute in writing the false and flippant statements, and soon he was glad to notice that the professors were more cautious in their remarks. He gathered around him a band of young Catholic men, organized them, and prepared them to hand in signed protests to their professors, whenever they felt themselves called to deny Christianity or ridicule the Church. "Our answers were publicly read," writes Ozanam himself, "and produced the best effect, both as to the professor, who as good as retracted his words, and as to the audience, who applauded. The most useful result of all this is, that it enables us to show the students of the present day, that one may be a Catholic and have common sense, that we may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal indifference and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion." (O'Meara.) Professor Jouffroy, one of the leading exponents of atheism and unbelief, was quite frequently called to task for his utterances, and with a happy effect—he later became a firm believer and member of the Church. "All the systems put together are not worth one page of the Catechism," were his dying words. Would that our present-day students, Tertiary or non-Tertiary, might draw a lesson from this incident. A firm stand in defense of the Church and her rights can not but draw admiration from our enemies, especially where concerted opinion is brought to bear on them. Oh for a few fearless intrepid Ozanams at our secular places of learning!

A step so decisive and so bold as this could not fail to attract public attention. Numbers of Catholic young men now rallied around this

gallant youth. On his return from vacation Ozanam found that the young Catholic party had need of a meeting place of its own. He found a willing friend in the person of M. Bailly, the proprietor of the *Tribune Catholique*, who placed the office of his newspaper at their disposal. M. Bailly was a very noble man, who took great interest in everything Catholic and especially in the young Catholic students, some of whom he even boarded at his home. His paper appeared three times a week, and it was sent gratis to anyone who would read it. At his office, Ozanam and his staunch followers met once a week and debated on their work after listening to a practical lecture from M. Bailly. At first, their meetings were informal and they were frequented only by Catholic students. Gradually, as interest was aroused, the other students of varying degrees of unbelief joined in the discussions. In a short time, the newspaper office became too small, and kindly M. Bailly again came to their rescue by hiring a larger hall out of his own meager means.

#### The St. Vincent de Paul Society

The debating society grew, but Ozanam and his devoted little band of Catholic champions soon found that they were making little or no impression on their unbelieving friends. "When we Catholics," Ozanam wrote twenty years afterwards, "sought to call attention of these wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did indeed work wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. And you, who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' Let us to the front! Let our deeds be in accordance with our faith! But what were we to do?" One evening after the usual debate, Ozanam left the hall with his two friends, M. Lallier and M. Lamache. On their way, they discussed means of making their meetings more productive of good. Ozanam mentioned casually in the course of the conversation that, discussing the matter with his friend, M. Letaillandier, it had occurred to them that it would be best to organize a meeting where they would occupy themselves not with discussions but with good works and thus give a more practical example to their erring friends. The suggestion met with no immediate response from his two companions, but strange to say, they could not rid themselves of the idea. They agreed to lay the matter before their practical friend, M. Bailly. The good man at once pronounced in favor of Ozanam and again offered his office as their meeting place.

It was in May, 1833, Ozanam and six more companions were assembled in this office at a

meeting presided over by M. Bailly. "If you intend the work to be really efficacious," M. Bailly said, "if you are in earnest about serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must give them the alms of good advice." Ozanam regarded these words as a message from heaven. There was no room for doubt. They were to serve God in the persons of the poor, whom they were to visit at their homes and assist by every means. They formed a definite society and placed it under the protection of St. Vincent de Paul. Their rules were few but stringent. They were forbidden to discuss political or personal concerns at their meetings, which they now styled "conferences." The society was in no way to be used for personal gain. They were to be "Brothers to the poor, assisting, aiding, and advising them. It was characteristic of Ozanam's inborn humility and modesty to always repudiate the title of founder of this Society of St. Vincent de Paul. "We were eight," was always his closing argument. Nevertheless the title and glory have justly clung to him, whom the others looked on as their leader and the animating spirit of their efforts.

Like the little grain of mustard seed, the Society has grown to a gigantic tree, whose branches extend in blessing over the world.

(To be continued)

### BETWEEN FRIENDS

WHEN planning the present volume of FRANCISCAN HERALD, the editor thought it well to set aside a page for the discussion of matters pertaining exclusively to the Third Order of St. Francis, and he asked me kindly to see to it that the page would be filled every month. This I gladly consented to do, the more so since there are many topics relative to the Third Order that I should like to discuss with the Tertiaries and with their Reverend Directors. Hence, to make this department as interesting and profitable as possible to our readers, clerical and lay, I cordially invite them to take part in these monthly discussions, either by asking or by giving information on Third Order matters; or by suggesting topics for consideration; or by merely expressing their opinion on questions proposed. M. P. writes:

About twenty years ago, I joined the Third Order of St. Francis. For a few years I wore the cord and scapular, but leaving the parish where the Third Order was established, I became careless after a while, and finally gave up the practice of the Order. Now, I should like again to take up the Rule. Can I do so and become a Tertiary? There is no branch of the Order here. Where could I get the scapular and cord? Would I have to have them blessed?

A person who joins the Third Order and after the year of novitiate or probation makes profession, always remains a member unless he or she actually decides to leave the Order or, for some grave misdemeanor, is dismissed from it by the Rev. Director or the Rev. Visitor. Hence, though M. P. failed to wear the cord and scapular of the Third Order and neglected to recite the twelve Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glories daily, she still remained a member of the Order. She did not, however, partake of the numerous graces and privileges granted to active and faithful members, as these accrue only to those who faithfully live up to the Rule. All she has to do now, is to become an active member again by constantly wearing the cord and scapular and by fulfilling the other requirements of the Rule. If M. P. has never made her profession in the Third Order, she should do so as soon as possible, in the hands of a priest who has the necessary faculty of receiving members into the Third Order. If her pastor has not the faculty, I can easily obtain it for him. The cord and scapular may be ordered from any firm dealing in religious articles, or from the office of FRANCISCAN HERALD. They need not be blessed, as the first blessing at the enrollment of a person in the Third Order suffices for all the cords and scapulars that may be subsequently worn. As there happens to be no Tertiary fraternity established in the parish to which M. P. belongs, she should be affiliated as an isolated Tertiary with some fraternity in a neighboring town. There is a flourishing fraternity at the Franciscan church of St. Bonaventure, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J. A letter sent to that address will inform M. P. of the nearest Third Order fraternity to her home town.

The following letter from G. H. T., prefect of the fraternity at L., Mass., deals with another practical difficulty. She writes:

Might I offer a suggestion, Father? Couldn't you write a little pamphlet relative to the attendance of the Third Order members at the meetings? It is so discouraging when one calls a special meeting and does all that one can to make it interesting, to find only a dozen or so present. One Tertiary had to visit some friends who was sick—no other day would do; another had to go out of town; someone else forgot all about it; and so forth. Thus half the members do not really know what is going on in the fraternity, and they are very much surprised and even hurt if something is done about which they knew nothing. What can I do to induce them to be more punctual in attending the meetings?

This is, indeed, a practical question, but we prefer to leave the answer to our readers. As a little inducement for them to endeavor to solve the problem, we shall give a copy of Chalippe's beautiful *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* to the person who sends us, before March 1, the best answer on the subject.



# APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA, Tertiary

Dear Sisters in St. Francis:

Now that we have definitely plunged into the current of the new year, our thoughts instinctively turn to the question of living with the resolutions we made in the heat of enthusiasm on January 1st. Those perfectly delightful reforms that we viewed with such complacency in prospect, now stand over us like threatening ogres. What must be our attitude towards them?

Clearly, the easiest way would be to turn our backs coldly upon those resolutions, tell ourselves that they were made without sufficient reflection, and that no one in his or her good senses makes resolutions anyway. Easiest, without doubt—but it wouldn't be playing the game. So, the one thing to do is to greet the ogres with a disarming smile, and set about discovering their attractive possibilities. We'll find that, like ugly ducklings, they will become very pleasant to contemplate as they are allowed to develop.

I have a friend who declares that penance is impossible for her, because directly she adopts a course of action because of its disagreeable qualities and for the good of her soul, that suddenly becomes the thing she likes to do above all else. Queer, isn't it? Still, it is a fact that as we embrace the Cross it grows dearer to us.—But, mind you, I'm not conceding that the resolutions we have made in the matter of dress reform are in any way penitential—on the contrary, they are enjoyable; don't you think so?

And now for a bit of confidence. I am sure you are wondering what the rest of the year has in store for you; so, I've set this month aside for the purpose of talking over plans for the present year.

We want to make it a year that counts, a year that will feel the impress of our endeavors. Each one of us can make it that in a more or less limited degree. During the months to come, I hope to take up in some detail the needs of particular types of women: business women, brides (that is where Margaret Randolph's engagement to John Farrel is going to be most opportune), the busy wives and mothers, school-girls, working-girls, and the like. I'm giving you these pre-views of my intentions because I want to be helped. If there are any particular kinds of persons you would like to have me write about, just pen a few lines to that effect, and I'll see what I can do about it. Of course, I must plead in advance that there are only twelve months in a year, and that two of those are gone already for this year; but I promise to do what I can where the demand warrants it. As I men-

tioned in another letter, little can be accomplished without co-operation. It is your experiences that will help others, your difficulties that will match the difficulties of others, and your triumphs that will encourage others; so, don't hesitate to tell us about them. I want you to regard Agnes Modesta as your personal friend—and as I realize that true friends criticize, even adversely when necessary, I'm all braced for criticism, adverse as well as favorable. All that the HERALD stipulates is that the adverse criticism be constructive. If you really do not like the department, then tell us how you think we may improve it; and, even if you do like it, there may be valuable suggestions you would like to make. We hope that the friendly spirit of mutual helpfulness, so dear to our founder, St. Francis, may make the year of 1920 a "little bit of heaven."

Let us begin by "picking up threads" and getting ready for business. Many of you, especially the new subscribers, may be puzzled by my references to the "Four Points." The expression had its origin in the July (1919) number of the HERALD. Therein, a certain Franciscan Father, who, probably because of his respect for the law of self-preservation, prefers to remain unidentified, created a well defined stir in feminine Tertiary ranks by a letter in which he pays his respects to the trend of women's fashions.

He gave his opinion as to how a truly modest young girl or woman—particularly one who is a member of the Order of Penance, should garb herself, and as a working basis for dress reform he laid down a standard which has since been adopted in its entirety by many of our women Tertiaries. The standard included the following "Four Points":

First, the exclusion of all décolleté gowns; that is, not only those that are technically such, but all low-necked and short-sleeved dresses.

Secondly, the elimination of the short as well as the tight skirt.

Thirdly, the disuse of diaphanous or transparent outer garments (e. g., the much discussed Georgette blouses), unless their transparency is nullified by an undergarment.

Lastly, the wearing of sufficient clothing to prevent needless revealing of the form.

The writer of the letter took the stand that a young woman could follow these rules and still be charmingly and becomingly dressed, and to help him prove his point, the Agnes Modesta Department came into being.

There you have our genesis in a nutshell. The purpose of these articles is to assist in making virtue attractive in the matter of women's wear. Our Tertiaries are joining the

movement with encouraging fervor, and we hope that we may go a long way toward molding public opinion in this matter. We are by no means alone in our endeavors. The Catholic press in general is taking up the question, and various Catholic societies throughout the country have turned their attention to the crying need of a reform in women's dress. I learn that at a recent meeting of the Los Angeles branch of the Catholic Converts' League of America, the president spoke seriously on the need of molding public opinion on that important subject. This is but one of the many instances that have come to my attention. Even some of the representatives of secular thought are viewing with alarm the growing tendency toward indecency. Some kind of start must be made to counteract the flood, and, as always, the start must be made in what will seem to many, an extreme manner. Hence the "Four Points."

One of my readers, Miss C. H. M., writes that she has always been most careful about the modesty of her blouses, but that she finds that she has been making them from an inch to an inch and a half below the hollow of the throat, that hollow being the point, set by the originator of the standard, below which the opening of the blouse should not extend. Miss C. H. M. wants to know if she may without scruple continue in the way she has been going.

Now, as a matter of plain fact, the most conservative could hardly call such a deviation from the norm a *sinful* display of feminine charms. That, however, is not the point at all. It isn't a question of what our clothes may be

without being strictly immodest. It is rather that the representatives of the crusade for modest dressing must determine their neck openings by the standard set. Othepwise, they cease to be true representatives of that crusade.

The promoters of a new movement must necessarily be very strict in adherence to rule, else no one would pay any attention to them. So, I should urge Miss C. H. M. and all others who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities of the new standard of dressing, to join the throng who set the hollow of the throat as the extreme limit below which the neck opening may not extend; not, indeed, because to go below it would be *sinful*, but because some kind of boundary is necessary, and the one mentioned happens to be that.

The soft pleated little frills, dainty upstanding bias folds, and tiny tricky chemisettes will easily solve the problems of those who are troubled as C. H. M. is.

This letter is largely a *rèsumè* of what has passed before and a promise of things to come; but before I stop, I want to give you something new to think about.

When we are getting new wearing apparel, let us not choose things that require such compromises as frills, chemisettes, etc.—that is, unless we happen to like them for themselves. Let us rather select models which of their very nature conform to the "Four Points." There are such. Let no one persuade you there are not. The more we insist upon having gowns and blouses that conform to our requirements, the more will designers and manufacturers supply garments that will meet the demand. We must deny ourselves the exquisite pleasure of putting the blame of conditions on the "other fellow." Designers of garments can hardly be expected to create fashions that will be adopted by no one; but directly a style proves to be in demand, you may rest assured that models will appear to meet that demand.

One person or a few may not be able to create a demand; but if even a small percentage of our women Tertiaries in the United States should resolutely set out to advertise its wants, the results would be startling. In this day and age, it is the publicity given to a movement that determines its measure of success. Let us continue throughout the year in our steady campaign for the molding of public opinion, being careful to avoid the effect of fanaticism, which is detrimental to any cause, and I am sure that Heaven, and eventually the world, will smile their approval upon us. We must not look for those smiles yet, because a reform is not usually noted for the radiance of the smiles cast upon it—until some years have passed and the reform has become an assured success. We must remember that we are the pioneers, the pathfinders. May every blessing from on high make up for the delayed smiles of approval here below.

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## GLORIES OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA STECK, O. F. M.

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# Fiction



## THE GOOD FIGHT

By BLANCHE WEITBREC, Tertiary .

### CHAPTER II

#### Synopsis of Chapter I.

Martin Barry, a wealthy young clubman, and Dick Lessing (the narrator) a lawyer, live in apartments in New York. Shortly before the story opens, Martin's younger brother, David, disappeared from society. During the several years of their friendship Martin has never confided any details of the story to Dick. Dick, who is an indifferentist in religious matters, discovers one night in the course of an intimate conversation with Martin, an unsuspected depth of feeling in things spiritual in him. On a jaunt into the country with him, he finds that their goal is a large Franciscan monastery, where Martin is evidently well known.

A TALL young figure advanced with outstretched hands to greet us.

"My—my brother, Dick," I heard Martin say. "Father Michael, this is my friend, Dick Lessing."

I fancied, as I appraised him, that I would have known him for Martin's brother; but beside him Martin looked weak and insignificant. He made me think, somewhat, of a black panther, or of a sword flashed from its scabbard. I had the feeling that his entrance should have been accompanied by forked lightning or other dramatic setting. Then his hand closed on mine, and a pair of tawny eyes smiled down at me in friendly fashion.

"I am glad!" he exclaimed. "Surely this proves the truth of a great man's assertion that miracles occur on dull days, not on sunny ones. I was beginning to believe that Martin had really deserted me this time!"

Martin looked apologetic, and then resentful. Father Michael stretched out his free hand; his brother took it after the manner of one receiving a sacred relic, and his expression resolved itself into an edifying meekness. Father Michael laughed and flung the closed shutters wide with a cheerful rattle and clatter. He sat down opposite us, his arms folded, his head thrown back, his sandled feet crossed easily. There was more than a little of Martin's careless grace about him; but there was an underlying sternness, too. As the first dazzle and flash passed, I thought of a granite tower, undisturbed alike by fair weather or foul, solid, impregnable, unhurt. Then

I found that he was like a fire kindled in the cold, bare, depressing room. Then I did not know what to think of him, and I was puzzled and a bit uncomfortable, attracted and repelled simultaneously. The truth is, he was a new experience, and I had no foundation on which to build.

And so this was David—David, the family mystery! He seemed, as I sat watching him in my half embarrassed curiosity, a sane, normal sort of chap—if one could get away from the dazzle and flash and poetic images of granite towers and panthers and so forth. My mind was still messy from last night's dust-heaps. Also, one was apt to think of a monk, or a friar, or what-not, either as skinny and pale, or red and fat; and Father Michael looked as if he ran a mile and used a punching-bag every morning before breakfast. And this amazing creature was tricked out in that absurd get-up, and tied down to these four clammy walls by a knotted cord and a collection of moth-eaten traditions!

Martin's adoration of him was quite obvious. I feared to see my friend go down on his knees and offer prayers, and I hoped I wouldn't be expected to join in the ceremonies. But Father Michael seemed unconscious of exciting any undue emotions and only smiled serenely at the worshipper. He was frankly pleased to see us. He chatted amiably, listened with a flattering interest to all we said, and was altogether charming. His gaiety and sweetness went dead against my preconceived theories and astonished me as much as his appearance had done.

My curiosity grew and grew. I wanted to climb down into the depths and to scale the heights of David Barry's soul, to pull him to pieces and "see the wheels go round." What did he think, and how did he feel, and why had he taken this step? I skated around the commonplaces with which we were engaged, and flung in a

telling phrase here and there, hoping to hit something; but he was impervious to attack. Then I waxed poetic, and made mention of red lamps and stone floors; and presently a pulse of color flickered in his face, and a queer little spark leaped into the tawny eyes. He glanced at Martin.

"I'm afraid," he said, softly. "I'm afraid, Mr. Lessing, that these starry realms are beyond me. But Martin can help you out. Martin was always keen on high tragedy."

Martin winced. "Yes," he retorted, "life is a serious matter to me."

Father Michael twinkled, but he looked a bit as if he might enjoy boxing his brother's ears, and I saw that I had unwittingly stirred up trouble.

Martin talked feverishly all the way home, snatching at any and every passing idea and object. He was putting mental no less than physical distance between him and the gray convent on the snowy hill; he was running as from a pursuing enemy. We were disposing of our delayed dinner, and he had sloughed off the blizzard mood and become his customary society self before he harked back to the afternoon's adventure. What, he asked, tentatively, did I think of Father Michael?

"Wait," I protested, laughing.

He smiled faintly in response. "But that's exactly what I want, Dickie. Your first shock."

Thus urged, my new-found poet's mood rose to the surface, and I became properly eloquent. My auditor looked a little puzzled at first, and when I stopped, he shrugged.

"Yes," he sighed, "that's it. Words are—simply futile."

I didn't consider this much of a tribute. "Well," I said, "you asked for it!"

"Don't grouch," he begged, "I need soothing. It—it rather touches me on the raw, you know. We were friends," he went on, after a heavy silence. "Friends! He was always stronger—oh, much stronger. But—but we spoke each other's language—and then this came—and he went away. So far away that—well, you saw, to-day I can't touch him. I can't reach him. My feet swing over empty space when I try to follow him. There's nothing there for me. Nothing!" he reiterated, as if anticipating my opposition. Then, with a sort of bitter wonder, "Dick, what is it? What is it?"

Magnanimously disregarding his erst-

while contempt of my locution, I entered upon a psychological and philosophical dissertation. I did the best of which I was capable. I had always thought my notions on these subjects moderately well arranged. My reward was another shrug.

"You haven't told me anything," he said.

"I'm afraid," I retorted, "that you can't tie up the shadows of the clouds in a packet," Martin."

"Oh!—" He made a gesture of impatience. "Shadows!— It's easy to talk of shadows, and the curious workings of the brain, and all that. But come down to facts, Dick. Here's a young fellow—a gorgeously healthy, splendid, young fellow, with plenty of money and worldly position, and brains, too, and—and beauty—and he goes off like—like a chap after his lady love, and gets himself sewed up like a—like a cat in a sack!"

"Well, Martin?"

"Well—that's what I'm asking you!"

It was my turn to shrug. "Let the cloud-shadows alone, old man. It can't be done."

He reached for the cognac. Li Minn had brought our coffee, and the room was pleasantly hazy with cigarette smoke.

"Shadows," he repeated. "Easy talk! But will you tell me that men have chased shadows, and only shadows, for all these centuries? Do people die for shadows?"

"You're hopelessly mixed," I said, as patiently as I could. "You're forgetting the psychological side of it—"

"But, Dick, it's results that puzzle me—the things I see—the things those valuable five senses that you talk of tell me. I'm not so much concerned with psychology and philosophy, but results! Could there be something there? Something real? something as important as Father Michael thinks? Are you so sure that he's just chasing shadows?"

"H'm—" I hedged. I had, certainly, wanted to watch the wheels go round; but I had not thought of it in exactly this light.

"If you could get the other fellow's view-point," I began.

"Ah!—Yes, one can't help feeling a—well, call it a curiosity—to see what Father Michael sees!"

"Perhaps," I nodded. "But—one hasn't the least desire to do as Father Michael does!"

Martin was burning the cognac for his coffee, and having completed this operation

with precision, he looked at me across the table, rather oddly.

"Aye, there's the rub," he said, drinking the demi-tasse with a carefully concentrated enjoyment. "One has not!"

"Well, Martin?"

"Well, if you want to take in a show, you pay the admission price. Unless it's too high."

"A man can't pay, I suppose, if he hasn't the price," I suggested. Martin flashed a glance at me.

"And if he won't pay—"

He broke off and sat back in his chair, his eyes traversing the richly appointed room, from the carved buffet, inset between high diamond-paned windows, to the doorway at the farther end hung with its brocaded draperies.

"What a thing—" he muttered. "you can't fancy! Like a chap after his lady-love—paying the price—and laughing! He laughs, Dick!"

"Yes," I nodded. "He'd laugh. Nothing can hurt you if you laugh."

"Ah!" He put his hands up with a swift involuntary gesture of repulsion. "High tragedy!—Was that what he said? Dick, I wake up sometimes in the night— Oh, you'll think me simply imbecile. But it seems somehow, as if the bottom had dropped out of things—"

"How did it all happen?" I asked, gently; for he was staring down into his empty coffee-cup, now, as if it were a bottomless hole of despair.

"Happen?" he echoed, vaguely. "Oh—I don't know—How does anything happen?"

"He must have been just a lad," I remarked, hoping to set him on a definite trail.

"Yes, he was, rather. I was only twenty-one you know. Glory be, how it did bother people!" He chuckled a little. "'The Mysterious Disappearance' was partly my own idea. I didn't want to discuss it with any one. So then, you see, there I was, with the fortune, and this place that we'd fixed up. But I could see that it was no use; he wouldn't have been satisfied. He tried. It was no good."

"But, Martin, how did it happen, in the first place?" I persisted. "A boy of seventeen—"

Martin was seeing desperate things at the bottom of that cup, now. Presently he looked up.

"I don't know," he said, hoarsely. "I thought at first that it was just—just nonsense. I thought he'd forget it, if— So we came up here. But it was no use."

I sat watching him.

"Now see!" he exclaimed. "See how these things go. Here I am. Haven't I every earthly reason to be happy? I've played safe with life. I've taken no chances. I'm rocked in a padded cradle, and fed out of a gold spoon. And there's David. He pitched everything overboard—as if it were a joke—as if it were a joke, Dick, I tell you!"

"Well, Martin?"

"Well—well! What's the answer?"

"I think," I said, mildly, "that it lies in a difference—a fundamental difference—of temperament. Some people enjoy sleeping on thorns. Some prefer a padded cradle."

"But why isn't the fellow in the cradle happy? Why, with a padded cradle, and a gold spoon—"

I felt immensely sorry for him. And he was rather like a pup chasing its own tail.

"Nothing explains," he went on, fretfully. "Haven't I thought it all out—and what does it mean? What does anything mean?"

"What does—what does Father Michael say?" I queried.

He bit his lip. "Father Michael! Father Michael! My God, Dick—what can the fellow on the thorns say to the fellow in the cradle?"

"Well—he might take refuge in action, and tip him out," I meditated, wickedly. "At least he can shake the cradle. And that should afford him a certain satisfaction, even though the fellow in the cradle gets the tummy-ache."

"The chap in the cradle—with the tummy-ache," mused Martin. "Supposing he should be tipped out!"

"Not a chance," I laughed. "He's got himself sewed up like—like gold in a money-belt!"

WHEN Martin came down with typhoid in the spring, my first thought was of his brother. He was so very ill before we fully realized it, and the weather was so bad that the doctors agreed as to the inadvisability of moving him; and our bachelor paradise was perforce transformed into a little hospital. The two young women who took over the care of the invalid were quartered in my suite, and I removed myself and my belongings to the

library. Li Minn, with Oriental impassivity, slid into his place in the scheme, and was, as usual, an unmitigated blessing.

I thought, as I say, at once, of Father Michael. He must be notified, of course. I took this duty upon myself and called the convent by telephone. I felt a kind of sore pleasure at the jolt I sent over that wire. I experienced an un-Christian delight in throwing a bomb into the level silences of the soul that so baffled my searchings and piqued my curiosity. The slight break in Father Michael's voice meant a good deal, I knew. Would I wait? he asked. Would I hold the line a minute?—Ten minutes passed: I heard his voice again. "I'll come at once," he said.

He came just as Li Minn was setting dinner for the night nurse. He was well-groomed. He wore a decidedly good-looking coat, and his birth and breeding showed in every line of him. I was astonished all over again. I had an indefinite idea that a friar must be frowsy—a little frowsy, anyhow. I liked him better in his broadcloth. I was not at all sure that he didn't have a hair-shirt concealed under it, but I felt him more of a human being, lacking frock and cord, and separated from the clammy atmosphere of his medieval prison.

"You're going to stay!" I cried, as I noticed the grip he carried. "That's—that's too good to believe!"

I meant it. As he stood there looking down at me, I began to feel quite comfortable about him.

"It's late," he explained. "I couldn't get away to-night, you know. I'll slip out in the morning and say my Mass at the church up the street. I shan't disturb you. And I can plan to make the noon train."

"Oh—" I suppose my face fell. He smiled.

"I must go back to-morrow unless my brother should be very low," he said. "But we shall see. If you can put me up for the night—"

"The library couch—it's comfortable," I told him.

"And you?" he asked.

"I—oh, I'll find a place to sleep," I assured him. It was crowding the mourners; but if at that moment I had been put to the test, I think I should willingly have slept on the roof, rather than lose him. From a feeling of comfort I leaped all at once into one of dependence. He must not go! Why—what could I do, if— Of course, he was

Martin's brother; and naturally one's brother would be the person one wanted, if—

He stood looking down at me, the smile still lingering in his eyes. "You mustn't let me upset the household," he said. "But—but you did right to call me."

He went to Martin as soon as he had "taken the chill off"—warming his hands on the hall radiator. No,—he wouldn't dine. Later, perhaps.

I followed him to the door, saw the nurse stand up and courtesy to him; saw Martin's fair head turn on the pillow. He was in a semi-stupor; but a look of wonder lighted his face: wonder, and then utter content. Father Michael sat down softly beside him; Martin took Father Michael's hand, and held it in both his hands, against his breast.

It was after eleven when I finally persuaded the priest to leave the patient's bedside. Martin had fastened to him like a barnacle to a rock, and held on even in sleep, so that we had to loosen the fingers one by one, and substitute the nurse's hand, in order to release the captive. Father Michael looked tired, and I remembered that he had had no dinner. Li Minn was hovering about the dining-room like a restless Chinese ghost, and he beckoned me as we crossed the hall to the library.

"Cloffee," he announced, briefly. "Suppel. All leddy."

Father Michael shook his head. "I couldn't," he protested. "Really, I don't need it."

"Oh, but you must," I insisted. "Li will be heartbroken. And how can you resist that aroma?"

He laughed, hesitated a moment, and submitted, as I piloted him into the dining-room. "If I develop a nightmare after this dissipation," he remarked, "stuff a pillow in my mouth and call for help."

The little Chinaman simply oozed satisfaction as he diplomatically urged a very good meal down our guest's throat, and Father Michael's boyish enjoyment of the food and the attention pleased me immensely. I offered him a cigarette, but he declined it. "I'll watch you," he twinkled. "It's just as much fun. The curly smoke is what I like—and the smell."

He looked, I thought, a little droopy now, as he sat there, his head propped on

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# THE BRUSH OF THE MASTER

By ZELMA McDOWELL PENRY, Tertiary

N O, it can not be truthfully stated that there was anything about Theresa Grey's exterior which could possibly suggest a paint brush, even so esthetic a paint brush as is used in making the final deft and delicate touches to a perfect oil painting. But, similarly, there was nothing about Paul Nolan to suggest a canvas. Yet, just these things they were, and as such we must regard them if we wish to discover the real reason for their separate existence.

The Master Artist, when He paints a picture, does not always finish it at once. The canvas, standing idly on its easel, shows forth in broad, clean strokes the splendid picture on its surface. Still something is wanting. The creature is struggling, gasping, but it has not yet given forth its clear birth-cry. There comes a time, however, when the Artist picks up a little brush, and stands once more before the easel that holds his unfinished painting. Swiftly, deftly, lovingly he touches the palpitating thing. And behold, nascent, it leaps up and breathes freely; living, it shines forth and proclaims the genius of its Creator. The world stands back and marvels. On that canvas, through the instrumentality of that little brush, another master work has been produced.

So it chanced that, when the unfinished canvas, which was Paul Nolan, was deemed ready for completion, the Great Artist took up an exquisite little brush; one of the best in His studio—for this work was to be a very great one—and the brush thus selected from among hundreds, was concealed under the accidents of Theresa Grey.

Everybody who knew Paul Nolan and Theresa Grey, looked for their marriage as the natural outcome of their friendship and mutually helpful comradeship. A more suitable match, from a human viewpoint, could hardly have been imagined. And St. Antony's parish, where the two had lived from childhood,—save for the time Paul spent in a not far distant city pursuing his studies, which resulted in his being at this time a rising and successful young architect,—looked affection-

ately upon the two as if they were already one. Theresa, since the death of her mother, had been the light of the home to her father and her younger brother, Ralph, and the atmosphere of home which surrounded her, gave surety to the belief that she was all any young man could desire as a helpmate, and well worth going to any length to win.

As a matter of fact, things were really settled between the two young persons, though the parish had not at this time, been apprised of the fact.

"We ought to wait a little while before announcing our engagement," Theresa had said, shortly after giving her promise, "one can never tell just what may happen, especially as I couldn't think of leaving father and Ralph till next year, when Aunt Mary can arrange to come and keep house for them. Long engagements aren't really desirable; and so, Paul, let's just consider it a 'friend's engagement' for the time being."

Somewhat to his own surprise, Nolan had agreed to Theresa's proposal, and the two had taken only their immediate families and their pastor into their confidence.

That was before Father Sebastian's series of Lenten sermons. Paul and Theresa, both enthusiastic Catholics, followed the lectures with a great deal of interest. The good priest had the habit of drawing definite, practical conclusions in even his most devotional sermons, and the people of St. Antony's particularly the younger adult members, derived much benefit from hearing them. In one of his discourses, Father Sebastian had spoken of the duties and privileges of the marriage state; in another, of the duties of unmarried persons in the world; but the talk that held both Paul and Theresa fascinated, was that from which he drew the lesson of the glory of a life devoted to God and fellow-man in the unrestricted service of the Master. He had dwelt particularly upon the sublimity of a calling which so many young men failed to heed, even when they heard it—that of the ministry at the altar of God.

Not long after that particular sermon, Theresa, the clear-visioned, noticed what

she believed to be a subtle change in Paul. Always of an open, sunny nature, he seemed to develop fits of abstraction and a slight touch of impatience toward the things he used to enjoy so thoroughly. As spring faded into summer, and summer into early fall, the girl became certain that she was not mistaken in her suspicion that Paul was not entirely easy in his mind, and set about finding out the reason for such a state of affairs.

"It isn't another girl," she told herself resolutely, "that is plain to be seen. He is more than ever considerate of me, and anxious to make me happy. What ever can be worrying him?"

Night after night, she gave many hours to the solution of the problem; but it was characteristic of Theresa that she said nothing to Nolan about her concern for him. In her own way, the girl was something of a diplomat. Morning after morning from her place in St. Antony's, she laid her difficulties at the feet of the only Friend who could give her the help she needed. Finally, crystal-clear, flashed before her mind, as if in one thought, the reason—and the way out.

Even as she realized the truth, she winced and for a fleeting moment sought to dodge the issue; for it was not an easy way—she really loved Paul with all the strength of her loyal nature. With Theresa, however, to see a duty was to set herself about performing it; and so on the morning of her great realization, she went to the telephone, and gave Paul Nolan gracious leave to take tea with her after his office hours that afternoon.

Tea, in Theresa's little sitting room was always a most satisfactory ceremony. Paul, as he watched through half-closed eyes, thought how, in some indefinable manner, the room suggested the woman. Although it was autumn, and warm enough for the French doors leading out onto the terrace to be open, a cheery little fire blazed in the grate, sending a ruddy glow over the objects round about. There was no useless bric-a-brac in the room; indeed, it would have been almost monastic in its simplicity had it not been for a squat bowl of dull brass on the open grand piano, containing a colorful mass of gorgeous autumn-tinted leaves, ranging from crimson to golden, and then to a deep nut brown. The two other objects of ornament were a heavy

ebony crucifix on the low book case, and a magnificent engraving of the Agony in Gethsemane, which occupied the space above the mantel. The ivory *corpus* on the former, and the figure of the same Christ, so strong, yet so tender on the latter, each telling the tale of a world-agony, served but to increase the monastic effect.

Yes, the young man reflected, it was like Theresa, somehow. He continued to regard the slim figure in its creamy-yellow robe (he could not think of it as a gown), with the fascinated appreciation of an artist. Oh, with that mass of red-brown hair; how she did blend in with the place. He wondered how it would seem if she weren't there. She looked up presently, feeling his steady gaze, and searched his face with a pair of amazingly unusual eyes. Long, and deeply fringed with black lashes, they were of the clearest emerald-green. Strangers, on first meeting Theresa Grey, invariably complained of an uncanny sensation.

"Open your eyes, Paul," she commanded. "I won't have you going to sleep in my very presence; and anyway I want to see your soul, but I can't do it if you don't open the windows."

"Asleep!" he laughed. "If I thought you meant that—"

"Well, perhaps I didn't," she agreed accommodatingly, "but I did mean the other."

"What other?"

"About wanting to see your soul."

She handed him a tiny black and gold cup, and possessing herself of a similar one, sat down at the other side of the little hearth and went on. "I think you must have suspected that I had something very special to say to you this afternoon; so you must make the most of your tea—you may need stimulation."

Paul looked up sharply as he detected the intensity of her tone beneath its cover of banter.

"But—"

"Drink your tea, and don't interrupt me, please. I intend to talk for some time." She smiled a little teasingly at him and then continued seriously. "I've been thinking about it for quite a while, and I've seen for some time that there was something on your mind. But you mustn't think I knew what it was. I suspected when we heard Father Sebastian talk of the sublime calling some men had followed, for God and their fellow men, in the Master's own service. I couldn't have looked at your face and



not have felt that something was going on in your mind that I could not see. But, Paul, believe me when I tell you that I thought I was mistaken until that night at Kenyons. You remember how you defended the heroism of the holy priesthood when Bob Kenyon wondered why so many fine fellows let their light go out by becoming priests. No one who hadn't felt the longing to go up to the altar of God, could have answered as you did, Paul. Then—then, I think I began to know, though I didn't realize that I knew.—But you had bound yourself to me, Paul. And, I know what you think of a promise once made."

She paused, breathing a little unsteadily, as if marshaling her forces for the next words, but before she could begin again, Paul had sprung into the breach.

"Theresa," he exclaimed impulsively, "you are wrought up over an idea that you have no reason to harbor.—Have I ever given you cause to think I regret my engagement to you? If I have, I'm a brute. I admit I'm not worthy of you, you are so fine and sweet—and your faith will help me to do the will of God as truly as if I were a priest."

The girl got up and stood, a straight and slender figure, before him. "Paul," she said gently, "the will of God is what God wills, not what we try to make ourselves think He wills. You know that as well as I do. It has always seemed to me that those lines of Tennyson's were suitable for you: "Live pure, speak true, right wrong" but there was more to it. Tennyson might have meant something else. But of a sudden this morning the words seemed to flash across my memory like letters of flame: 'Follow the Christ...the king...else wherefore born.' It seemed like a message from Heaven, and I'm interpreting it that way, Paul. If, as I believe, you have heard the Master's call to a special kind of service—entirely His—I should be unhappy for all time if I were the stumbling block in the way of your heeding it."

"Ah, my dear," protested the thoroughly distressed youth, "you are wrong. I am in no way bound to become a priest, even granting that I may feel an attraction. The very fact that I have been accepted as your future husband, indicates that God intended it that way."

A quick flashing smile crossed Theresa's face. "You might as well have put quota-

tion marks around that speech, Paul; it come straight out of Father Sebastian's mouth. You have talked to him about it."

"You can't cast me aside the way you're trying to."

"You don't deny it!"

"Theresa, please don't think such amazing thoughts! I might talk to Father Sebastian about most anything; but the principal thing I'm going to talk to him about next time is our nuptial Mass."

"That is just what I'm coming to," she returned evenly. "There isn't going to be any nuptial Mass for us, Paul."

"Not?—Are you joking?—But it isn't a joke to say such a thing."

"No, it isn't a joke, I'll admit, but I certainly mean it. You must have a fair field to kill your own dragons, and that's what I mean to give you."

He was up on his feet by this time, facing her, his eyes searching hers with a sudden incredulous distrust. "Theresa, do you prefer—somebody else?"

Her sharp little cry of horror reassured and shamed him.

"Paul, how could you! No," she went on, turning until she was gazing directly at the picture above the mantelpiece. "It isn't someone else. God didn't make a mate for me; or if He did, that mate must have died when he was a little boy." She caught her breath in a little gasp. "That would make me a kind of widow, wouldn't it?" she hurried on, noting the danger signals in his eyes.

He had walked to the other side of the room during her last speech, and now faced her from the French door. "Theresa, I give up," he capitulated suddenly. "It is true—all of it.—But I thought you would never find out. Father Sebastian said I ought to tell you—that neither of us would be happy with my secret longing between us. And yet, he told me I was not bound to follow the call—and I do love you so, dear. But it didn't occur to me that I was doing wrong in offering you a heart that the Master has asked for Himself."

"I, too, love you, Paul—and just because I love you, I wish for the most perfect gift to you. But you must go now; there is nothing more to be said. We have understood each other, and I think we had better thank our dear Lord that we both do see things in the right way."

"It isn't too late to change our minds, Theresa. If you say the word, everything can be as it was this morning."

She shook her head firmly. But the Great Artist, wielding His little brush, alone knew how nearly the brush faltered. At length Paul, marveling at the simple

directness of her faith that seemed to level all difficulties, walked over and picked up the soft, dark hat which he had tossed on the little table as he entered the room, hesitated a moment, and then with a firm, purposeful step, passed out into the gathering darkness.

## WHEN THE LIGHT CAME

By CATHERINE McPARTLIN, Tertiary

DICK SLOCUM was working rapidly through the heavy woods out toward the Rainy River, so that from his section of the north woods a trail would be open for hauling the timber to be floated to the mills. He had outdistanced the men who worked near him, until the echoes of their ax strokes came fainter, and the solitude about him grew deeper. Still in a khaki blouse and trousers, he felt himself more the returned soldier than the woodsman he had formerly been. He had come unscathed of body through the great battles, the trenches, the training camps where sickness had abounded, and he revelled now in the strength of his arms as he felled the pine, hemlock, spruce and occasional oak. His roadway was twelve feet wide, and he hewed and piled the logs as he went. His partner, injured by a slip of the ax the previous day, had gone to the hospital at Portage, hence he worked alone. His mind found rest in the quiet, the scents and sounds of the woods, and his young eyes into which a tired look had come since he had crossed the seas, found delight in escape from ugly visions and memories that had filled his brain during and since those arduous days in France and Flanders.

A deeper cause for joy, however, lay close to his heart. "Over there" he, even he, Dick Slocum, had found the girl of his heart, and it was to make a home for her, that he now plied the ax so diligently, instead of idling about the cities. Antonia Lavellier, alone in the world now except for her mother, had promised that when he was "ready" she and her mother would come to him in the great land of America. No barrier then, but the lack of money, stood between him and happiness, such happiness as he had never dreamed of in

the care-free days before the war. For though Antonia had assured him that his lack of faith was indeed an obstacle, was she not as good and sweet and true as she was beautiful, and would she not surely by her prayers as she had promised find a way for him to share her life?

He had, nevertheless, returned from the war untouched of soul, as far as the light of faith went, though steadied in thought and anchored, as he thought, in heart. He had sometimes wondered, seeing so many of his comrades turn to God at all times and places and under the most wonderful and moving circumstances, why it was that he remained unmoved, that God had made him no sign as He, so they said, had done for others. Had the gift of faith been granted him then, Antonia would have come with him at once to share his poverty and struggle; it had been hard for her and her mother to say good-bye to the gallant American youth who had so befriended them in the loss of their home and friends. Bitter poverty and anguished memories would still be theirs in the old world, and the fear that in his own country alone Dick might forget, or slip back into the wildness which they had divined had been his character before his coming.

Not indolence, but thriftlessness and a loose notion of honesty had been Dick Slocum's besetting sins of youth. His parents dead, his family ties remote, the idea of home had played little part in his life until now. And now, somehow, it was associated not only with Antonia, and his brave comrades who slept overseas, but with all he had heard of the God they worshipped, the legends they told of saints, of supernatural help, of Christ Himself on the battlefield. Wistfully he wished that

he might share in this belief, while as yet he had no thought of the surrender of his own will or obedience to a power unseen. Yet his thoughts were good and happy as he swung his blade in the shadows. Red squirrels leaped and chattered in the branches above him, birds fluttered in and out of the forest nooks, wood flowers glanced from beneath his feet, and the savory scents of the bruised branches reached his nostrils.

Smiling to himself at some remembrance of Antonia, he struck at the base of a huge white oak, and at once his experienced stroke sensed that the trunk was partly hollow. It was lucky, for this tree was much larger than the surrounding ones and would have taken longer to hew down. He had come to a section of the forest which had, he believed, escaped the forest fires and registered age in its gnarled and knotted limbs. Determining in which direction to fell the monarch, sooner than he expected it slowly wavered and bent, then suddenly crashed to the forest floor. Then a shock caught him, and this time, without the stimulus of the presence of comrades and leaders, of the expected. For this was the unexpected; suddenly and in his solitude God spoke. The tree in falling cracked asunder and from its rotting trunk, hollow for ten feet, rolled the body of a man.

A strange quiet now held the forest about him. For a moment he stood frankly frightened. Then with instinctive helpfulness he stooped to examine the body. It was that of a young man, dried and shriveled with time, partly preserved from decay within the living tree. The clothing loosely hanging was shredding into decay, the flesh like that of a mummy. From the brown hands had now fallen a small memorandum.

Trembling as he had never done under fire, Dick Slocum extracted the memorandum and read. It was the diary of a man named Jean Neauveau, dated 1862, the last entry written in quivering lines told of his accidental fate, asking that if found his body and money be sent to his mother, Madame Marie Neauveau, Point du Croix, France. In a leather belt about the figure was eight hundred dollars in gold.

Dick Slocum stood up, looked around and back over the trail he had opened as if fearing some witness to his find. If he could but conceal the diary and the money, his way was plain. He would

summon the nearest woodsman, notify the mayor of Portage, and the body, if identified, would show no trace of his secret. The home and the coming of Antonia would then be brought as much nearer as he dared to set it. He did not know and could not guess whether the discovery of a body in a tree would excite much interest, or any suspicion or inquiry. His sense of proportion had been changed by his war experiences and the changed society of the present. If he safely could, he would leave the work in the forest and find another location where he might speedily build the home and send for Antonia.

Without doubt the man's mother was long since dead, as might well be all near kindred in the present state of France. The gold then was his find, and was he not to use it to give a home to destitute folk of that land?

In a few moments, his plans had brought him back into old mental paths of trickery, of scheming, evading, dodging, he seemed even to be pursued as if he were the murderer of this man. He pulled himself together in one whispered word,—“Antonia!”

To go those ways again was surely to lose her and all the bright dream which she had created for him, for which even this planning was intended. He realized that to go back to what he had once been, as he saw it now, would be to raise a barrier indeed between them. Not lack of religion, but sin and crime would part them. Ah, if she but knew what he truly was.

He must summon the woodsmen at once. Exposed to the air, the corpse would quickly disintegrate, and he wished witnesses to its appearance as it had fallen, and if possible identification, that he might have as much light as possible in whatever he might do. Again he caught his breath in a whispered “Antonia,” that was like a prayer. Yet he did not know that he was fighting one of the fiercest battles.

A crackle of the scattered branches made him turn, striving not to seem guilty and furtive as he felt. An old man, the herb doctor of the lumber camp, had come noiselessly up the trail. Old Seth Woodstock would be able to identify the body if any one in the neighborhood might. Slocum's surmise was true. After a quiet

look at the unusual scene, the old man exclaimed:

"It is Jean Neveu! I can tell you his story. He disappeared during an Indian uprising in this section. We never knew how he had been killed. He had evidently taken refuge in a hollow tree which he knew of, and falling down too far could not climb back when the danger had passed. He was my survey partner, I was a mere boy in those days, and he a little older. I remember—"

The old man's eyes, half closed with age under the bushy brows, narrowed a trifle more as he looked mildly upon the woodsman. Whether his mind was full of the reminiscences of youth or the practical matters of the discovery, he did not disclose. With the apparent absent-mindedness of age he waited initiative from the young man.

God answers prayers for the safety of loved ones in His own way. For an instant two clear gleams of truth illumined Dick Slocum's mind: he saw that his old weakness of character was still within him; he knew that knowledge of the diary and money might be locked in the old man's mind.

"I suppose the thing to do is to get word to the mayor or constable at Portage, and leave things just as they are," said Dick.

"Exactly," agreed the herb doctor.

\* \* \*

The villagers of Doyon were rebuilding their ruined homes, with the help of a squad of American engineers and men from other contingents who had remained in the hospital in France when their division had been sent to Coblenz. Convalescent now, they were occupied while waiting for their companies to return to France on the way to the States. Ned Graham, who had directed the construction of the shacks, had seen to it that the cot of Madam Lavellier and her daughter Antonia was most comfortable. From many parts of France the villagers had been conveyed or had found their way back to their devastated homes, and the bitterness of that return had been lightened for Antonia and her mother by the hope that it was but for a short time that they must remain where sad memories would ever cling. In the attentions of the American solidiers they saw a reflection of the kindness of Dick Slocum,

who had gone to prepare a welcome for them. Though Antonia had written to tell him of their new address, she could not in the unsettled state of the mails expect an early reply. So amid the anxieties of this new deprivation, she accepted in his place these American soldiers as his comrades and friends. Ned Graham soon heard of her fiance, and kept his own counsel. Sure of his own advantage in so many respects, of rank, education, independence, he waited for the girl quickly to forget, to change her mind. What had been but his fancy at first, in the face of her steadfast loyalty to the absent Dick, flamed into a passion, until, if only to balk the absent friend of his boyhood, he was ready to take her as his bride on the return.

His chance came when one day a letter from a friend in another part of France reached him, giving the gossip of comrades at home and "over there."

"News of your friend back home," he told the girl at their next meeting.

"Of Dick? You know him? He is a friend of yours?" she asked eagerly.

"Well hardly," laughed Graham, "I know him—yes. He is a thief."

He paused to note the effect of his disclosure, then moved by the agitation she was not able to control, he softened a little:

"I knew him in Chicago, we went to the same school there. He afterwards was sent to a reform school for pilfering. He is supposed to have redeemed himself over here, of course. His record is good in the service, but—"

Antonia was silent, dumbly fighting for her faith in her betrothed, even for faith in her prayers. A great blackness hovered over the bright pathway into the future she had glimpsed. Madame Lavellier came quickly to the door of the cottage, attracted by the sudden silence.

"Good night, monsieur," she said softly. "Come in, my child."

In the days that followed, Antonia and her mother prayed more than ever. They began a novena to The Sacred Heart, Our Lady, and Saint Antony, for whom the girl was named.

Meanwhile, Ned Graham waited for an answer to his offer of marriage. When the second division returned from Germany, they could be married at the K. of C. hut and go immediately to America.

Otherwise, she might wait in vain for further news of Slocum. If he had been the right man, he would never have gone home without her. It was all so sensible that even Madame Lavellier was wavering. Her humiliation was great that her daughter should have fixed her fancy upon one who had in any way brought upon himself the stigma of thief. And as the ninth day of the novena drew near, they learned that the second division was also due in France on that date. Graham would that day rejoin his company, and their own faith must point out the way, if no news came from Dick.

Grant Felton was a newspaper man who hovered over the war-stricken countries gathering his series of articles for the Sunday press in the States. A small matter indeed had brought him to view the rebuilding of Doyon. He was half ashamed of himself for yielding to the somewhat foolish request, as it seemed to him, of one he had known but slightly and not entirely favorably. Yet he had a trace of boyish romance in him, which had first drawn him into journalism; and he liked to fancy that the journalist out-rivalled government officials in general efficiency. He had been a court reporter when a boy named Dick Slocum had been sentenced to a reform school for window pilfering, and his interest in that acquaintance was renewed when they met with some advantage to Felton in the trenches of France. And now Slocum at home after honorable service, with good prospects for the future had written him a wild tale of a mummy in a live oak, and asked him to look up the family of a man dead fifty-seven years. He had first gone to Point Du Croix and covered the ground scientifically. And then he had written to friends at various likely places to work out the loose clues he found. It was thus he had written to Ned Graham, who also had slightly known Slocum in boyhood, and receiving no answer to his questions as to certain family names there, he had now come himself to Doyon. It was but a trifle out of his homeward way.

Expecting to find Graham at the K. of C. hut, if he were still in the village, the stranger found himself, at the closing of Mass, among a group of the villagers. Graham he noted against the wall, his attention fixed upon a couple of ladies, who thus came under his own observation,

and presently he shifted his interest from Graham to these two.

A deep quiet had come upon Antonia with the last day of the novena; and even though no other answer were to be given her, she remained in fervent thanksgiving for this gift. With her mother after Mass, she knelt before the several shrines in turn to make her thanksgiving and, to accept anew whatever yet of sorrow and trouble life might hold in store for her. For she had decided to remain at Doyon and wait, trusting in her prayers to bring back happiness. As for the other man, he must take his answer from her silence. He was not even in her mind, longer.

Presently with her mother she arose to leave the hut now empty of the villagers who had hurried to their rebuilding; only a stranger lingered near the door, a pleasant-faced young man who inquired if he were speaking to Madame Lavellier.

Grant Felton had soon told his story with much satisfaction. The authorities of a village in the States having despaired of finding the kindred of a dead man, the matter had been referred to him, and he had traced a distant connection, as he hoped, between Jean Neauveau once of Point Du Croix and a Madame Lavellier. And there was eight hundred dollars in gold which would be forwarded at once on proof of relationship. Or, if the ladies preferred, he, Grant Felton, could advance a loan so that they might go overseas at once with himself as guide, he was on his way home and would be glad to serve them. In view of the 'unsettled state of the world at present, he strongly advised this latter course.

It was a strange tale, and tears stood in Antonia's dark eyes, but Madame Lavellier had no proof to offer, the name of Neauveau was common in many parts of France, and her kindred had once been numerous.

However, old Père Lareaux would be able to find the proof. So they went to the priest's cottage, and he it was who asked the questions which Antonia could not ask, for he knew Antonia's trouble.

Had Slocum delivered the money to the authorities freely and without suspicion of a connection between Neauveau and the Lavelliers?

Grant Felton was happy to say that he had done even so. He had written his friend of Antonia also; because he hoped

it might be in his power to do them some service if his work took him in their way. He understood, moreover, that Slocum was receiving instruction in the Catholic religion from the priest to whom the unclaimed money had been entrusted. Slocum had expressed the hope that he would soon be able to save enough from his wages in the logging camp to send for Antonia and her mother. It was by special favor that the newspaper man had gained access to the congested mail containing his letter.

"Now indeed we must thank the good God again!" cried Madame Lavellier, "but only God Himself can reward this good friend," remembering the smiling Felton.

And Antonia made an earnest request of the old priest, who took from a little box a tiny medal of St. Antony which Felton graciously accepted and secured beneath the lapel of his coat.

"Ah, just so!" exclaimed Père Lareaux. "It need not be seen by the eye, it will be seen in deeds like this. For distinguished service, my friend."

### THE LEGEND OF THE DAISIES

THE golden glow of morning  
 Upon the valley lay,  
 When to a flower-filled grassy nook,  
 A Child came forth to play.  
 The tiny Hand that gathered  
 The blossoms at His Feet,  
 The Face—the Form—the movements—  
 The Eyes so grave and sweet,  
 Were perfect in their beauty—  
 All Human—All Divine—  
 For it was meet that God should bear  
 Of both the outward sign,  
 Ah! did the Mother watching  
 With wistful, loving glance,  
 Behold in anguished vision,  
 The Thorns—the Nails—the Lance?  
 Did over-arching branches  
 Foretell the fatal Tree?  
 We may not know—but Jesus turned,  
 And stood beside her knee.  
 On fire with holy rapture  
 She clasped Him to her breast—  
 Her Child divine—her Lord adored—  
 Caressing and caressed.  
 The Hands that built the heavens,  
 That sway the starry spheres,  
 That blessed and healed with tender touch,  
 For three-and-thirty years,  
 Held out some pearl-white blossoms,  
 Fresh gathered from the plain,  
 While winning accents asked for,  
 "A little daisy-chain."  
 Our Lady smiled, her fingers  
 Moved swiftly to and fro—  
 'Twas then a thorn pierced deeply in,  
 Causing the blood to flow.  
 And since—so runs the legend—  
 The daisies bear a stain,  
 Gleaming upon their petals  
 Like drops of rosy rain.

—MARIAN NESBITT, Tertiary.





## FIRST FRUITS AMONG THE APACHES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**L**AST month I told you about one of our Fathers who is endeavoring to lay the foundation of a new mission among the Yuma Indians of southern California, on the Colorado River, and I hope soon to be able to tell you more about this latest addition to the "Kingdom of St. Francis." In this issue of the *HERALD*, you will find the first of a series of articles from the interesting pen of Rev. Fr. Odoric, a veteran Franciscan missionary among the Chippewas and Menominees of northern Wisconsin. The good Father is going to tell you, in his own simple way, a few of his many experiences—some consoling and encouraging, others just the opposite—among the redskins, and I am sure you will read his memoirs with no little interest. This month he tells you how he became a missionary. The account of the "ups and downs" he met with at the beginning of his long career of thirty-eight years among the Indians and the difficulty he had in mastering their strange language will, no doubt, encourage you to make the best of the trials and difficulties that beset your way through life, and thus, although far removed from him, you will nevertheless partake of the fruits of his missionary zeal.

But now I want to talk to you about another Franciscan Father in our western missions, who is already reaping the first fruits of a new mission field which Divine Providence last year entrusted to him for cultivation. Sent by his superior from the country of the Papagoes, in southern Arizona near the Mexican border, to open a mission among the Apaches of the San Carlos or White Mountain Reservation, in southeastern Arizona, Rev. Fr. Gerard found that work in this portion of the Lord's vineyard would be mostly uphill. Nothing daunted, he set to work to gain the good will of the Indians. This he succeeded in doing during the terrible "flu" epidemic that found its way also into the Apache reservation. By courageously volunteering to nurse the helpless patients of the Government school, several of whom he gained for Christ before the angel of death claimed them as his own, he won the admiration of the Apaches. As a Protestant sect had secured a foothold among these Indians, Fr. Gerard was hard put to it in erecting buildings that would compare favorably with those of his rivals, and thus attract the Indians to the Catholic mission. For the Indians are very much like children, and the missionary



Apache Tepee

must resort to all sorts of material means to secure a hearing for the spiritual truths he wishes to teach them. Slowly but surely he is achieving his point in the erection of suitable buildings for his mission center, thanks to the generous assistance of a number of benefactors, as is evident from the following interesting report of his labors:

"Father Gerard, who was eight years a missionary among the Pimas and the Papagoes and Apaches near Fort McDowell, has been doing a really remarkable work since he first came to Gila county about a year ago. Since that time he has succeeded in getting started at Rice a beautiful tufa stone church and parochial residence, representing an investment of at least \$6,500. The church is 54 feet in length and 25 feet in width. The priest's residence will be 72 feet in length by 34 feet in width and will be used as headquarters for the Catholic missionaries among the Apaches. The cutting of the stone for the building is being done by the Indians under the supervision of Contractor J. J. McGinnis of Globe, and a really beautiful piece of work is being accomplished.

"Father Gerard stated that it was the consensus of opinion among those who had inspected the work that the cutting was the most perfect and exact of any yet turned out from tufa stone.

"This stone is obtained from the tufa stone quarries, located about two and one-half miles from the new church building at Rice. It is stated by experts that there is an inexhaustible quantity of this tufa stone at the quarries and

this particular church will, undoubtedly, stand for ages as a sample of the work which can be done with this particular building material. Mr. John Terrell, the inspector in charge at the Indian reservation at San Carlos is authority for the statement that this particular type of tufa stone makes one of the best building materials to be found in this section of the country. The stone is impervious to heat or cold and is so light that it will float in water. For this reason it can easily be transported and carried to distant points at a low freight rate. It is easily cut; in fact can be carved into any shape with an ordinary axe, and a cubic foot weighs not more than 45 pounds."

Just imagine to yourselves, my dear Mission Associates, the sons of the once war-like and dread Apaches—who made traveling across the continent not so many years ago anything but a pleasure trip for the poor emigrants—building with their own hands a beautiful house of God, and listening with docile hearts to the words of peace and salvation taught them by the gentle missionary. Once as fierce as wolves, who found their chief delight in pillage and murder, they are now becoming lambs of the flock, and are hearkening to the voice of the Good Shepherd calling them into the Fold. No doubt, you envy the missionary, whose happy lot it is to win souls for Christ. But, my dear Associates, do you realize that you are sharing in his merits when by your alms you make it possible for him to continue his noble work? This is, indeed, a comfort for us who must remain at home while others go forth to battle for Christ.

## THE MAKING OF AN INDIAN MISSIONARY

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

**A**LTHOUGH the two Franciscan missionaries, Fathers John Gafron and Casimir Vogt, labored zealously among the Indians of northern Wisconsin, still they soon realized that the work was too much for them. Accordingly, they begged Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Vincent Halbfass to send them an assistant. He yielded to their pleadings and sent them Rev. Fr. Eustace Vollmer, O. F. M., who was to take charge especially of the churches in Ashland, Bayfield, and La Pointe.

But the laborers were still too few thoroughly to cultivate this vast portion of the Lord's vineyard, and it was then that the choice fell on me. When yet a small boy in my native land, I entertained a great longing to convert the Indians in far-off America, and now that my dreams were about to be realized, I was not slow to take advantage of the op-

portunity. I set out in company with Very Rev. Fr. Maurice Klostermann, O. F. M. and arrived at Ashland on August 4, 1881. We spent the night at the home of a charitable halfbreed woman, Charlotte Haskins. The Haskins were always kind and hospitable to the Franciscan Fathers, and it was at their house that I got my first lessons in Chippewa. Good Charlotte read to me the prayers of the stations of the cross and sang the sweet Chippewa hymns. The first stanza ran as follows:

Nanagatawenindanda  
Miniki ga-dodawind Jesus  
Tchibaiatigo—mikanang  
Gi-bimossed, awi nibod

Let us reflect  
What was done to Jesus  
On the Cross's road  
Where He walked, to die





Fr. Odoric Doerenthal, O. F. M.



Fr. Casimir Vogt, O. F. M.

Although I almost dislocated my jaws in endeavoring to pronounce the strange words, I did not at once give up hope of ever being able to master the language. On the following day, Fr. Maurice and I crossed over to Bayfield in a small steamer which plied between the two towns and which was vastly different from the gigantic vessels that may now be seen in Ashland harbor. As the little boat pushed sturdily through the waves, I recalled how more than two hundred and twenty years before heroic missionaries had crossed these same waters in their frail birch bark canoes in search of souls, and I rejoiced that I could follow in their wake and devote my life to the same noble work. I recalled with regret that the number of Indians was no longer what it was in those early days, but drew comfort from the thought that there were still many souls to gain for Christ and Heaven.

The little community at Bayfield composed of Fathers Casimir, John and Eustace and dear Brother Juniper, gave us a most hearty and brotherly welcome to their tiny convent, a veritable house of Nazareth for poverty, simplicity, and piety; and for that reason a most happy home for those who dwell in it. For it is not a superabundance of worldly

goods that makes a home happy, but cheerfulness founded on virtue; and this spirit prevailed in that little Franciscan residence perched on the brow of the hill overlooking Lake Superior and beautiful Madeline Island.

Here it was that I began my missionary career, and as the community at once entered on the holy exercises of their annual retreat, I was put to work without further ado and became pastor *pro tem* of Bayfield. I must confess that at first I did feel more like a lonely hermit than an Indian missionary. My cell was all that a fervent recluse could desire: on a poor, rickety table stood a little crucifix, a

copy of the Imitation of Christ, and an Indian grammar. Before it was a shaky, creaking stool, a fit companion to the table. In one corner stood a plain, hard bed, and against the wall stood a large, empty book-shelf. The walls were bare of ornaments; the windows were small and badly in need of a coat of paint; and the panes seemed to be turning green with age. Looking out of my window I beheld hard by the quiet homes of the dead. The sight was anything but comforting, and with a sigh I turned to my Chippewa grammar to avert a threatening spell of the "blues." Skimming over the pages, I noticed that there was a rather un-



Fr. Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M.

usual number of conjugations. I began to count them and learned that there were *only nine*. Then I noticed that each conjugation had a positive and dubitative form, which again had each an affirmative and negative form, making thus the delightful number of thirty-six conjugations. This discovery was, naturally, somewhat appalling, especially when I noticed the great number of sesquipedalian words with which the grammar fairly bristled; as for instance, *Mekatewikwanaie*, priest; *Jawendago-siwin*, happiness; *Mitchikanakobidjigan*, fence; and countless others. After impressing one on my memory, I began with a second, and when I had mastered it, I found to my dismay that the first had already made its escape. It was then that I adopted the method of practical Brother Juniper. This good Brother, who served as cook, porter, and jack-of-all-trades, noted down the most necessary words and colloquial phrases on slips of paper and pinned them to the door posts and on the wall above his kitchen table in order to have them constantly before his eyes. Thus he studied while he worked and soon became very proficient in the language. It was, indeed, uphill work, but zeal and perseverance won at last.

After the retreat, Fr. Casimir, superior of the Franciscan missions in Wisconsin, accompanied Fr. Maurice and me to Buffalo Bay, an Indian mission four miles from Bayfield, where several Sisters of St. Francis, who have their mother house at Joliet, Ill., conducted a school for the Indian children. As an evidence of their proficiency, the children sang hymns at Mass in the mission chapel in English, Chippewa, and German. When the party returned to Bayfield, a sick call to Ashland awaited them. I was detailed to attend to it. It was my first, and being rather unprepared, I failed to observe the time-honored adage that haste makes waste, and thus forgot to take my stole, burse and ritual with me. Happily, I knew the formula of Extreme Unction by heart, and as the patient was unable to receive Holy Communion I managed to get through the ordeal fairly well.

The following Sunday, August 14, I made my debut at La Pointe, on Madeline Island. My heart beating with holy enthusiasm, I set foot for the first time on the soil hallowed by the footprints of the saintly Bishop Baraga, and said holy Mass in the church erected by him in 1845. I also stood in the same rustic pulpit from which he had taught the saving truths of our holy religion to his red-skinned hearers. To complete my happiness, an Indian child was presented for Baptism. I donned my best surplice for the ceremony, and, as it was the vigil of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, I called this first flower plucked in my missionary garden "Mary Elizabeth," and I begged God that this might be but the first of

countless others which his grace would enable me to pluck for the heavenly garden.

On this occasion, I also had my first Indian funeral. A child had died at Buffalo Bay, and it was brought to La Pointe for burial. It was a beautiful and touching sight to see the flotilla of canoes bearing the precious little burden and the sorrowing relatives, as it crossed the waves to Madeline Island. Arrived at the church, the tiny coffin was placed on two chairs, and the simple ceremony began. It was customary to say some prayers in the vernacular after the prescribed prayers of the ritual; and I had been at my wits' end how to get through the ordeal without compromising my authority and dignity as an Indian missionary. Fortunately, there were some Sisters at the place who knew Chippewa, and under their instruction I hurriedly managed to learn to read *Nossinan gijigong ebuon*, etc. (Our Father, who art in heaven). The success that attended my endeavors was the source of no little encouragement to me, and I felt that with time and diligence I should finally master the dreaded language. After the prayers, the little coffin was placed across two laths and carried to its last resting place in the graveyard hard by.

Before leaving for the south, Very Rev. Fr. Maurice gave me a parting admonition, for which I have ever been thankful. "Be ever kind and friendly to your Indian charges," he said, "and above all, don't go about with a long, sour face. With love and kindness you will gain more than with harshness and coldness." St. Francis de Sales, who understood human nature so well, gives the same prudent advice. "With one drop of honey," he says, "you can catch more flies than with a whole barrel of vinegar." Throughout my life I have striven, with more or less success, to live up to this maxim, and I earnestly recommend the same rule to all my readers. It is the key to happiness and one will never regret having followed it.

On my return home, I was told to prepare an English sermon for the following Sunday. Now English was not then my forte, not being my mother tongue. I set to work at once, and finally after several days of strenuous effort had it word for word on paper. I comforted myself with the thought that I had all day Saturday to memorize it. Saturday came and with it two sick calls to Ashland. I answered the call of duty, but all day long as I was attending to the sick, that English sermon weighed heavily on my heart, and I dreaded the consequences for the following day.

Ashland at that time was but a small village composed of whites of various nationalities and Indians. It had a church but no rectory, since the parishioners as well as their pastor, the Franciscan missionary, were too poor to erect one. Fr. Casimir, however, was ingenious, and soon discovered a place where the

visiting missionary could retire when not ministering to the spiritual wants of his flock. It was a tiny room in the tower of the church, which served as belfry and which the swallows and sparrows had already claimed as their own. Fr. Casimir must have noticed how happy the feathered tribe were in their belfry home, and true son of St. Francis that he was, he decided that he and his brethren could not do better than share their little home with them. So up he climbed, and dear reader, if you are not afraid of the rickety ladder, we will follow him and take a peep at the first Franciscan convent in Ashland. The room is about seven feet square, and its walls are pierced with

felt tempted to follow their example. But the fact that my sermon was merely on paper and not in my memory prevented me from doing so, and in the mellow, flickering light of my candle I continued to pour over the pages of my manuscript. How long I sat there, I do not know; but suddenly I became conscious of the fact that I had fallen asleep, and that my candle had entirely consumed itself in its effort to keep me awake. A ghostly darkness enveloped the room, and there was nothing left to do but to continue my broken slumber and leave my sermon in the hands of a merciful Providence. Sunday morning dawned, holy Mass was said and,—the sermon was preached.



Chippewa Indians of Present Day

little round holes, that serve as windows. A mattress lying on the floor is the only furniture. Fr. Casimir thinks he can readily dispense with chairs and table and dresser and the like, especially since there is absolutely no room for more.

Well, to continue with my narrative. After completing my round of mercy to the homes of the sick and dying, I hid me to my belfry home to study my sermon for the morrow, being now booked to preach it at Ashland instead of at Bayfield. Groping my way up the ladder, I switched on the electric light by placing a small lighted candle on the window sill, and then sat down on the mattress to study. The birds, disturbed in their early slumbers, twittered uneasily for a while and then hid their drooping heads under their wings and sped off to dreamland. Completely worn out as I was, I envied their care-free life and

With what success, I am unable to say, but at least I managed to get through.

These first months at Bayfield and vicinity were days of undiluted happiness for me, and I shall always recall them with the keenest pleasure. It was, so to say, the honey-moon of my missionary life, and the little ups and downs that occurred now and then only added to my stock of practical experience and prepared me for trials and troubles yet to come. The little community at Bayfield was one heart and one soul, and good Brother Juniper, now gone to his reward, was the light and sunshine of the house with his constant smile, his charitable heart—a magnet that drew all hearts to him. The little church, beautiful in its simplicity and neatness, was, indeed, a veritable house of God, where one delighted to kneel and pray to the Master who lived in the quiet tabernacle and who blessed so bountifully the

labors of his apostles among the redskins. The historic mission church at La Pointe seemed to harbor still the saintly presence of Bishop Baraga, and all that it contained seemed hallowed by him who was once the faithful shepherd of this flourishing mission. Yes, even the belfry convent, with its rigid poverty and merry songsters was a spot dear to the missionary, to which he gladly repaired when foot-sore and exhausted he returned from his visits to the scattered sheep of his flock.

Two happy months had flitted by, and I was growing accustomed to my new home and labors, when one afternoon, as we were gathered together for a friendly chat in the cosy dining room at Bayfield, Fr. Casimir, the superior, suddenly became quite solemn and announced that he had just received a letter from our Very Rev. Fr. Provincial with instructions to send one of us to Superior, Wisconsin, to take charge of the St. Francis Xavier parish in that city. This parish had been in charge of secular priests, and the present incumbent was Rev. Father Verwyst. He had resigned his position in order to enter the Franciscan novitiate at Teutopolis, Illinois, and the parish was to be turned over to our Fathers. We all began to guess who had been chosen to succeed Father Verwyst, but as all failed to guess the right one, Fr. Casimir announced the choice: "Fr. Odoric, you have to go." The announcement fell like a thunderbolt, especially on poor me, who had no thought that I should be chosen for the post. The call of holy obedience, however, settled all my doubts and worries, and I prepared at once to depart for my new home. I left Bayfield on September 28, on the steamer Manistee, a large ship plying between Hancock and Superior, and was greatly enjoying the trip on the dancing waves of Lake Superior when the Captain came to demand my fare. It was then I made the unpleasant discovery that my purse did not contain sufficient money to pay my way, as I had counted on traveling

at half-fare, as did the other Fathers. "Can't I travel at clergymen's rates?" I inquired. "Indeed you may, but you must show me your credentials," replied the Captain. "Credentials!" I gasped. "Yes, credentials," repeated the Captain. "I have none." "Not even a half-fare permit?" he asked. "Not even that," I answered, quite crestfallen. I was beginning to feel that my fate was to be that of the Prophet Jonas, when a kind-hearted woman, from the Green Isle, happened to pass by and learned of my predicament. She was the cook on the steamer and hence much respected by all. "I'm a Catholic," she said, "and I shall see to it that you land safe in Superior." And she kept her word. I am sorry to relate that the good steamer was later on wrecked during a fierce gale and sunk with all on board. When I heard of the tragedy, I remembered my kind benefactress and sent a fervent *Requiem aeternam* heavenwards in her behalf, trusting that a merciful Providence had landed her safely on the bright shore of eternity for her generous charity to a poor Franciscan missionary.

I arrived at Superior on September 29, and received a hearty welcome from good Father Verwyst. A new rectory had been built in true Franciscan simplicity, and it was here that I spent four happy years in the service of the Master. The very day after my arrival, I began again in earnest the study of my Chippewa grammar, convinced that, unless I knew the language of the natives, I could not hope for much success among them. Father Verwyst, who was an expert linguist and well versed in the Indian tongue, proved to be a most efficient teacher and I made rapid strides under his able and patient guidance. He was always ready to reward with kindly words of praise any special success I achieved, and I experienced again the joy of a child in being able to form in Chippewa such simple sentences as "The cat had a rat," "The house is big." Thus I really grew to love the beautiful, sonorous, and flowery language of the Chippewas, and the forebodings that had alarmed me during my first days at Bayfield, now turned out to be mere phantasms of a youthful and fearful mind. *Post nubila Phoebus*, say the Latins, and the truth of this saying was convincingly evidenced in my tussle with the Chippewa grammar. Oh, how foolish we mortals are to worry about the bridges we must cross and the mountains we must climb, long before we come to them! We worry about the future, unmindful of the words of our Blessed Savior: "Be not therefore solicitous for tomorrow; for the morrow will be solicitous for itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Let us therefore be solicitous for the present and leave the future to the disposition of Providence. Put all your confidence in the Lord, he will provide.

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# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XV

*The Night Before the Attack—Heroism of Fr. Commissary Martinez—Probable Author of the "Itinerario"—The Spaniards Gain the Summit—Holy Mass and Communion in the Cave of Acoma—Address of the Fr. Commissary—The Three Days' Battle—Victory of the Spaniards—Loss of Indians and Spaniards—Return to San Juan—Oñate's Shrewd Petition—Fr. Martinez and the Poet-Historian, Villagra, Retire from New Mexico.*

"THERE were two points," says Bancroft, "at which the ascent (to the Rock of Acoma) could be effected; and the summit plateau was divided by a ravine into two parts connected by a narrow pass. Zaldivar's strategy was to assault one of the peñoles (rocky heights) with his main force, while a small and chosen party should hold themselves in readiness to scale the other. The night was spent in revelry by the natives."<sup>1</sup>

Not so was the night passed by the Spaniards, who fully realized the desperate nature of their task. It was evident that, without aid from on High, they would more likely perish in the attempt on the sky-city than conquer. However, they had but to consider the safety of the main body in the camp at San Juan. None of them flinched, and all were greatly encouraged by the presence among them of the Very Rev. Fr. Commissary himself, Fr. Alonzo Martinez, who ran the same risk as the soldiers, or might well expect an even worse fate; for if the savages were victorious, it was certain that the Indian sorcerers would wreak their diabolical hatred upon him as their chief rival and enemy.

Instead of feasting, therefore, Commander Vicente de Zaldivar, the nine officers, and sixty soldiers prepared themselves for the death struggle like good Christians by receiving the Sacraments at the hands of the Fr. Commissary. No ancient or modern author mentions the incident save the young soldier poet Villagrà and the unknown writer of the *Itinerario*. Whilst Villagrà names him, and very minutely describes the noble conduct of Fr. Martinez, the *Itinerario* merely remarks that the soldiers made their Confession. This wilful suppression of an important incident would at last seem to point to the authorship of the *Itinerario*. It appears certain that the author was a friar in the company of Oñate on his way from Mexico to San Juan de los Caballeros, and then an eyewitness of the scenes at Acoma, where his narrative closes. Now, for a friar to omit from his historical account the heroic conduct of another friar, and that friar his superior and the head of the Church in the country, can mean only one of

two alternatives: either the author was strictly forbidden by Fr. Martinez to reveal his share in the capture of Acoma, or Fr. Martinez himself was the author of the *Itinerario*. It is not probable that another friar on his return to Mexico would have remained silent about the matter. One higher in authority would doubtless have cancelled the obligation. Hence, it would seem that Fr. Martinez actually wrote the *Itinerario*, which would also account for its brevity in relating the occurrences of the whole Oñate expedition. We can well understand why a modest religious should suppress his own share in such a notable and heroic transaction. Yet because the enemies of the Church of God persistently belittle the good which Catholic religious have done for mankind in the past and continue to perform at great hardship to themselves in all parts of the world, we must, from a historical point of view deprecate Fr. Martinez's suppression of a fact that rounded to the honor of his brethren as well as of himself; for it may be taken as a matter of course that any of the friars under his jurisdiction would have proved equally heroic. Fortunately for historical truth, Villagra is so much the more explicit. Wherefore, we can dispense with the report which the Fr. Commissary should have chronicled in detail.

The *Itinerario* tells us that on "January 22, (1599), Friday, the day of St. Vincent Martyr, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all having confessed and made their peace with God, the Spaniards made the first, a feigned, attack on one side; and whilst the Acomites hastened thither, other Spaniards ascended the rock on the opposite side and with a brave effort gained the first little knoll, and other rocky projections and cliffs, until they had put themselves face to face with the enemy. They held the place that day and the following night with watchful care."<sup>2</sup>

Villagra relates that, on January 22, Zaldivar with twelve select soldiers, Captain Villagra included, with great difficulty ascended the Rock of Acoma on one side, reached the summit and made the first attack about noon. Later in the afternoon they were reinforced by an-

<sup>1</sup> *Arizona and New Mexico*, 143-144.

<sup>2</sup> *Itinerario*, p. 270; Villagrà, *Canto 29*, folios 149-154.

other band of soldiers. Meanwhile the main body (save about ten men who remained with the horses below), dragging a small cannon along climbed the dizzy height on the opposite side unobserved, until they reached a cave near the top. Here at the break of day on the 23rd, the same on which the Fr. Commissary celebrated the feast of his patron saint. San Ildefonso (Alonzo), as Villagra takes care to note, Fr. Martinez offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It was the first time that the holy Mysteries were celebrated on the lofty peñol of Acoma.<sup>3</sup>

During this holy Mass, all the Spaniards received Holy Communion; doubtless many supposed it was their Viaticum. At the close of the last Gospel, the Fr. Commissary turned to the little band of heroes and addressed them as follows: "Brave Caballeros of Christ and defenders of our holy Law, I need not commend to you Mother Church; for, like noble sons of hers, you have always taken pride in serving and respecting her. But for the love of Christ Jesus, and for the sake of His Sacred Blood, I beg and beseech you, that as much as possible you check yourselves in spilling blood while using the keen edge of the sword, although the enemy spilled blood wantonly; for such is the characteristic valor of the Castilians that it conquers without the blood and death of those it attacks, etc. Since you bear God in your hearts, may He bless you all and help you to succeed by His mighty power. In His Name I too bless you all."<sup>4</sup>

"After we had received the benediction from the pious Father," Villagra writes, "we at once proceeded to go up."<sup>5</sup>

"Then began one of the most fearful hand-to-hand struggles in all American history," writes Lummis following Villagra's description. Outnumbered nearly ten to one,<sup>6</sup> lost in a howling mob of savages who fought with the frenzy of despair, gashed with raw-edged knives, dazed with crushing clubs, pierced with bristling arrows, spent and faint and bleeding. Zaldivar and his hero-handful fought their way inch by inch, step by step, clubbing their heavy guns, hewing with their short swords, parrying deadly blows, pulling the barbed arrows from their quivering flesh. On, on, on they pressed, shouting the gallant war-cry of Santiago, driving the stubborn foe before them by still more stubborn valor, until at last the Indians, fully convinced that these were no human foes, fled to the refuge of their fort-

like houses, and there was room for the reeling Spaniards to draw breath. Then thrice again the summons to surrender was duly read before the strange tenements, each nearly a thousand feet long, and looking like a flight of gigantic steps carved from the rock. Zaldivar even now wished to spare unnecessary bloodshed, and demanded only that the assassins of his brother and countrymen should be given up for punishment. All others who should surrender and become subjects of the king should be well treated. But the dogged Indians, like wounded wolves in their den, stuck in their barricaded houses, and refused all terms of peace.

"The rock was captured, but the town remained. A pueblo is a fortress in itself; and now Zaldivar had to storm Acoma house by house, room by room. The little *pedrero* (cannon) was dragged in the front of the first row of houses, and soon began to deliver its slow fire. As the adobe walls crumbled under the steady battering of the stone cannonballs, they only formed great barricades of clay, which even our modern artillery would not pierce; and each had to be carried separately at the point of the sword. Some of the fallen houses caught fire from their own fireplaces; and soon a stifling smoke hung over the town, from which issued the shrieks of women and babes and the defiant yells of the warriors. The humane Zaldivar made an effort to save the women and children, at great risk of self; but numbers perished beneath the falling walls of their own houses.

"This fearful storming lasted until (Sunday) noon of January 24. Now and then bands of warriors made sorties, and tried to cut their way through the Spanish line. Many sprang in desperation over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces at its foot; and two Indians who made that incredible leap survived it as miraculously as had the four Spaniards in the earlier massacre, and made their escape.

"At last, at noon of the third day, the old men came forth to sue for mercy, which was at once granted. The moment they surrendered, their rebellion was forgotten and their treachery forgiven. There was no need of further punishment. The ringleaders in the murder of Zaldivar's brother were all dead, and so were nearly all the Navajo allies. It was the most bloody struggle New Mexico ever saw. In the three days' fight the Indians lost five hundred slain and many wounded; and of the sur-

<sup>3</sup> "Diciendo Misa el Padre Fray Alonso—La Fiesta de su nombre celebraba." Villagr , *Canto 30*, fol. 156.

<sup>4</sup> "Y habiendonos   todos comulgado—Del Altar se volvio, y asi nos dixo:—Vavalleros de Christo valerosos, etc." Villagra, *Canto 30*, fol. 156.

<sup>5</sup> Villagr , *ibidem*.

<sup>6</sup> "Y habia de diez enemigos arriba para cada Espa ol." *Itinerario*, p. 271, which also relates that the savages claimed to have seen a man with a white beard, either St. James or St. Paul, aiding the Spaniards. "So vio por los dichos Indios el Sr. Santiago o el St. Sant Pablo."

<sup>7</sup> "One tres dias en peso los soldados—No comieron, durmieron, ni bebierson." Villagr , *Canto 31*, fol. 162.

viving<sup>8</sup> Spaniards not one but bore to his grave many a ghastly scar as mementos of Acoma. The town was so nearly destroyed that it had all to be rebuilt; and the infinite labor with which the patient people had brought up that cliff on their backs all the stones and timber and clay to build a many-storied town for nearly a thousand souls was all to be repeated. Their crops, too, and all other supplies, stored in dark little rooms of the terraced houses, had been destroyed, and they were in sore want. Truly a bitter punishment had been sent them by "those above"<sup>9</sup> for their treachery to Juan de Zaldivar.

"When his men had sufficiently recovered (they had not eaten, or drunk, or slept during the three days' struggle) from their wounds, Vicente de Zaldivar, the leader of probably the most wonderful capture in history, marched victoriously back to San Gabriel de los Españoles,<sup>10</sup> taking with him eighty young Acoma girls, whom he sent to be educated by the nuns in Old Mexico. What a shout must have gone up from the gray walls of the little colony when its anxious watchers saw at last the wan and unexpected tatters of its little army pricking slowly homeward across the snows on jaded steeds!

"The rest of the Pueblos, who had been lying demure as cats, with claws sheathed, but every lithe muscle ready to spring, were fairly paralyzed with awe. They had looked to see the Spaniards defeated, if not crushed, at Acoma; and then a swift rising of all the tribes would have made short work of the remaining invaders. But now the impossible had happened! Ahko, the proud sky-city of the Queres, had fallen before the pale strangers! Its brave warriors had come to naught, its strong houses were a chaos of smoking ruins, its wealth was gone, its people nearly wiped from the earth! What use to struggle against "such men of power,"—these strange wizards who must be precious to "those above," else they never could have such superhuman prowess? The strung sinews relaxed, and the great cat began to purr as though she had never dreamt of mousing. There was no more thought of a rebellion against the Spaniards; and the Indians even went out of their way to court the favor of these awesome strangers. Thenceforth Governor Oñate had no more trouble with the Pueblos."

<sup>8</sup> The loss of the Spaniards was very small, which makes the victory all the more wonderful. Though all were wounded, only one man was killed, and he through a misstep fell from the cliff. "Sucedio la desgracia de Lorenzo Salado, por descuido de ascencio." *Itinerario*, p. 271.

<sup>9</sup> Indian gods were so termed.

<sup>10</sup> Should be *San Juan de los Caballeros*, where the camp of Oñate was at this date, as Villagrà plainly states. See December issue.

<sup>11</sup> Lummi, *Spanish Pioneers*, 135-141; Villagrà, *Cantos 29-34; Itinerario*, pp. 270-272; Bancroft, 144-145; Read, 228-232.

<sup>12</sup> No mines as yet existed, but mine prospects had been discovered.

<sup>13</sup> Oñate knew he had to appeal to the cupidity of the government; hence the salvation of numerous souls is not given as a motive. This hardly ever testations to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Of definite events for the rest of 1599 we have no record at all. With the fall of Acoma all the regular chronological records end, including the *Itinerario* and Villagra's epic. The poet promised his sovereign to continue the narration of New World adventures when the duties of his lance should give leisure to his pen; but so far as I know the opportunity never came. Indeed, the history of this province, from the fall of Acoma in 1599 to the great revolt of 1680, can never be made complete for lack of data. The home archives were destroyed in the revolt, and we must depend on such fragments as found their way out into the world before that outbreak."<sup>11</sup>

On March 2, 1599, from his camp near San Juan de los Caballeros, Juan de Oñate wrote an account to Viceroy Monterey of all that had occurred and had been accomplished thus far. He pictured the country and the outlook rather brightly, begged that all possible aid be sent him, and that his troops receive a reinforcement of five hundred men, especially married men, "who are the solid rock on which new republics are permanently founded . . . ." "And in order," Oñate writes, "that you, Illustrious Sir, may be inclined to render them to me, I beg that you take note of the great increase which the royal crown and the rents of his Majesty have and will have in this land, with so many and such a variety of things, each one of which promises very great treasures, I shall only note these four:—First, the great wealth which the mines have begun to reveal and the great number of them in this land,<sup>12</sup> whence proceed the royal fifths and profits. Second, the certainty of the proximity of the South Sea (Pacific Ocean) . . . Third, the increase of subjects and tributes, which will increase not only the rents, but his renown and dominion . . . Fourth, the wealth of abundant salt mines and of the mountains of brimstone . . . I will not mention the founding of so many republics, the many offices, their quittances, vacancies, provisions, etc., the wealth of the wool of the hides of buffalo, and many other things, or, judging from the general nature of the land, the certainty of wines and oils." Oñate also asked for "six small cannon and some powder."<sup>13</sup>

"To make this request of you, Illustrious Sir," Oñate continues, and thus incidentally reports what became of Fr. Commissary Mar-

(Continued on page 87)



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

OUR little story, "A Matchmaking Mother," in a recent issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD has resulted in an aftermath of communications from our readers, on that very important question, mixed marriages.

It should not, of course, be a question with us, in view of the age-long attitude of the Church against such unions; nor to non-Catholics themselves who are sincere in their religious belief; nor, indeed, to any one, Catholic or non-Catholic, who is a thinking person. Love can endure much where there is oneness, harmony of soul as well as of mind; and this is not possible between a sincere Catholic and a sincere non-Catholic. On the most important

religious convictions as she is in hers. So it resolves itself, for our correspondent, into the question of giving up the practice of her religion, cutting herself off from the faith of her ancestors, many of whom, for she bears a Celtic name, sealed their devotion to that faith with their blood—doing this or giving up the man she loves.

When the matter reaches that point, no Catholic worthy the name,—indeed, no upright person, need ask what he or she must do. When the choice is between right and wrong, loyalty and disloyalty, faith and unfaith, there can not be even hesitation. Though we slay our own hearts, though we lose all that we



The Child Jesus Preaching in the Temple

matter of life they are irreconcilably divided: hence, thoughtful non-Catholics take the same attitude with the Church on the question of mixed marriages.

But in spite of all this mixed marriages are of common occurrence. The bridal party issuing from the rectory door, announces it,—so do distinctly Catholic names on the divorce records. The grace of the great Sacrament has not poured upon that union in its plentitude—and unless God build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

From the letters which our story elicited, we select two. The first is from a girl in Manchester, New Hampshire, who writes that she is deeply in love with a Protestant man. He returns her love, but is evidently as firm in his

prize most on earth, though we face a living death, we can not consider any other than the way of conscience; nor choosing it, must we so much as look back. And there are thousands around us who have made this choice, abided by it, and, at some unexpected turn of the road found, even here, their reward exceedingly great.

We do not think this Irish Catholic girl intended to ask what she should do, since she says she will not give up her creed, but rather how she can endure life separated from the man she loves. Let me tell you of a case of my own acquaintance. The girl decided to take a chance with the world hereafter, for the world here, with love. But love must reverence, and who can reverence that weakling,



who denies conscience? Soon the love of the husband became toleration, then tyranny as mean and despicable as I have ever seen. The first son was not baptized, and is to-day a frank young pagan. The second son, the Catholic aunt carried by stealth to the church; but that began and ended his religious life, and he is following his brother. The girl the father allowed to be baptized and to attend a Catholic school, but it is needless to say that her religion is of an inferior quality.

Happiness is never known in that family, for the parents are now as far apart as the antipodes. Trouble of all kinds seems to gravitate to them. They who started with a fair prospect of material success, have looked absolute poverty in the face, and at no time have been without fear of the future. And the woman, who should be in her prime, happy in her home, her husband and her children, is an old woman, an unhappy, desolate woman.

Do you think, dear girl, that gray, lonely life you see stretching out before you, is as merciful as this? I tell you it is a happy way compared with the way of this woman I know; for you go with God, and you carry with you the love and reverence of the man you love.

Let me tell you of another case, likewise known to me. The Protestant lover was of that type of man who holds that love is "woman's whole existence." The object of this girl's heart being himself, he took it for granted that it was a case of "Whistle and I'll be with you, lad." That she might balk at a thing so intangible as the spiritual, never once entered his mind; so he received something of a jolt when she told him that their difference of religion would prevent their marriage. After he recovered from his surprise, he resumed his indifferent attitude, feeling certain that she was playing a rôle, and that she would soon call him back. But as time passed and she went her chosen way apparently without regret, he woke up. That she did love him he knew, and the girl, strong enough to put her belief above her affection, became the one girl for him—while that belief grew equally attractive. He knew that only she could be his wife, and he was man enough to try to make himself worthy of her. He was a Catholic for a year before she knew of his conversion. They are now one of the model young couples of the old parish.

One parting word for you and other girls in a like situation, who may read these pages. What appears a tragedy when we are young, becomes an episode as we pass further on into life and meet its larger issues. That sorrow that now seems unbearable will be outlived and, in the greater love that awaits you further on, will be forgotten; while ever in the memory of this first lover you will linger as one woman to whom to do right was of paramount consideration.

### The Great Problem of the Rural Catholic

As it will be recalled, our story dealt with the problem of the Catholic parents rearing children in a rural Protestant community, and related how the mother met it by bringing Catholic girls to visit her—thereby giving her sons an opportunity to chose Catholic wives. Here is how another mother suggests that the situation may be met:

DEAR MISS STRONG:—I am sending you my idea as to how the Catholic parents situated in an entirely Protestant neighborhood may hope for a solution of the problem of preserving the faith among their descendants. I am giving my idea from real experience as I was a farmer's daughter living under the same circumstances and my heart goes out to the girl or boy thus situated. We are all placed in this world where we can do the most, and what better can we do than act as missionaries for those outside the fold. If it is our vocation to enter the married state, we could choose a man or girl that is courteous and mannerly, begin a friendship, letting religion be the topic whenever occasion permits. Above all let the parents never neglect family prayers and grace at the table whenever such company is present. Then the Protestant party will see they are not ashamed of their religion, will learn to admire it and soon will be asking questions. It is necessary for the Catholic party to be well instructed in his or her religion, to be able at all times to answer intelligently. The Catholic party should by no means consent to a marriage unless the Protestant party first receives instruction and becomes a Catholic. Now the Catholic party has assumed a great responsibility and by prayer, sacrifice, great love and self-denial must lead the partner on. Thus both will be strengthened in their faith.—MRS. WM. RIECK, Unionville, O.

That some mixed marriages did not endanger the faith of the Catholic party and the children, even when the non-Catholic party was not converted is true. That some marriages, such as our correspondent's, have turned out better than the marriages of some Catholics, is indisputable. But the exception only goes to prove the rule, and the duty devolves on parents to surround their children with Catholic companions, so that when the time approaches for them to think of marriage, they may not have to look beyond their own circle.

This, of course, is difficult in rural localities, and consequently it is in the country we find the greatest leakage. Our correspondent plainly had staunch, well instructed, and prudent parents; their children may further have had the advantage of Sunday school and regular Sunday service, which aided her and her brother to master a situation that confronts so large a proportion of the Catholic young people of country districts, and many of whom have been denied these religious advantages.

Yet it is the country people who are the great arteries of the nation; it is on them we depend largely; to them we look when some great question is to be decided, some great

issue met. And it seems one of the sorrowful things, that the Catholic element of our rural population must die out; either by conscience preventing a mixed marriage, or the offspring of mixed marriages losing the faith.

As our correspondent indirectly shows, this Catholic element is the leaven that might leaven the whole. It is a perpetual non-Catholic mission, that little family group living up to the teachings of their Church. How often when bigotry was running rampant, and publications were flooding the country with their foul lies against the Church, have not the non-Catholic neighbors of such a family risen up as a man and supported a measure or a candidate, in which, or in whom, they had no special interest, simply to show they repudiated the slanders against the faith their Catholic neighbor held! They had found him everything a man should be, and their reason told them if the Church were the monster its enemies proclaimed it, he could not belong to it. All their knowledge of the Church they had gleaned from the life of that one man, and they found that was good. We repeat, it is a sorrowful thing that this little leaven which could leaven the whole, must stand in such grave danger of being lost.

### WHEN FEBRUARY COMES

February brings the thaws, likewise the seed catalogs; and if you are a flower lover you will quite agree with me that the long winter has nothing more agreeable than those hours before the fire—that is, of course, largely a figure of speech, for we have banished the fire as a companion and made it entirely a slave—and study the publications sent out by the enterprising seed merchants. Ah, me! If our flowers ever fulfilled our February dreams of them

This earth had been the Paradise  
It never looked to human eyes  
Since Adam left his garden yet.

Still it is well to dream dreams, for out of their shadowy fabric everything worth while is woven. It is especially well to dream in February and plan for our flowers, sweetly called the afterthought of God. Did you ever try to picture what earth would be without flowers? Would anything compensate you for the memory of your mother's flowers, whether they were a few plants blooming bravely in a city window, or a garden rioting in fragrance and beauty?

I once ask a man who had met more than his share of adversity, how it happened that he maintained his youthful hope and fresh outlook on life. "I think," he said, "a big factor in helping me was the memory of the morning-glories my mother grew so lavishly about our

old home. No matter how fierce had been the heat, how wild the wind of the day before, the next morning always found them opening their dewy eyes on the new day. I have learned by experience that the morning-glory's attitude toward life is the wise one."

I knew an old beloved woman who always wore a smile. "There was always a pan of portulacca on the doorstep of our little home, where we children used to play. We thought the blossoms of crimson and magenta and white beautiful, and our mother would say that the flowers were smiling at us and that was why we thought them so lovely." Thus she explained how it happened that she had met life with a smile and had won.

The flowers received their own gospel from the Father, and they go on silently preaching it, and only He who commissioned them knows how effectively. Now these little preachers of the gospel of beauty and fidelity fairly plead with us to give them a tiny spot for their pulpit. Is there any reason why there should be so many bare places around a home when a ten-cent package of flowerseed and a little while with the hoe and rake will transform them into places of beauty instead? Is there any reason why the eye must be offended by an unsightly object when a root of Virginia Creeper from the woods will hide its ugliness under a veil of green? Is there any reason why children should be deprived of one of the sweetest of memories when a little time and money will procure it for them?

It is true the busy mother has not much leisure, but if each year she would start a bed of perennials, soon would her home be a veritable bower. A little attention in the fall in the way of a new layer of mulch, and in the spring in the stirring of the soil and thinning out the plants, and the perennial bed increases each year in beauty. And from the time of the daffodils "That come before the swallows dare and take the winds of March with beauty," until the frosts of late November kill the yellow chrysanthemums, you may have the perennials scattering their beauty around your home.

The love of the beautiful which the flowers inspire is a heritage for the children, which they can never lose, and entwined with that is the memory of the mother who secured it for them. To have the love of the beautiful instilled into our hearts in childhood is a great gain, for it gives its own grace to character. Two may be far apart in the world's eyes, but the love of the beautiful draws them to one level. And God who is the All-Beautiful, has left the imprint of His beauty on the face of nature, and in nothing does it show more tender and alluring than in the flowers He has scattered so lavishly on earth.

## HOW THEY WOULD SOLVE THE PROBLEM

In the November issue of the *HERALD* a correspondent asked how she could train her children in manners, especially table manners, without causing them to call into question the lack of manners in their father who, a self-made man, had not had the advantage of proper training in his youth; and we asked our readers to write us what they would do in a like case. Among the answers are the following:

DEAR MISS STRONG:—May I offer the following in response to question: "What would you do in a like case?" in the November *HERALD*?

While it might be painful for the wife it seems to me it would be better for her to take the matter up with the husband. A man such as he must be, would want to improve himself in every way, not only financially. He must desire also that his children shall have none of his handicaps in life. Moreover, the time will come when the children will view their father's ignorance of social usages in another way than one to be imitated. They may even feel themselves humiliated by it. Instead of reverencing and honoring their father, they may become ashamed of him. Such things have happened. It strikes me that I should rather be taught by my wife than by my children—rather see her smile of approval at my clumsy attempt to manage a fork than their blush of shame at my easy use of a knife.—A. L., Louisville, Ky.

DEAR MISS STRONG:—Perhaps I may help a little in solving the perplexing problem of the mother and her ill-mannered children. Her trouble would soon disappear if she would speak to her husband privately about the children's table-manners and ask him to admonish them. Then he would begin to realize his own defects and strive to correct them.—MRS. W. RIECK, Unionville, O.

DEAR MISS STRONG:—It seems to be a case of "as the father so the son," however, let the mother continue to set an example to her whole household by her good manners at the table, and there is no doubt in my mind but what the children and also the father will eventually copy from her. I would also suggest buying the child a nice looking fork so that he would use it in preference to the knife. Again, a little party at the home with other children present would do a great deal towards cultivating good manners at the table. A word of warning in private to the children beforehand would put them on their guard to do what the other children do.—J. M. J., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR MISS STRONG:—In answer to the question on the Home Page, I suggest that the wife teach the husband first, and the children will teach themselves.—M. O. C., Oak Forest, Ill.

## HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT IT?

One of our correspondents writes:

I read an article not long since in the *HERALD* on books and heartily approved of the suggestion that convent graduates should give aid to their parish libraries. I am a convent girl. My home is in a small town, where there are a few Catholic families, and a number of Catholic families in the adjoining country. Ours is a mission congregation, the pastor coming for early and late Mass on each alternate Sunday. I believe a parish library would be a means of improvement as well as of fostering the Catholic spirit. May I ask your advice as to how I should go about starting it?—Alabama Girl.

We are going to submit the query of Alabama Girl to our readers. Write us how you would go about it, what books you would start with, how you would rouse interest in the venture. The best letters will be published in the *March HERALD*.

## FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 83)

tinez, "I am sending the best qualified persons whom I have in my camp . . . Father Alonso Martinez, Commissary Apostolic of these provinces of New Mexico, is the most meritorious person with whom I have had any dealings, and of the kind needed by such great dominions for their spiritual government. Concerning this I am writing to his Majesty, and I shall be greatly favored if your Lordship will do the same. I believe your Lordship is under loving obligation to do this, both because the said Fr. Commissary is your client, and because of the authority of his person and of the merits of his worthy life, of which I am sending to his Majesty a special report, which your Lordship will see if you desire. In his company goes my cousin, Fr. Cristobal de Salazar, concerning whom testimony can be given by his prelate;

for, in order not to appear an interested witness in my own cause, I refrain from saying what I could say with much reason and truth. For all spiritual matters I refer you to said Fathers. I say but little to your Lordship as to your crediting them as priests of my Father Saint Francis.<sup>14</sup> With such as these may your Lordship swell these, your dominions, for there is plenty for them to do. For the temporal matters go such honorable persons as Captain and Procurator-General Gaspar Pérez de Villagra,<sup>15</sup> captain of the guard, Marcos Farfan de los Godos, and Captain Juan Pineró."<sup>16</sup> Fr. Cristobal Salazar did not reach Mexico with Fr. Martinez and Brother Pedro Végara. He fell sick on the way, and died. The body was interred under a tree, as Fr. Vetancurt relates without specifying the place.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>14</sup> It would seem from this that Gov. Oñate was a Tertiary of St. Francis.

<sup>15</sup> Villagra, like Fr. Commissary Martinez, now disappears from New Mexican history.

<sup>16</sup> Bolton, *Spanish Exploration*, 219-222; Read, 234; Bancroft, 147.

<sup>17</sup> Vetancurt, *Teatro Mexicano*, p. 95, No. 20; Torquemada, tom. i, p. 673.



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by ELIZABETH ROSE

### TWO BELLS

THE great bell rang from the high church steeple—

Deep and clear and strong was its note,  
And flowing forth from its mellow throat.  
Echo on echo made holy the air:

For its solemn call was to summon the people  
To the House of God for praise and prayer.

The little bell rang at the altar: and when,  
Soft and sweet, spake its silver tongue,  
The gates of Heaven were open flung,  
And God came down to His world again.

So the old lesson anew is taught—  
Great and small are our good deeds wrought.  
The great good deed is to earth best known;  
The little one leads us more close to God's throne.

### A LOST STATE

CLASS in American History: How many states were there at the time the United States adopted the Constitution, in 1788?—Thirteen.—What about the fourteenth?—There wasn't any fourteenth.—Yes, there was. It's name was Frankland; it was born in 1784, lived to be four years old, and died just as the other States were getting together under one set of laws. Here is its story:

Before the Declaration of Independence, North Carolina, one of the original colonies, as you know, covered a much larger territory than now. In fact, what is at present the state of Tennessee was then a wild, little known part of North Carolina. About 1768, eight years before the United States became a country, a body of settlers from Carolina, then under the rule of Tryon, the English governor, whom they did not like at all, came to the Watauga River. There they determined to stay, and as time rolled on their number became much larger, by reason of other colonists joining them. Finally, the little settlement began to feel as if it was somebody and to lift its head up. As it was far away from the rest of the inhabitants of North Carolina, it thought the best thing to do was to make a state of itself—which it did, nobody making any objection at the time. So a set of laws was drawn up, John Sevier elected governor, and the name *Frankland* chosen. For four years everything went well. Then North Carolina suddenly took a hand, declared the young state to be her property, as it was on her

grounds, and demanded it back. Some of the Franklanders thought she was in her rights and declared they would help her get them. Of course you know what *that* meant—a fight. Only one, though. Sevier and his party were beaten by the other side, headed by a Colonel Tipton, carried off as prisoners, and there was an end to poor Frankland! Having gained her point, the bigger state could afford to be generous; so she set them all free again and even made Sevier, the governor who had lost his job, one of her senators. The year after, 1789, she sold a great part of the territory to the Government, and a new state, Tennessee, was formed of it, with Frankland as its eastern part. So you see this time it was 14 that was the unlucky number, not 13, as superstitious people want us to believe. Poor baby state! It is dead now and forgotten. Its sad story puts one in mind of the inscription on the tomb of a real baby that died as soon as it was born—

If I was so soon done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for!

### ELIZABETH THE PEACEMAKER

IT was Elizabeth, the wife of Denis, King of Portugal in the 13th century, and niece of the "Dear Elizabeth" of Hungary, to whom this beautiful name was given. The times in which she lived were very restless and quarrelsome, and many of her relatives, kings and princes, were fighting around her on all sides. Her husband and son, even, went to war with each other. Imagine how she must have felt! But she never lost heart—she went from one to the other, pleading, begging, praying, till finally these rough men (in those days the royal people were often rougher than anybody else) would send word to one another: "Be sure not to let Elizabeth know we want to fight, or she will try to stop us!" And she did—she made peace so often, that after a while all Europe called her "Elizabeth the Peacemaker." When she was an old woman and a widow, she tried to leave her son's court to go live in a convent, away from the world for the rest of her life, but her people would not hear of it. They got around her and begged her so hard not to go away from them that she at last consented to stay at court, where her goodness and sweetness made them all feel as if she were really a mother to them. She was a member of the Third Order, and I think St. Francis must have been very proud of his

daughter. Her last act in this world was to make peace between her son and grandson, the kings of Portugal and Castile.

Her example is an easier one to imitate than we might at first think. To be sure, we couldn't make peace between kingdoms, as she did (it would be a good thing for the world if she were living now!) but many a quarrel, at home and in school, our Young Folks might help settle if they would use their small efforts in the same spirit in which she used her great ones. The real importance, you know, is not in the greatness or smallness of the act, but in its charity. And this is where we can imitate the sweet Saint Elizabeth, and share with her the reward of the Seventh Beatitude: "Blessed are the Peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

### THE NIGHT BEFORE

WHEN all the lights had been put out  
And folks had gone to bed,  
A little Elf crept softly forth  
From where the shadows spread.

Close by the Fireside sat he down,  
Cosy and snug and warm;  
He hadn't finished all his work,  
But thought a rest no harm.

"My, but I've had a busy day!"  
The little fellow sighed;  
"Tis not a joke, this carrying round  
George W.'s hatchets tried!

And for his cherries—I'm just sick  
Of seeing each red blob—  
I wish young G. had spared that tree,  
Or got some other job!

Could he have found no other plan,  
No other emblems handy?  
There's quite too much of them, indeed—  
Even when filled with candy.

Oh, that he'd fallen out that tree,  
Or eaten all its fruit!  
And if a thrashing then he got  
That I'd been there to do it!"

A picture of George Washington  
That hung upon the wall,  
Looked down on him and frowned, ill-pleased,  
For he had heard it all.

You miserable selfish Elf,  
Your only thought is of yourself!  
You cannot put upon the shelf  
GEORGE WASHINGTON—that's ME!

My hatchet or my cherry-tree!  
Just wait till I get off this wall,  
And you shall feel my hatchet fall,  
And eat my cherries—stones and all!"

Young Bobby in a panic woke—  
'Twas nothing but a dreamland joke!

### RED SNOW

DID any of our Young Folks ever go sliding or sleighing over red snow? It is not at all likely, yet possible; for snow of this color has been seen in different parts of the world, although very, very rarely. It has visited the south of Europe more, than once through the centuries, especially Italy; Austria and Switzerland and a bit of Bavaria have had a look at it, too. It has been seen on the great Mt. St. Bernard,—you all have heard of that, I know, with its magnificent life-saving dogs—although there is no record of their ever having dug out a half-frozen traveler from its masses. It might suffocate such an unfortunate, but hardly freeze him, because it isn't really snow after all. It is supposed to be a vegetable growth, like moss, although, caught up in the air sometimes by the action of storms, it descends again, as snow falls. It is a common sight in the Polar regions. One great explorer, Sir John Ross, saw eight miles of cliffs nearly covered with it. A magnificent sight they must have been, standing out on the grand sea of ice like a flaming fire. These cliffs of crimson could be seen ten miles off, he says.

The next time you start to say a thing is as "white, as snow," stop for an instant to think whether, perhaps, it may not be red instead!

### A HAWK "ACE"

AN amusing story of a hawk "ace" comes from the *New York Sun*, which proves that men aren't the only "Its" in the world, though they do lord it over the rest of creation. The people of Cataqua, a small town in Pennsylvania, turned out the other day to watch the performances of an aviator who flew over the place, doing some wonderful stunts. All of a sudden two big hawks put in their appearance in the sky, and made straight for the strange bird. They came close to the plane, flying around it for quite a while, apparently striving to solve the mystery of what it might be and of its queer movements. Then one of the birds evidently made up his mind to show off, too. He dived and spun about and swung himself to and fro in the air, as much as to say, "I can go you one better, my friend." And he did; for the people below forgot, as is the way of people generally, the first sensation for the last, giving all their attention to the feathered aviator instead of the human one. The latter gracefully yielded the palm to his competitor by withdrawing from the field and disappearing in the distance; whereupon the hawk "ace" immediately rejoined his companion, and both flew away followed by the cheers of the admiring spectators.

# Miscellaneous

## DANTE ALIGHIERI

By G. C. MACLIN, Tertiary

ARE Catholics doing their share in the growing movement which aims to extend the sphere of Dante's influence?

Clearly, it is decidedly easier to ask such a question than to make adequate reply. Unmistakably there is an enkindled fervor abroad, a quickened zeal in the study of the *Divine Comedy* as applicable to modern problems of spirituality, and if we Catholics are not concerning ourselves vitally in this growing interest in Dante and his universal message, if we are not assisting in disseminating his "sweetness and light" to every extent practicable, it must be confessed that we are indeed delinquent in availing ourselves of a veritable treasure-house laden with spiritual wealth.

The unstabilizing tendencies of the world war are obvious to most of us. It is manifest that with the world at large material interests have been accentuated by the awful struggle, so that humanity needs must find an incentive to deeper spiritual life, must wean itself away from those deleterious influences following this unprecedented social upheaval. We

Catholics are indeed blessed in having for guide the Church, which ever urges us on to what is true and holy; yet, though we are far removed by time and place from medieval Italy, every one of us will profit tremendously in a spiritual as well as a cultural way if we but study Dante and that very remarkable of centuries, the thirteenth.

You have doubtless heard Dante referred to as a precursor of Luther, as one who was

essentially anti-Catholic. This fallacy assuredly comes from the fact that the poet, in his *Inferno*, consigned to hell individual members of the clergy, and even the august persons of some of the popes themselves. To one unacquainted with the political and religious turmoil of Dante's day this may appear as convincing evidence that Dante was hostile to the Church, but as a matter of fact it proves nothing of the kind. The age

was one of almost unbelievable discord, both in political and religious matters, and there is no use in blinking one's eyes to the fact that corruption was rampant among individual members of both Church and State. It is puerile, however, to contend that the Church condoned this laxness, for, as Dante condemned the individuals in question, so did the Church herself condemn them.

In this connection let us read what has been written, not by a Catholic, but by James Russell Lowell, the eminent American poet and essayist, a Protestant:

It has been questioned whether he (Dante) was or

thodox or not. There can be no doubt of it as far as outward assent and conformity are concerned, which he would practice himself and enforce upon others as the first postulate of order, the prerequisite of all happiness in this life. In regard to the Visible Church he was a reformer, but no revolutionist; it is sheer ignorance to speak of him as if there were anything new or exceptional in his denunciation of the corruptions of the clergy. They were the commonplaces of the age, nor were they confined to laymen.



Dante (Ghiotto)

As one considers medieval Florence, one is struck by the remarkable array of celebrated names which it is her privilege to commemorate, Cimabue, Giovanni Pisano, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Giotto, Arnolfo, Fra Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, to name a few of them, and—ranking with the highest—Dante Alighieri. So widely known is Dante that, the broad world over, there is hardly an enlightened person who needs a definite label to identify a sculptured likeness of that sad but scholarly visage.

Dante Alighieri was one of the greatest scholars of his day. He had acquired, literally, the whole learning of his age, and his fund of knowledge, regarded in the light of any epoch of history, must be characterized as encyclopedic. So completely did he assimilate the learning and culture of his era that, viewed through the mists of the centuries, the poet is the outstanding figure, and the episodes of his day are mere adjuncts. "For Italy, Dante is the 13th century," and since his genius is quite bound up in the *Divine Comedy*, this literary achievement is the mirror which reflects for us the picturesque diversified events of Italian life in the period in which Dante lived.

The *Divine Comedy* has been likened to a glorious Gothic cathedral, "over whose high altar hangs the emblem of suffering, of the Divine made human, to teach us how the human might also make itself divine." And it is the spiritual message which is paramount, whether one is gazing at a perfect example of Gothic architecture, that material embodiment of the soul's soaring towards Heaven, or whether one is studying the lofty moral insight into human frailty and human aspiration as displayed by Dante in his pageant of the soul.

Dante calls his great work a Comedy because, though its inception is amidst somber, fearful surroundings, yet it progresses towards that which is beautiful, serene, divine. Beginning his journey, he finds himself in an obscure wood, typifying the world of sense, and his passage is disputed by three beasts representing the malignant sins of Pride, the Lusts of the Flesh, and Greed. Daunted, he is about to abandon his aspiration when he is taken in charge by Virgil, symbol of Reason. With him for guide, Dante passes through the horrors of hell, a region unimaginably foul, and the pictures are indeed unforgettable that the poet paints to remind us vividly of the appalling penalty of sin.

In the *Purgatorio* Dante and Virgil are met by Beatrice, emblematic of the Grace of God. It is this section of the *Divine Comedy* which finds such far-reaching favor among people of perception, setting forth as it does the purification of a soul before entrance into Paradise. With the increasing belief among

non-Catholics of an intermediate state, which we call Purgatory, this central section of the *Divine Comedy* has commanded a degree of interest hardly to be conjectured a few years ago, and with us Catholics to whom Purgatory is a hope and an avenue leading to ineffable bliss, Dante's exposition of the soul's regeneration should make a puissant appeal.

Eventually, in the *Paradiso*, Dante, conducted by Beatrice, comes face to face with God, the sight of whose presence fills the soul with unutterable delight. This is the climax in the soul's longing for what is pure and holy, and Dante's vision of that Place of Light is incomparably beautiful. The whole spiritual journey, from the depths of wickedness and sin to the heights of purity and bliss, is magnificent in its conception and inexpressibly significant.

In studying the *Divine Comedy* one must ever keep in mind the fact that Dante lived in an age when art and literature were permeated with allegory. So we find this great poem displaying a dual import throughout. The true meaning is hidden, like the spiritual aspects of Nature, and one must not therefore mistakenly conclude that, because what may be termed the material aspect of the story is evident, the study of the *Divine Comedy* is a light or ephemeral task. To him, however, who desires every possible beacon to light him on his way, the effort will be decidedly worth while, for this compelling drama is a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of spiritual incentive and satisfaction.

In making the acquaintance of Dante one should read, first, his *Vita Nuova*, which gives an intimate account of the quickening influence in the poet's youth and early manhood, and in whatsoever light one views it, whether as an actual record of events, or as mere symbolism, the document is singularly attractive and admirably serves as a record of Dante's growing spirituality, a spirituality reaching its fruition in his life work which was to follow.

One of the best modern translations of the *Divine Comedy* (as well as of the *Vita Nuova*) is that rendered into prose by Charles Elliott Norton, among the greatest of our Dante scholars. Of the metrical translations, Longfellow's without doubt, makes the widest appeal. Studying this work one can not do better than to have at hand Charles A. Dinsmore's "Aids to the Study of Dante," a volume eminently helpful in appreciating and understanding the message of Dante's poetry. He who is led further afield in his quest for information concerning the poet, will find an abundance of material, a truly golden harvest awaiting him.

Catholics can very profitably join in this revival of interest in Dante and the *Divine Comedy*. We need his spiritual interpretation of our every-day life. And, since Dante was a

Catholic poet, steeped in Catholic teaching and tradition, we should not allow our Protestant brethren to excel us in genuine appreciation of his vital message, which so completely concerns itself with eternal values. The influence of his message will be, beyond peradventure, something permanent in our lives; it will vivify our spiritual ideals and quicken our intellectual sympathies to an extent quite undreamed of, so that we shall echo, very sincerely, the sentiment contained in those opening lines of Michael Angelo's second sonnet to Dante:

No tongue can tell of him what should be told,  
For on blind eyes his splendor shines too strong.

### BOOK REVIEWS

**Collection of Sacred Songs, by William Thornton Parker, M. D.** All of these songs may be sung in unison by either two equal or four mixed voices. Some numbers are composed in a simple, homophone style. Each of the ten songs is very devout, and the music is well suited to the text. The collection consists of the following numbers:

1. *Why Should We Mourn?*—for unison or for four part chorus.
2. *Emmas*—for unison or for four-part chorus. There is a printing mistake in the seventh last measure; the two last notes of the bass in this measure must be connected by a line making two eight notes instead of four notes.
3. *Emmas*—another setting to the text of No. 2, for two equal voices or for unison.
4. *Per Crucem et Passionem Tuam*—for unison or for four-part chorus. Very devout and one of the best of the collection.
5. *Per Crucem et Passionem Tuam*—another setting to the text of No. 4. For unison or for two equal voices. Written in the style of lenten music.
6. *Angelus* (first tune)—for unison or for two equal voices. The simplest and, perhaps, the weakest number of the collection.
7. *Angelus* (second tune)—for unison chorus and for two equal voices. Contains an imitation of chimes.
8. *The Cross of Pardon*—for unison chorus. Musically, the best of the collection. The music is well suited to the text. It is the longest and also the most difficult of all numbers on account of the unusual intervals, and, at times, the unusual rhythm. The melody and the harmony are, in some places, quite elaborate.
9. *Regula Vitae Catholica*—for unison or for two equal voices.
10. *The Friend of Every Day*—for unison or for four-part chorus. A simple melodious number. This collection is not for sale, but the author, Dr. Parker, will send gratis copies to Catholic institutions.

**St. Bonaventure's Year Book, edited by the Duns Scotus Theological Society.** This is a handsome volume containing 176 pages of choice and solid reading matter. It is in every way worthy of its two predecessors, and in some respects even superior to them. To make a selection of what is best from a volume that contains so many good things, is not an easy task for the reviewer. Yet we should not like to appear unappreciative by maintaining a more or less discreet silence.

To begin with the beginning, therefore, we should say the verses, entitled "The Parable," contain a pretty sentiment. "The Bible in Irish" is quite a scholarly paper. "The Poetry of the Psalms" is perhaps the best contribution to the **Year Book**. "A Wish," verses from the same pen as the preceding article, proves the writer to be a better poetic critic than poet. "Life's Mysteries" is a successful attempt at verse-making. "The Philosophical Limitations of the Theory of Evolution" is an elaborate treatise, but it contains little that is new. "The Wandering Jew" is a fair poetic version of a German legend. The subject "Scholastic Notions of Sanctifying Grace" is treated lucidly and thoroughly. "Fr. Otto Skolla, O. F. M." offers nothing new. "Cor Jesu" is little more than a pious doggerel. "The Miraculous Crucifix" is a metrical legend in a very unusual measure. The paper on "Atheism" is rather disappointing. "The Litany of the Sacred Heart," on the contrary, is cleverly done. "Song of the Allegheny" is not without poetic value. "De Sensibus Sacrae Scripturae" is in every way a good contribution. "The Rise of the Universities" is a very creditable paper for a freshman. The editorials show little improvement over last year's attempts. Two fine features of the book are "Chimes from Alma Mater," an interesting chronicle of the scholastic year, and "Echoes from the Lord's Vineyard," or items of interest regarding priest alumni scattered through 68 dioceses of the United States.

Thus it will be seen that the table of contents shows a great variety of subjects, which, it must be admitted, are on the whole handled ably enough. The editors of *St. Bonaventure's Year Book* reflect great credit on their alma mater. We congratulate them on their success. —Price \$1.00.

## THE GOOD FIGHT

(Continued from page 66)

one hand. "I'm glad you are here with Martin, Mr. Lessing. It—it's forlorn for him—for anyone—alone. Martin is very sick," he added, after a silence.

"Yes," I said. I felt suddenly choked.

When it came to the library couch half an hour later, I could not manage him at all. He discovered that the window-seat was quite wide enough to lie on, and almost long enough to stretch out on; and when I returned from a foraging expedition, laden with the necessary bedding, I found him sound asleep with a rug over him. I managed to slide a pillow under his head, and replace the rug with blankets. I felt sadly inhospitable, but he couldn't have looked more placid if he had been resting on silk and eider-down, under a point-lace canopy.

(To be continued)



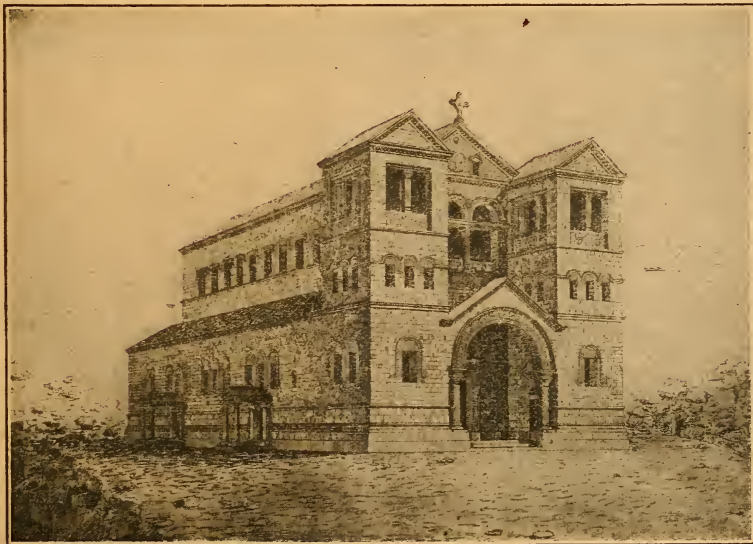
# THE NEW BASILICA OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

COMMUNICATED

IN the December issue of the HERALD, we acquainted our readers with the plan of the Right Rev. Custos of the Holy Land, Fr. Ferdinand Diotallevi, O. F. M., to rebuild the ancient basilica of the Transfiguration of our Lord on Mt. Thabor in Palestine. Recalling the interesting and encouraging fact that the first American pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1889 conceived the idea of restoring this once stately temple with American aid only, which pious design was thwarted by the Turkish government, Fr. Custos, now that a Christian power holds sway over Palestine, thought the time opportune to realize the zealous enthusiasm of those first American pilgrims. Accordingly, he laid his plan for the rebuilding of the basilica of Mt. Thabor with the aid of American alms only before the Holy Father and received his heartiest approbation for the undertaking. The new edifice will be built on the lines of the ancient ruins themselves, in the Syrian basilica style of the fourth and fifth centuries. On both sides of the entrance to the church, there will be a chapel—one dedicated to Moses and the other to Elias, while

the great crypt is to be dedicated to the transfigured Savior. The Holy Father has granted a special blessing to all those who aid in the reconstruction of this ancient church, and the contributors to the building fund will also participate in the great spiritual benefits granted by Holy Church to all the benefactors of the Holy Land. The Franciscans have had charge of Mt. Thabor since 1631, when they built a small chapel on the ruins of the once glorious temple that commemorated Christ's Transfiguration. They also instituted an annual pilgrimage from Nazareth to Mt. Thabor to take place on August 6, the feast of the Transfiguration. It is devoutly to be hoped that American Catholics may before long wend their way as pious pilgrims to the Holy Mount and there offer up their prayers of praise and thanksgiving and petition to the transfigured Savior in the magnificent shrine which their generosity and deep piety will have erected on the spot.

Our readers are asked to send their contributions directly to Mt. St. Sepulchre, Washington, D. C.



Proposed Basilica on Mt. Thabor



# Franciscan News

Rome, Italy.—November 9 last, a private entertainment was held at St. Antony's Franciscan International College here in honor of our patron Bl. John Duns Scotus. The program included a number of short discourses on the manifold and original theological activity of this great Franciscan Doctor. Appropriate musical and literary numbers were added to enhance the solemnity of the occasion. Fr. Francesco Paolini gave an interesting historical conspectus of the cause of beatification of Duns Scotus.

We are pleased to record that Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, O. F. M. Definitor General, has returned to Rome, from his trip through Germany and Austria, very much improved in health. Though he found much misery and poverty on his trip, he was greatly edified by the spirit of resignation to God's holy will evinced on all sides by the Catholics of these two stricken countries.

From the Sacred Congregation of Rites we learn that the processes of beatification of the following members of the Franciscan family have been introduced, respectively advanced: Ven. Innocent de Berzio, O.M.Cap.; Ven. Michael A. Longo de Mariliano, O.F.M.; Venerable Mary Joseph Rosella, Tertiary, foundress of "Children of Mercy" Institute; Venerable Magdalene Portel, Tertiary, foundress of the "Daughters of Christian Schools of Mercy."

The Capuchin Friars, Ethiopia's zealous missionaries, have lately been given charge of the seminary, founded by the Holy Father in Rome for the education of Ethiopian candidates for the priesthood. Already eight native students have been enrolled.

Jerusalem, Palestine.—As a souvenir of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Land, the Franciscan Friars have presented to the Holy Father a representation of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," sculptured in mother of pearl by an Arab artist of Jerusalem. The frame in itself is also a work of art and bears the arms of the Pope and of the Holy Land, together with a beautifully carved representation of the Resurrection. The inscription is: *Custodia Terrae Sanctae, Gratiudinis ergo, 1219-1919*—The Custody of the Holy Land in Gratitude, 1219-1919.

Belgium.—We are pleased to note that the Tertiary publications of Belgium, which had suspended publication during the war, are now appearing regularly again. We refer especially to *The Messenger of St. Francis of Assisi, The Standard of St. Francis and St. Antony*. THE HERALD wishes them an uninterrupted and continuous success.

Ireland.—The cause of two Irish Capuchin Friars, Fr. Tobin, of Kilkenny, and Fr. John Baptist Dowdell, of Ulton, who were martyred in Ireland for the Faith, has recently been introduced for examination of the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rights.

England.—There exists in England a "Third Order," founded by Miss Marshall, who, though a non-Catholic, is a fervent admirer of St. Francis. The association has a rule of life based entirely on that given by the Seraphic Father to the members of his own Third Order.

From England also comes the welcome news that our well known Tertiary contributor, Miss Marian Nesbitt and her sister Miss Emily, have been honored by Letters of Affiliation to the Order of Friars Minor, by the Minister General of the Order. This great distinction was awarded them in recognition of their many services to the Franciscan cause. Through this honor they enjoy many and great privileges, and FRANCISCAN HERALD takes this occasion publicly to express its congratulations to these two worthy women, and to wish them a long enjoyment of this distinction. Marian Nesbitt has frequently delighted our readers with her valued contributions and we are pleased to state that in future her name will appear regularly on our table of contents.

France.—Our readers will recall that recently the national monument of Catholic faith in France, the grand shrine of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, was solemnly consecrated. It is proper to record here that one of the beautiful side chapels of this wonderful church was erected by the Tertiaries of St. Francis. The decorations of this chapel, too, are the work of Tertiaries, especially of M. Croix Marie Martin. The ceiling is adorned with four exquisite medallions, representing episodes from the lives of St. Francis, St. Antony, St. Clare, and St. Colette.

Holland.—At a Catholic convention lately held in Holland, special mention was made of the Third Order of St. Francis. A speaker proved conclusively to his audience that this wonderful institution of the Middle Ages is still eminently practical and desirable for our present day. Religion, morals, society, he said, are fostered and advanced by the Rule of the Third Order.

The Tertiaries of Vimegues, Holland, have united in a crusade against immodesty in dress. Their motto is, "Feminine Dignity," and the members have pledged themselves to oppose the prevailing indecent styles in every way possible.

Spain.—The Third Order in Spain recently suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Solosa Latour. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Medicine and he was often in demand as organizer and director of national congresses. He organized several scientific congresses. His greatest pride, however, was the title given him by common consent, "The Father of the Orphans." At his own expense he directed and maintained a sanatorium and fresh-air camp for his little friends.

**Argentine Republic.**—In the Franciscan convent at Catamarca, the friars are busy collecting all the pastoral letters, documents, writings, etc., of the renowned Franciscan Bishop of Cordova, the Right Rev. Mamertus Esquin. The life of this celebrated man is intimately connected with the Church history of South America and is therefore of great historical value. We trust that the work of these friars will be a success and an incentive in similar enterprises. The history of the Church in South America is to a great extent also a history of the Franciscan Order in that country.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph Seminary.**—The Christmas season this year was celebrated at the Seminary in the most pleasant manner. The presence of relatives of many of the boys adding greatly to the holiday joy. Immediately before the midnight Mass a procession was held to the crib, which was solemnly blessed. All the students and the visitors present at the midnight services approached the Holy Table to receive the new-born king into their hearts. The beauty of the ceremonies, both at this Mass as well as at the second solemn High Mass at nine o'clock the next morning, was greatly enhanced by two excellent musical programs splendidly rendered by the Seminary Choir of mixed voices, which elicited the highest praise from the many visitors present. In the evening, the annual Christmas tree celebration took place. The Juniors received well merited applause for their excellent rendering of the literary and musical numbers that made up the program. On the next evening, the members of the Seminary Dramatic Club surpassed themselves by their masterful presentation of the beautiful though difficult drama, "Hermigild."

Cast of Characters.

Leovic, King of the Visigoths . . . . .	Othmar Thomas
Hermigild } Sons to Leovic	William Cool
Recared } Charles Eberle	
Goswin, Chancellor . . . . .	Ralph Patterson
Argimund, Commander-in-chief . . . . .	Henry Rutherford
Sisbert } Royal Ambassadors {	Joseph Schmidt
Agilan } Harold Fochtman	
Roderic, Son to Goswin . . . . .	Leo Koebele
Roso } Friends of Hermigild {	Thomas Tushaus
Claudius } Alph. Schladweiler	
Utoif } Oliver Helderle	
Fredigisel, Peddler and Traitor . . . . .	William Doyle
Beowulf, Blacksmith in Seville . . . . .	Louis Kremple

Soldiers, Citizens, Pages.

Musical Program.

1. A Waltz Dream . . . . . Oscar Strauss  
Orchestra
2. Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing H. W. Smith  
Select Junior Choir
3. Staunch and True (March) . . . . . S. Teike  
Orchestra
4. Nightingale Song . . . . . C. Zeller  
Select Junior Choir
5. March "Norma" . . . . . V. Bellini  
Orchestra
6. For Love and Honor March . . . . . H. Albert

The days of the Christmas vacation were spent by the boys in such a delightful manner as to elicit from all the remark, "The finest and most enjoyable Christmas vacation we ever had." Almost every evening a short program consisting of farces and musical numbers was rendered in the dramatic hall, "The Private Secretary," with William Cool in the title rôle is deserving of special mention. The students have again buckled down to their tasks, and they are now endeavoring to make their semi-annual examinations as enjoyable for their teachers and themselves as were their Christmas holidays. Here's hoping!

**Africa.**—The sum of twenty-five dollars supports a bed for a year in the hospital at Kampala, East Africa, conducted by Franciscan Sisters. Mother Mary Paul writes to remind those benefactors who are in the habit of giving this yearly donation, that some of them have forgotten that time has lapsed and have failed to remit as usual. She writes on this matter so near to her heart: "I should not like our friends to be deprived of the spiritual rewards this hidden act of charity must surely have in store for them and their dear ones; therefore, I beg to jog their memory. There will be no flare of trumpets to announce their gifts, but in the Kingdom wherein we all hope to meet, they will find the deed reported in the Book where capital and interest will mean much to them. I trust fervently that the coming year will allow us to reconstruct our somewhat delapidated buildings, and refurbish the hospital and school, so that we may have a happy New-Year."

**Allegany, N. Y.**—Scarcely ever has St. Elizabeth's Academy at Allegany been the scene of a more beautiful and inspiring solemnity than when Mother M. Teresa, O.S.F.; recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her profession in the Order of St. Francis. All of Mother Teresa's cloistered life has been spent in Allegany. THE HERALD extends sincerest congratulations to the venerable Jubilarian and to her community.

**Washington, D. C.**—At last we are able to report the fulfilment of a wish which has for a long time been cherished by us and the many friends of our Order, especially among the clergy. On his recent visit to the United States the Most Rev. Fr. Seraphin Cimino, Minister General of the Order or Friars Minor, expressed the wish that the Franciscans establish a house of studies in Washington. In accordance with this wish, the Friars of the New York Province of the Most Holy Name have purchased property near the Catholic University. A house of studies is shortly to be erected for the students of philosophy and theology of the Province. Accommodations will be provided also for priests in other Franciscan Provinces wishing to take a post-graduate course at the University. This plan was adopted as the most feasible. Mt. St. Sepulchre was not deemed convenient or suitable for this specific purpose, as studies would interfere with the offices conducted there for the benefit of the Holy Places in Palestine. We pray God to bless this undertaking and to bring it to a happy and early success.

On December 3, Rev. Dr. Joseph Rhode, O.F.M., D.D., of the Sacred Heart Province, left

Mt. St. Sepulchre, at the express wish of our Most Rev. Fr. General, for an extended trip through Egypt and Palestine, for the purpose of Biblical research and study. For over a year he held the office of Vice-Commissary of the Holy Land and was acting superior of Mt. St. Sepulchre in the absence of the Very Rev. Commissary, Fr. Godfrey Schilling. The latter, we are happy to state, has now returned to his post with renewed strength and determination to work for the glory of God in the Holy Places of Palestine. Fr. Joseph Rhode is succeeded as Vice-Commissary by Rev. Fr. Bernardine Biddinger, O.F.M., of the New York Province. *The Crusader's Almanac* for 1920 declares the year 1919 to have been the most successful and memorable since the founding, twenty years ago, of Mt. St. Sepulchre. During that year, the shrines there were enriched by the Holy See with inestimable privileges and indulgences. The Third Order activity, too, on the Mount has increased to such an extent as to warrant the holding of special Tertiary services, not as before in a small side chapel, but in the spacious memorial church itself.

**Morrilton, Ark.**—It is refreshing to note that in an almost entirely Protestant population such as that of the State of Arkansas, a number of hallowed spots can be found where Catholicity is in full bloom. Such an oasis is the little parish of sixty families at Morrilton. Under the able direction of the Holy Ghost Fathers, these good people lead a life of Franciscan simplicity. Devotion to St. Antony is very popular, and a fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis has existed among them for many years. During a mission conducted by Rev. Fr. Honoratus, O.F.M., of St. Louis, Mo., from November 30 to December 8, still greater enthusiasm was aroused in this great Franciscan institution; and on Saturday evening, December 7, thirteen persons were vested with the Tertiary cord and scapular. Rev. H. J. Goebel, C.S.Sp., is the zealous director of these Tertiaries.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—The celebration of the golden jubilee of the Third Order at St. Francis Church, this city, will ever remain a memorable event in the annals of this flourishing Conference. The most notable feature of the preparation was the spiritual exercises conducted for the English-speaking Tertiaries from December 9 to 14, and for the German-speaking from December 16 to 21 by Rev. Fr. Roger, O.F.M., of Cleveland, Ohio, Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart. The celebration opened on Sunday, December 28, with a procession of the Tertiaries and the various parochial societies from the parish hall to the church, where a solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, during which over 350 Tertiaries approached the Communion rail. Rev. Benno, O.M.Cap., the preacher of the occasion, spoke eloquently of the spirit of the Third Order as opposed to the spirit of the world, and exhorted his hearers, as children of St. Francis, zealously to foster this spirit. In the afternoon, a solemn Eucharistic procession was held, at which the Right Rev. Monsignor M. J. Lochmes officiated, and in which the men and young men of the Fraternity walked with lighted candles. The sermon on this occasion was

preached by Rev. Philip, O.F.M., Rector of St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., who spoke very stirringly on the basic virtue of the Franciscan Orders—poverty, and on the evils which its opposite vice engenders in human society. The following morning a Pontifical High Mass for the deceased members of the Third Order was sung by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rainer, Rector of the St. Francis Diocesan Seminary. That night a so-called "Tertiary Evening" was held. Prominent speakers had been secured, and large numbers of Tertiaries and their friends gathered for the occasion. His Grace Archbishop Messmer delivered a masterful discourse on "The Third Order and the Priest," while Rev. Fr. Philip, O.F.M., in his customary forceful manner, proved conclusively in his address on "The Third Order and the Parish," that the Third Order is one of the best assets of a parish. The Hon. Antony Matre, K.S.G., National Secretary of the Catholic Federation, was the last speaker, his theme being "The Third Order and the Last Three Popes." He showed how the Third Order has been officially recognized by the Church as the best means for combating the social evils of the present day. An excellent musical program, consisting of vocal and instrumental numbers, was rendered by the parish choir and a well-balanced orchestra. An impressive tableau, "The Homage to St. Francis," in which a number of Tertiaries impersonated representative saints of the three Orders was the most inspiring feature of the evening's program and received generous applause. The golden jubilee celebration was brought to a befitting close by the presentation, on January 4 and 5, of the beautiful drama "St. Francis of Assisi." The cast of characters consisting of thirty-seven men, was made up entirely of Tertiaries, and their splendid portrayal of the various rôles, together with the elaborate stage-setting and costuming, made the drama a spectacle well worth seeing.

The St. Francis Tertiary Conference of Milwaukee dates back to December 26, 1879, when the first Third Order meeting was held, thus antedating the organizing of the parish. Thirty women and three men, of whom but two are living, attended this first meeting. The present membership is 1,583, of whom 489 belong to the English-speaking, 1,094 to the German-speaking branch. The fraternity boasts of an honor roll of fifty-six Tertiaries who have entered the sacerdotal or the religious state. Its most distinguished member at present is his Grace Archbishop Messmer. FRANCISCAN HERALD extends to the Fraternity its heartiest wishes for continued increase and success.

**Indianapolis, Sacred Heart Church.**—On December 28, the Indianapolis Tertiary fraternity was honored by the canonical visitation of the Rev. Commissary, Fr. Roger, O.F.M. Forty-five novices were solemnly admitted to their profession in the Third Order on this occasion, while seven new members were invested. During the past year 1919, five members of this fraternity embraced a higher state of life, and it is interesting to note that four of these entered Franciscan communities. Ten members were called to their eternal reward. The total number of novices received during 1919 was 57, and the conference now has a membership of 471.



# Franciscan Herald

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## THE MESSAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

"The Seraph of Assisi" is one of the favorite names bestowed on St. Francis. If there is one virtue which more than any other is characteristic of him it is "fervent charity which," to use the words of his sainted biographer, "burnt in the heart of Francis, the friend of the Bridegroom. For he seemed to be absorbed, as a live coal in the furnace, in the flame of divine love." If spirituality was the keynote of his life, divine charity was its motive power. It was this virtue which fitted him especially for the great social reform that he was to inaugurate.

Social reform and love of God—at first sight, the terms seem to have little in common. Yet, did not Christ, the greatest social reformer of all times, declare it to be the sole purpose of his mission to cast fire on the earth and to see it kindle in all hearts? Did he not call the precept of divine charity the first and greatest of all commandments, i. e., the most important and necessary of all man's duties? Is not charity, according to the Apostle, the end of all precepts, the greatest of all virtues, the purpose of our existence, the condition of our external happiness? What can be more intimately connected with the Christian's life than charity? It forms the very warp and woof of his existence.

Such being the case, what can be more necessary to effect a regeneration of Christian life—which is admittedly the only cure for the social evils of the day—than to keep the fire of divine love aglow in oneself and to kindle it in the hearts of others? "Qui non ardet, non incendit," says St. Gregory. It is impossible to inspire love without possessing it.

All social reconstruction work that has not for its ultimate aim the gaining of men's hearts for the love of God, is doomed to failure. Let Catholic social workers not be deceived by the catchwords of a passing day. There is only one cure for the existing evils, and that is the return of society to Christian principles and virtues, the greatest of which is divine charity.



# Editorials

## “WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE”

IT is a well established spiritual phenomenon that a decline in positive Christian faith is always followed by a wave of popular superstition. Small wonder, therefore, that the craze known as spiritism should have invaded all classes of modern society; for modern society is— if not outspokenly anti-Christian and irreligious—undeniably unreligious. Not only the unlettered multitude are striving to satisfy the craving of their religious instinct by dabbling in spiritism, occultism, and other forms of superstition. Even men of international fame in the realm of science and literature are lending the prestige of their names to a movement that has received a tremendous impetus through the late war.

When men preeminent in psychic research, such as Sir Oliver Lodge gravely inform the world that they are convinced beyond doubt they have penetrated the veil which separates this world from the next, and that they can communicate with disembodied spirits, one can only shudder at the effect such a dictum is bound to have on the unthinking thousands who look to science for a confirmation of the revelations and manifestations of the occult made in spiritistic parlor seances. But what shall we say of such vaporings regarding the other world as are found in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's last book, “The Vital Message?” We submit a few of his oracles as specimens. In the life beyond the grave, he informed his readers:

There is no physical side to love and no childbirth, though there is close union between those married people who really love each other, and generally there is deep sympathetic friendship and comradeship between the sexes. Every man or woman finds a soul-mate sooner or later.

It is a world of sympathy. Only those who have this tie foregather. The sullen husband, the flighty wife, is no longer there to plague

the innocent spouse. All is sweet and peaceful. It is the long rest cure after the nerve strain of life, and before new experiences in the future.

The circumstances are homely and familiar. Happy circles live in pleasant homesteads, with every amenity of beauty and music. Beautiful gardens, lovely flowers, green woods, pleasant lakes, domestic pets—all of these things are fully described in the messages of the pioneer travelers who have at last got news back to those who loiter in the old dingy home. There are no poor and no rich. The craftsman may still pursue his task, but he does it for the joy of the work.

It is a place of joy and laughter. There are games and sports of all sorts, though none which cause pain to lower life. Food and drink in the grosser sense do not exist, but there seem to be pleasures of taste.

Every earthly thing has its equivalent. Scoffers have guffawed over alcohol and tobacco, but if all things were reproduced it would be a flaw if these were not reproduced also. That they should be abused as they are here would, indeed, be evil tidings.

We are aware that Sir Arthur specializes in fiction; but we were not prepared for such an exuberance of imagination as he displays in his latest work. Or is he merely drawing on the ancient poets for his pictures of the other world? Has he perhaps in his readings of mythology chanced on some description of a country existing somewhere in the region of nowhere and known poetically as Elysium, Hesperides, Valhalla, or prosaically as the happy hunting grounds? Be that as it may, he is much more original and interesting as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, than as the inventor of a new heaven. How much better for him and the world at large if he had stuck to his last. Certainly the world owes him little thanks for giving it a description of life hereafter so offensively crude and grossly materialistic in conception that any savage roaming the wilds of Africa or any child fresh from a trip through fairy-land could equal if not surpass in verisimilitude.

According to an English physician, Dr. A. T. Schofield, there is at present in Great Britain 100,000 cases of insanity directly traceable to spiritism. This is a conservative estimate, we think, considering the vast proportions which the cult has assumed of late. The pity of it is, however, that men like Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle can be found to add to the number of those unfortunates. Alas, for the baneful power of spiritism. It is, as Mr. Dooley's friend Hogan would say, "th' last infirmity fr' noble minds."

### CATHOLIC TEACHING ON SPIRITISM

IN this connection, it may be well to state briefly the Catholic position on spiritism.

By spiritism the Church understands the art, either truly or falsely so called, of communicating with the spirits of the departed and of arriving by their aid at a knowledge of things naturally hidden from man. This intercourse with disembodied spirits may be either direct or indirect, i. e., through another person, commonly called a medium. This person is understood to serve as interlocutor between the enquirer and the spirit world.

It is the sense of the Church that many of the communications purporting to come from the other world, are frauds pure and simple. Yet she does not deny that at times a real intercourse does take place with the spirits, i. e., the devil, who makes use of these communications to pervert the dogmas of our holy faith, especially, that regarding the existence and eternity of hell. For the discarnate spirits, introduced as communicating with their relatives and friends still in the flesh, invariably assert that they are happy, or, if they admit they are in pain, that they will be soon freed from their sufferings. That the Church's view is correct, is confirmed anew by Conan Doyle, who admits in "The Vital Message" that his revelation "abolishes the idea of a grotesque hell and of a fantastic heaven."

The Church, therefore, regards spiritism as something intrinsically, or under all

conditions, evil; because it presupposes intercourse, either explicit or implicit, with the evil spirit. Hence she forbids her children to resort to spiritistic practices for any reason whatever. It stands to reason that the spirits with whom one intends to commune and from whom one expects to receive information regarding the other world, can be no other than evil spirits. For neither the angels nor the souls of the blessed nor those in purgatory can answer enquiries which in themselves are vain and forbidden by God; nor will he permit the souls of the damned to respond. Hence there remains only the evil spirit from whom communications regarding the life beyond the grave can come.

That it is forbidden to seek such information, is evident from the Book of Deuteronomy (xvii, 10-12): "Neither let there be found among you any one that consulteth soothsayers, or observeth dreams or omens, neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things, and for these abominations he will destroy them." Besides, the whole Christian tradition, from the earliest times, has consistently attributed such communications to the devil.

Nor can a person be excused from grievous sin who protests that he will have no commerce with the devil but only with the angels and with the souls of the departed; because he denies in deed what he affirms in words, since the means he selects for such intercourse can serve only to commune with the devil, as has just been explained. What is essentially evil can not be changed by the intention of the agent, but remains always and under all conditions evil.

It must be noted that it is grievously sinful, not only to take an active part in such consultations either by putting questions or giving answers, but also by mere passive assistance at seances. Only in 1917 the Congregation of the Sacred Office declared that it is not permitted to

assist at spiritistic revelations or manifestations of whatever kind, even those having the appearance of respectability and piety, whether by interrogating the souls or spirits, or by hearing their answers, or by merely looking on, notwithstanding the protestation tacit or expressed, to have no dealings with the evil spirits.

### "UNLESS THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE" ETC.

**T**HE league of nations which, in the opinion of President Wilson and other world reformers, was to be the greatest achievement of modern statesmanship, the one result worthy of all the sacrifices in treasure and blood of the world war, the remedy for all the ills afflicting humanity,—seems destined to be stillborn. For some reason or other, the nations are regarding it with indifference, if not with fear and suspicion. To them it looks too much like a Pandora's box, which they prefer to let severely alone.

Perhaps their fears and suspicions are not altogether unfounded. For, as at present constituted, the supreme council of the league, which has just held its first meeting, seems to be under the control of the Grand Orient. Leon Bourgeois, one of the most influential masons of France, presided at this meeting, and it is said that masons were quite prominent among the representatives of the other nations. The United States Government was not represented, neither was the Holy See. Both may have reasons to congratulate themselves that they took no part in the deliberations. Sooner or later, of course, our Government will be asked to lend its powerful arm to the carrying out of the plans for world reform concocted in the lodges of London and Paris and Rome. The Holy Father will not be asked either for his advice or his support, for the reason that these plans intimately concern himself and the Church of which he is the visible head.

What these plans are, nobody need trouble to enquire who remembers that now as in the days of Voltaire, the cry

of all the powers hostile to the Church is still *ecrason l'infame*. If the league of nations will serve their purpose, these powers may be depended to seek control over it. Rather than have masonry in control of the world, we hope the league of nations will never be anything more than an international tribunal of arbitration for the settlement of political disputes. The world needs peace. But masonry spells war on the Church and on all Governments not subservient to masonic dictation.

### FRANCE'S SECOND SPRING

**C**ONTRARY to the hopes of France's best friends at home and abroad for a post-bellum era of freedom for the Catholic Church in that country, there seems to be little chance for the Church to improve her condition. True, Clemenceau, the doddered infidel and confirmed enemy of the Church, has been forced to retire to private life; and it is whispered that his fall is owing as much to his uncompromising stand on the question of resuming relations with the Vatican as to the machinations of his political rival, Briand. But what is to be expected from Millerand, the Tiger's successor, who is a creature of Briand's and like him, of course, a mason and Church-hater?

If the character of the cabinet this man has formed is any indication of the new Government's attitude toward the Church, then the French Catholics may look forward to another period of social, religious and political persecution. For the men who are at present guiding the nation's destinies are practically without exception atheists, freemasons, radicals and Jews. If there is one among them that has at any time shown any pronounced leaning toward Rome, we should like to know his name; and our prediction is that, if he still has any such leaning, he will soon find himself out in the cold. These are the men that are pledged to perpetuate, not only the war against France's political foes, but also the feuds among her own citizens.



Whoever is optimistic enough to believe that, in spite of such adverse conditions, a revival of Catholic life in France is, not only possible, but near at hand, may indulge his delusion to his heart's content. We shall refuse to believe anything of the kind until Catholic France has freed herself from the incubus of the masonic Government that is weighing so heavily on her national life and hindering all natural development.

### A TURNING POINT IN CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

ON January 23 and 24, there was held in Washington, D. C., a meeting of Catholic editors which may be said to be the most important of its kind ever called in this country. Appearing before the representatives of some fifty Catholic publications, Right Reverend William T. Russel, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., the chairman of the Department of Press, Publicity and Literature, announced his plan for the formation, guidance and growth of this branch of the great work of national organization undertaken by the Catholic hierarchy of the country.

No one who sat in the assembly hall of the N. C. W. C. Community House and heard the Bishop outline his plan but felt that he was present at the launching of a movement which perhaps for centuries is bound to have a tremendous effect on our national Catholic thought and life. The Catholic press of the country is to be organized along national lines and to be placed in the service of the National Catholic Welfare Council; or, as the Bishop put it, "the Press Department will be the voice of the whole body of the National Catholic Welfare Council, of which the other departments are the mind, the heart and the hands."

It would, indeed, be difficult to overestimate the importance of this department with its subsidiary bureaus of news, information, pamphlets, publications and general literature; for the department will be practically in control of the Catholic thought in the country. It remains

to be seen how it will function. We are confident, however, that the results will measure up to the expectations entertained of it. Even the casual reader can not fail to see that the Bishop's plan, as published in the Catholic press of the land, is pregnant with great possibilities for the spread of God's Kingdom; but even the most volatile of readers can not fail to be struck also by the omission of all mention of the one great desideratum of the Church—a chain of strong Catholic dailies, extending from coast to coast.

### THE "MATTER WITH AMERICA"

WHAT'S the matter with America these days?

Too many diamonds, not enough alarm clocks.

Too many silk shirts, not enough blue flannel ones.

Too many pointed-toed shoes, and not enough squared-toed ones.

Too many serge suits and not enough overalls.

Too much décolleté and not enough aprons.

Too many satin upholstered limousines and not enough cows.

Too many consumers and not enough producers.

Too much oil stock and not enough savings accounts.

Too much envy of the results of hard work and too little desire to emulate it.

Too many desiring short cuts to wealth and too few willing to pay the price.

Too much of the spirit of "get while the getting is good" and not enough of the old fashioned Christianity.

Too much discontent that vents itself in mere complaining and too little real effort to remedy conditions.

Too much class consciousness and too little common democracy and love of humanity.—Fargo, S. D., Forum.



# Third Order of St. Francis

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**M**OST of our readers are aware that a great centenary celebration is being planned for the year 1921, to

commemorate the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis. The Rev. Commissary of the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart, Fr. Roger, O. F. M., of Cleveland, Ohio, who has been elected secretary of the Supreme Executive Board of the proposed National Third Order Convention, has sent a circular letter to the Rev. Directors of the Order, requesting their hearty co-operation in this glorious enterprise. He writes:

In 1921, seven centuries will have passed since the founding of the Third Order of St. Francis. The glorious history of the Third Order during this long period, the great number of Tertiaries renowned for their achievements in the arts and sciences, the brilliant galaxy of Tertiary saints publicly canonized by Holy Church, the powerful influence of the Third Order in various countries, the untold works of charity and piety practiced by these children of St. Francis—all this calls for more than an ordinary commemoration of the seventh centenary of the founding of this great Franciscan institution.

No other celebration seems better fitted to

mark this seventh centennial than a grand national Tertiary congress. In these times, when all organizations, religious and non-religious, have their congresses and conventions, it is

but right and proper that the more than forty thousand Tertiaries of the United States hold a congress that will remind others of their existence and work.

A national Tertiary congress, such as was held in France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Spain, and other countries, will put before the public the aims and advantages of the Third Order, its accomplishments in the past, its activities in the present, and its possibilities for the future. The congress will help to destroy many prejudices which are still held by many against this venerable institution of St. Francis. The congress will bring home to the people the fact that the Third Order is the mightiest lay organization in the Church, which has not only the approval and the highest commendations of more than thirty Popes, but which, according to



Blessed Luchesius Receiving the Habit of the Third Order.

Pope Leo XIII, has in it the power "to renew the world."

Therefore, the Very Rev. Superiors of the different Franciscan Provinces in the United States have appointed a Board of Officers to whom the work of preparing for a National Tertiary Congress has been committed. The approbation of the highest authorities in the Franciscan Order and the consent of the Most Rev. Ordinary of Chicago have been obtained,

and it has been decided to hold the Tertiary Congress in Chicago, on October 2, 3, 4, 1921.

We pledge on the part of our Tertiary readers as well as our own the most hearty and active co-operation in this great movement. Since thousands of the HERALD's readers, however, are not as yet members of the Third Order, we shall begin in this issue a series of brief talks on this wonderful institution of our Seraphic Father, that, when the National Convention of Tertiaries is held next year, they may know what it is all about and may even be induced to join the Order.

What, then, is the **Third Order of St. Francis**? It is an association of men and women living the world, who wear a distinctive habit, make a novitiate and profession, and live according to a rule instituted by St. Francis of Assisi and approved by the Church. Convinced of the great power of good example and realizing that the lives of priests and religious were models of too high an order for the ordinary layman living in the world, St. Francis, after founding two cloistered Orders, bent his energies to give those men and women whom circumstances compelled to remain in the world, a rule of life that would make them practically religious and still not take them

from their wonted daily occupations and duties. The outcome of this was his Third Order, whose members demonstrated by word and especially by their example to others similarly situated, how to live up faithfully to the commandments of God and the teachings of Holy Church. The results of this new society were hardly short of miraculous. A great wave of social and moral reform spread quickly over entire Europe and extended even beyond its confines. The Third Order laid the axe to the root of the evils that afflicted human society and began its work of reform by instilling into the hearts of its members a more than ordinary love for virtue and a corresponding hatred of vice. It made of its members men and women of faith and prayer, to whom religion was a stern reality of everyday life. As it was in the Middle Ages, so the Third Order is at the present day. Its Rule has, indeed, been mitigated to meet the exigencies of the times, but its aim and nature remain the same. And as in the days of St. Francis it renewed the face of the world, so too may we hope that the great social and moral problems that perplex the world to-day, will find their happy solution in this remarkable Franciscan institution.

## FREDERIC OZANAM, Tertiary

*Founder of St. Vincent de Paul Society*

By FR. FAUSTIN, O. F. M.

### SECOND INSTALMENT

"**S**HOW us your works! We admit the past grandeur of Christianity, but the tree is now dead and bears no fruit." This was the challenge cast into the teeth of Ozanam and his stalwart band of defenders of the faith. They accepted the challenge and, as we have learned, the St. Vincent de Paul Society was their answer. It was in the year, 1833, that the eight young men, under the practical guidance of M. Bailly, formed themselves into a "Conference of Charity." Later they adopted the name, "St. Vincent de Paul Society." M. Bailly, the editor of the *Tribune Catholique* was elected the first president.

#### Growth of the St. Vincent de Paul Society

The rules adopted then are practically the same as those by which the Society is gov-

erned to-day. Simplicity in all its details characterize the Society. The membership is divided into three classes: active, subscribing, and honorary. The active membership is made up of Christian men who desire to unite in a communion of prayers and a participation in the same works of charity. Subscribing and honorary members are those who "can not devote themselves to the works in which the society is engaged but who assist the active members by their influence, their offerings and their prayers." In outlining the activities of the society, the founders had an eye to the future needs of humanity and ordered that, "no work of charity should be regarded as foreign to the society, although its special object is to visit the poor families."

Mr. Mulry, of hallowed memory in the

St. Vincent de Paul Society, says in his treatise on the Society in "The Catholic Encyclopedia": "It is plainly evident from this that the Society is given the widest latitude in the selection of the works in which the members engage. There are committees in charge of fresh-air work for poor children, convalescent homes, support of day nurseries, the custody of paroled prisoners, care of homeless boys, clubs for boys, the visitation of prisoners, and the sick in the hospitals, the maintenance of chaplains for the purpose of serving Catholic inmates in public institutions, employment bureaus, the care of the immigrants, the maintenance of sailors' missions, the finding of homes for orphans and systematic inspection of their case until maturity." The spiritual note predominates throughout the work of the Society. The corporal works of mercy are to precede the spiritual ones, but they are never allowed to be separated from them. The service of the poor is undertaken as a spiritual duty first and always. Another beautiful characteristic of the Society is, that personality features prominently in its works. The individual member is urged to exert himself personally, and much is left to his own initiative.

M. Bailly, the practical monitor of the enthusiastic young apostles of charity, directed them to Sister Rosalie, the "Poor-mother of Paris." This worthy nun supplied them, not only with a list of poor families, but provided them also with the necessary clothing and fuel for distribution among the poor. Every week the members met to exchange ideas and experiences. The meetings were opened and concluded with prayer; also everyone was expected to contribute his mite toward defraying the expenses. It is only natural that these collections in the beginning were very meager. M. Bailly managed secretly to deposit a five-franc piece here and there as remuneration to Ozanam or one of the others, for articles they had prepared for his paper.

The little grain of mustard seed was now duly planted, and soon it began to spread out its branches into the suburbs of Paris; yes, even to the other provinces of France. The young enthusiasts were wont to introduce new conferences wherever they went to spend their vacations or to settle down for life. After two years, it was found necessary to divide the Society into different councils or branches according to the

territory covered. Paris remained the center of all its activity. Ozanam in his ardent zeal went from place to place organizing and stabilizing new councils. Whenever he heard of a new branch being opened in some town, he would go there and show an active interest in the work, but would never force his opinion on others, desiring that each member be allowed to act according to the dictates of his heart and not so much according to a set of stringent rules.

To-day, we are happy to record, the Society is to be found in every part of the world, including even far-distant China and Japan. Twelve years after its providential birth, in 1845, the Society was introduced into the United States. The first conference was established in St. Louis, Mo., and from there it soon spread throughout the land. Men from every walk of life glory in belonging to it. Women are excluded from membership; but through auxiliary associations or as benefactresses they may share in the many indulgences granted the Society by the Popes.

The Third Order demands active practical charity from all its members. By becoming affiliated with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Tertiaries can find opportunities for such charity. The fact that this Society was founded by a Tertiary, must be a source of joy and pride to all Tertiaries.

### Ozanam and Lacordaire

By their zealous activity in the field of real charity, Ozanam and his associates had forever silenced the taunt of their unbelieving opponents, that Christianity was a dead tree. Our Tertiary soon saw, however, that, to advance the cause of the little Catholic party among the students, something more ambitious should be attempted, and the preachers of doubt and irreligion should be met and vanquished on their own ground. For this a forcible speaker, and one well versed in Catholic Theology was deemed necessary. One evening, Ozanam attended services in the little chapel of the *College Stanislaus*. The preacher, though young in years, was a gifted and brilliant speaker. It was the Abbé Lacordaire. "There is the man we want to confound Jouffroy and his school," Ozanam exclaimed when leaving the church. Here was indeed the man he had often dreamed of and longed for as the champion of Christianity against the infidels

of the Paris University. Providence again had directed him to the right person. At once the impetuous lad consulted with his associates. It was thought that a series of conferences to be held in the spacious Notre Dame Cathedral of Paris would do the most good. Immediately they resolved to go the next day to the Archbishop and ask him to appoint Abbé Lacordaire to preach these conferences. The Archbishop received them kindly, blessed their noble work, and dismissed them without, however, acceding to their request. Nothing daunted, and mindful of his vow always to do battle for truth, Ozanam rallied his companions, got up a large petition, and went back to the Archbishop. They found that his Grace was planning to have the ablest speakers of the diocese preach a series of sermons in the Cathedral, and he even introduced the young men to some of the preachers. The young spokesman boldly, but deferentially, explained the reasons why he thought a series of conferences to be more advisable and opportune than sermons. The clergy were very gracious, but they did not understand. The course of sermons was held, and it proved a failure.

The very public intended to be benefited by these sermons, was meanwhile crowding into a little college chapel, where Lacordaire every Sunday was holding his hearers spellbound by his oratory. It was what Ozanam longed that all the world should hear—the beautiful truths of faith, couched in the language of the new times and conditions. Soon the little chapel became too small for the crowd of eager listeners. Emboldened and encouraged by this, Ozanam and his friends again approached the Archbishop on the subject, and Lacordaire was sent to Notre Dame. With what results, the world knows. For the first time since 1798, Paris witnessed a real revival in religion. Lacordaire himself later attributed the success of these conferences to Ozanam and his intrepid little band.

### Doctor of Law

Ozanam was nearing the completion of his studies, and the time was at hand to decide on his future career. He was now as strongly as ever averse to the profession of law; but, after considering all the sacrifices his father had made for him, he overcame all his personal feelings, took the degree "Doctor of Law" on August 20, 1836, and

bravely entered on his duties as lawyer. The cases that came to him were rare, and were not attended by any brilliant results. "My clients," he wrote, "leave me large leisure."

In April, 1837, he was suddenly recalled from Paris to Lyons by the death of his father. "You did not know him," he wrote to a friend, "but if ever your indulgence found anything in me worthy of esteem or love, attribute it to my father, to his esteem and example."

### Doctor of Letters.

Towards the close of the year, 1838, Fred-eric went up for his degree of Doctor of Letters. The Latin exercise assigned to him was taken from the ancient poets. Dante was the subject of the French dissertation. The success of his first number was pronounced, but that of the latter surpassed even the most sanguine hopes of his friends. It was more than a success; it was a revelation. Dante was known to the French merely as a patriotic poet; Ozanam revealed him as a profound theologian, wielding a great influence on the religious life of the Italians. The cultured audience, spellbound with admiration, listened in breathless silence. M. Cousin, one of the judges, no longer able to control his feelings, cried out, "Ozanam, how is it possible to be so eloquent?"

### Devotion to His Mother

Various and promising positions were now open to our model; but, out of filial devotion to his mother, he accepted a position in his native city Lyons, as professor of Commercial Law. His mother's rapidly declining years made him anxious to obtain this appointment, to be near her and to be able to surround her last years with greater comforts. All this, however, did not cause him to relax the active interest he took in affairs of the Society so dear to his heart. At Lyons, he organized a library and a school for the soldiers. All good works meet with opposition, and happily it is opposition that causes them to thrive, serving, as it does, to bring out the defects and faults that are liable to creep into an organization. The Catholic party in the provincial towns of France was seldom known for courage and prudence, and therefore we need not be surprised to find it opposing Ozanam and his work at Lyons. They were too conservative and too engrossed and taken up with their old ingrained political

opinions to see any good in this new enthusiastic crusade of charity.

His mother's death, although long expected, came quite suddenly in the end. Writing to his friend Lallier, he thus reveals the deep sentiments of devotion and love that he cherished toward his mother:

"Happy the man to whom God gives a holy mother! This dear memory will never forsake us. Often in my solitude now, in the midst of the anguish that weighs down my soul the remembrance of that august scene (his mother's death) returns to sustain and uplift me. I think of how short life is, how soon we shall be re-united with those from whom death has parted us, and then I feel all temptations of self-love, all the unworthy instincts of my nature fade away and my desires are concentrated in the single one of dying like my mother." (O'Meara.)

What noble sentiments of faith and resignation! What an example of imitation for all Tertiaries! May every Tertiary mother live so that it may be said of her, what Ozanam repeatedly said of his mother, namely, that she had been "the living image of the Church, and the most perfect revelation of Providence to her children."

During the Easter holidays, he made a journey to Paris, and the progress he found there in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, filled his heart with hope and joy. "I saw assembled," he writes to a friend, "in the amphitheatre where the sessions are held, more than six hundred members, which does not make the total of its body at Paris. The majority was composed of poor students, but set off, as it were, by a few persons of the highest social position. I elbowed a peer of France, a councillor of state, several generals and distinguished writers. I counted twenty-five members of the *Ecole Normale* (out of a possible seventy-five), ten of the *Polytechnique*, one or two of the *Ecole d'Etat Major*. That morning one hundred and fifty had gone to the altar together. Letters were received from more than fifteen towns in France, where conferences are in full operation; a similar number have been set on foot this year. We are now nearly 2,000 young men enrolled in this peaceful crusade of charity." (O'Meara.) We must not forget that this was written less than five years after the founding of the Society. Surely God's blessing was visibly resting on it.

### Ozanam's Marriage

During all these years, our friend was unsettled in his mind as to his future vocation. In fact, for some years he carried the thought with him of entering the priesthood. His ardent desire was to serve the cause of truth, to do something for God and humanity, to lead a life of self-forgetfulness, labor, and sacrifice—surely all indications of a priestly calling. He had even written to Père Lacordaire asking him for information concerning the Order of St. Dominic, which this noble priest was just at that time striving to revive in France.

All his plans, however, were upset for a time by the death of his mother. On his visit to Paris, M. Cousin informed him that he intended to nominate him for a professorship at the University of Paris, provided he would compete in the meantime for the *Agregation de Literature* (a general examination in literature). Ozanam accepted, and threw all his energy into the preparation. He resolved to accept the final outcome as an indication of his future career. At the end of September, he went to Paris to pass this examination. It covered the whole field of literature. The theme given him was "The History of the Greek and Latin Scholiasts" (commentators of classical poets). The result, as was to be expected, was a brilliant success. Ozanam's was the first name on the list, and he was immediately offered the position of Assistant Professor in the chair of Foreign Literature. The position in itself was not very promising, as it was only a temporary one and carried with it a salary of only about \$485.00. But it was a stepping-stone to something higher and gave Ozanam a chance again to be with his dear Society.

In this success, he saw another signpost directing him towards a life in the world, and from then on he no longer felt any attraction toward the sacerdotal state. The priest who knew and understood Ozanam better than anyone else, was the Abbé Noirot, the same who saved him in early years from scepticism. This worthy and prudent man had always been of the opinion that Ozanam's life-work was that of a layman in the world. The only advice he had to give to Ozanam, therefore, when he called upon him in his perplexity was, "Get married, my dear fellow, get married."

God who loves the pure of heart and takes

their destiny in hand was gently leading Ozanam toward his. But, let us follow here one of our hero's enthusiastic biographers. "He went one day to pay a visit to M. Soula-croix, the rector of the Lyons Academy. In passing through the drawing room to his host's study, he stopped to pay his respects to Madame Soula-croix, and while doing so, noted seated in the window a fair young girl, who was too busy attending to an invalid brother to pay any particular attention to the stranger to whom her mother was speaking. The stranger passed on, but while discoursing on philosophy and other lofty matters with the learned host, his eyes involuntarily wandered through the open door to the group in the window, where the bright, fair face was bending over the young brother, carèssing and amusing him. 'How sweet it would be to have a sister like that to love me!' sighed poor lonely Ozanam as he watched the two; and, though he did not then suspect it, from that hour he was a lost man. . . . That passing interview which had moved his envy of the brother, who had 'such a sweet sister to love him,' had been followed up by others, and soon the friendship had ripened into love. He offered himself to M. Soula-croix as a candidate for his daughter's hand and was accepted." (Horgan, *Great Catholic Laymen.*)

Ozanam at this time was twenty-six years old. Shortly before he had accepted the position at the Paris University of Assistant Professor of Foreign Literature. This position, as we have learned, was only a temporary one and carried a salary hardly sufficient to support a wife and family. His noble character would not permit him to

enter into marriage without first acquainting his future wife of his plans and his prospects. He determined therefore, to lay the state of things frankly before her. If they remained at Lyons, he could offer her comfort, security for the future, and the happiness, which they both valued, of remaining among their own people; but by doing this he would forfeit what he believed to be the noblest part of his service, that which involved sacrifice and renunciation. In going to Paris, they would have to face poverty; but he would have a wide field of usefulness, and all the conditions of a noble mission. Had she sufficient trust in herself and him to choose the higher and harder part? Amelie was equal to the occasion, and he had not long to wait for a reply. Placing her hand in his she said, "I will trust you."

The marriage took place June 23, 1840. "Last Wednesday," he informs Lallier, a week after the event, "your friend was on his knees; at the altar his eldest brother lifted up his sacerdotal hands, while the younger one made the liturgical responses. At his side you would have seen a young girl dressed in white and veiled, pious as an angel. Happier than I, she was surrounded by her parents; all that heaven left me of a family here below was there; and my old comrades, my friends of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with numerous acquaintances, filled the choir and peopled the nave. It was beautiful. I could scarcely retain my tears, big delicious tears, as I felt the divine blessing descending on us with the consecrated words." (O'Meara.)

(To be continued.)

## For Lent

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# APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA, Tertiary

Beloved Sisters in St. Francis:

I've been longing for the time to roll on, so that I could tell you about a DISCOVERY I've made. The moment I saw it—or rather “her,” for my discovery is a girl—I knew that the subject of my March talk was settled. I have had several requests for talks about just such a girl, and so you can imagine the joy with which I took her to my heart and extracted all possible information from her for the benefit of my dear friends who read the Apparel Talks.

Now that I think I have succeeded in whetting your appetite for news, I must digress for just a second or two by urging those of you whose “fancy lightly turns to thoughts of clothes,” now that there's a touch of spring in the air, to make your purchases with one eye on the “Four Points.” Let it be our “catty” delight to render the lives of dealer in feminine attire miserable until they lay in stocks of such wearing apparel as will suit us down to the last stitch. We'll find, after the first few attempts, that there's a joy in the chase.

But enough of that, and back to my “discovery.”

Her name is Rose, and she fills the position of “household assistant,” “domestic science expert,” “maid,” or “hired girl,” as you please—Rose doesn't care in the least what it's called. Her ambition is to fill her niche in the very best possible manner; for, as she says laughingly, “stage-hands are as necessary to a good performance as the star.” And she's right; you will observe that I admire Rose immensely.

Every calling demands a different uniform, or habit, or costume; and the girl who is more nearly worthy of her vocation, glories the most in a fitting outward garb of that profession or trade to which she seems best equipped to follow. Therefore, I would urge the girl who has made housework for others her business, to try to “dress her part” as nearly perfectly as possible.

Many families do not require the girl or woman who helps with the household duties to wear a “uniform,” and many

who accept positions in another's home would resent the idea of such a thing. Rose, however, believes that a neat, black poplin, one-piece dress, with white collar and cuffs, are far more enjoyable to her than the nondescript garb of many girls who do housework for a living. I find that she has many ideas worth giving to the readers of this column, whether they be mistresses, maids, or merely onlookers. One of them is, that the average girl who works in a conscientious family, is far better off than the one who earns her daily bread in an office, a department store, or in a factory. She is richer, if not in dollars and cents, at least in freedom from many of the temptations that the other workers find lurking at every turn.

Rose first came to my attention at very early Mass, which I occasionally prefer to the later “early” mass on Sundays. She was so quietly and yet so neatly and tastefully and modestly attired, that I resolved to find out who she was. I soon discovered that she does the housework for a family of four: mother, father, and two children of ten and fourteen respectively, down the street but a few doors from me. I “cultivated” her employer, with whom I already had a bowing acquaintance, and from that succeeded in making advances to Rose. I may say that I had one thrill of proper pride when I discovered that Rose was a reader of my Department in the HERALD, and from the day of that revelation, we have been staunch allies.

She is, to my mind, the best model of how the working-girl should dress that I have ever seen; first, because she plans her own way of dressing; second, because her clothes are neat, tasteful and modish; and third, because her regular monthly expenditure for them averages fifteen dollars. Her salary is, as nearly as I can discover, about a medium one for the service she performs, being forty-five dollars per month, her board, and room, and laundry.

For this she performs the ordinary duties of an eight-roomed house, (exclusive of washing and ironing), acting rather as a member of the family than a servant. The work is, in fact, divided according to



a well regulated schedule between her and the mistress of the house. She is made welcome to the use of the family sewing machine, and so she is able to do her own sewing in her free afternoons and evenings.

I told her that I intended to give a talk this month to girls who did housework for a living, and asked her to help me by giving me a list of her expenditures for clothes, as nearly as possible, for 1919. What was my amazement when in less than one half-hour, she knocked at my door and laid before me a neat list. It fairly took my breath away.

"I'd never be able to get along with what I do, if I didn't keep strict accounts," she said. "You see, I send something home to mother every month, and then there's church, and charity, and recreation, and I put something away, too; so I have to lay my money out pretty carefully."

I should think she would—in these days of High Cost of Living, too!

When I had scanned the list, I decided to give it to you exactly as she handed it to me—I couldn't improve on it if I tried.

\$15 a month for twelve months equals. \$180.00

Expenditures, 1919.

Two black poplin work dresses.....	\$ 20.00
Two gingham work dresses for mornings .....	10.00
One taffeta dress for best .....	15.00
One wool dress for best (winter) .....	20.00
Shoes, two pairs .....	20.00
Stockings (cotton), eight, pairs .....	6.00
Combinations (2 winter and 2 summer) .....	10.00
Corset .....	5.00
Night dresses .....	5.00
Material for coat .....	25.00
Underslips .....	7.50
Two hats \$4 and \$6, respectively.....	10.00
Incidentals .....	20.00
Total .....	<u>\$173.50</u>
Balance .....	6.50

It seems to me that this account is really worth while, as it shows what a girl really has done, and therefore what others can do. Of course, she could not have managed on what she did, if she had not been able to sew for herself. But the method could remain the same. Her mistress furnishes the aprons that help with her general crisp, dainty appearance; but with all that, I think that her own efforts and cleverness in management is the thing that brings results.

You will note that she bought only two pairs of shoes, and that she paid ten

dollars for each pair. She tells me that if she buys a moderately good shoe, she can get more than twice as much wear out of it than she could out of three or four pairs of a cheap grade. The same holds good of the quality of material that goes into her dresses and underwear. She resolved long ago not to be led astray by a particular fashion, but to hold fast to quiet conservative styles, whatever the decision might cost in unfulfilled longings. Now, she laughs gaily and says that it is worth something to find that a real magazine has a real department that upholds her point of view.

An Ithaca, N. Y. correspondent offers a friendly suggestion, and also a bit of caustic criticism that went far toward restoring my sense of balance.

One of my pleasant tasks is the reading of correspondence—it admits of such a variety of sensations. Most of my readers who write to the department are sweet enough to preface even their adverse criticisms with the cheering news that they "read the department with much interest." After all, that is the thing that counts; as long as you keep on reading the Apparel Talks, Agnes Modesta will continue to enjoy life.

Miss McG., of Ithaca, conceived the brilliant idea of lining a very sheer taupe georgette waist embroidered in blue, with china silk in the shade of blue of the embroidery silk. She says that the dressmaker who did the work, pronounced the waist a "perfect love," and expressed a wish that she might keep it for herself.

That is in line with the suggestion made a few months ago, of using double thickness georgette in order to counteract a blouse's diaphanous qualities. Miss McG.'s idea of lining with the shade of the waist's trimming would constitute an individual touch which could not fail to be charming. Thanks to her for the suggestion.

So far she approves of Agnes Modesta. But on the subject of formal evening dress, oh my! She believes such an innovation as high-necked evening attire to be absurd. She supposes, however, that the prohibition is meant for "Tertiaries" only, and mentions, incidentally that she does not know the Order. On reading that comment, it suddenly occurred to me that some other readers may be confused by the forbidding word "Tertiary," so an

explanation may not come amiss. Franciscan Tertiaries are simply the members of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis. Does that clear up difficulties?

Now to return to Miss McG.'s objection to the HERALD's attitude toward formal evening dress, as it is worn. This, in brief, is my stand in the matter. Common sense will tell us that actual *sin* need not enter into the wearing of modest décolleté, and also that *immodest* décolleté must not on any occasion be worn by a Catholic. But, do Catholic women adhere strictly to the former kind? I can reply with certainty, no. I have seen décolleté worn by many of our "best Catholics" that was a revelation in more ways than one. Certainly, there is need of radical measures.

As Tertiaries are supposed to lead in the counsels, which we all know differ from the commandments, we are urging them, at least, to lead in a field which we trust will eventually bring others after them. They, and *all others who find it possible*, are urged to adopt the "Four Points" as a whole. That includes the elimination of *all* décolleté. The fact that we mention Tertiaries in particular, does not mean that all others are excluded from the campaign, but simply that our province for the most part lies with members of the Third Order.

A moment's reflection will tell us that décolleté as a requisite for evening wear is purely and simply a creation of fashion. Why, for the sake of example, do not men appear after the lights go on in sleeveless, low-necked coats? Simply because it "isn't done." Why, then, is "it done" in the case of women? If low-necked gowns are a creation of fashion, there is nothing to prevent a changing of that fashion. This is the hope of the "Modesta cult." Let it be here remarked that we have no wish to interfere with the rights of free citizens to dress as they like. It is really for that right that we are fighting. We desire that fashion should recognize the "perfect propriety" of non-décolleté evening attire for those who have reasons to desire it. That is not much to ask, truly.

I hope that my sisters to whom I address these words do not accuse me of a lack of sympathy toward their feelings in this matter. I understand, perhaps better than many of my readers, how hard it is to adopt a view-point so new and strange.

To a certain extent, it must lie with the individual; but there is really no reason why genuine immodesty should mask, as it does all too often, under the guise of "the correct thing." Why, for instance, should not the gown worn by Margaret Randolph at the New Year's party described in the January issue of the HERALD, be quite as nearly the "correct thing" for a formal evening function as that worn by Belle Marie Smyth on the same occasion? That such a happy state of affairs may come to pass, is the ardent wish of the wide-visioned without, as well as within, the pale of Holy Church.

An extract from a recently published opinion of Miss Laura M. Riegelman, M. D., chief of the Bureau of Child Hygiene in Brooklyn, quoted in the December *Lamp*, may prove illuminating. The article in question appeared in the *World*. I can do no better than reprint it.

"Emphatically," says Miss Riegelman, "I do consider the present models in women's clothing improper and immodest. Skirts too short and two narrow. Five or six inches from the ground is sufficient to secure comfort and short enough for all sanitary purposes. The slit skirt is vulgar, and fabrics, such as chiffon, georgette crepe, and net should never be worn without a proper lining. The modern evening gown is greatly to be condemned. It is cut too low both in front and in back. These gowns are worn by women of fashion and social standing, and the young girls point them out as examples of good taste to old-fashioned mothers who rightly object to their daughters' evening costumes.

"For the past three years I have been a lecturer on social diseases, and in the course of my work have visited cantonments where men have confessed to me their transgressions of the moral law. In so many cases they placed the blame on the lack of sex-knowledge in dress on the part of their women friends. You doubtless think I am speaking very strongly, but I assure you that if the women who wear the fashionable clothes could hear the tales of tragedy that have been encountered by the Social Service workers during the last two years they would be surprised."

So you see, "there are others." Please keep on with the comments and suggestions—we like them.



# Fiction



## THE GOOD FIGHT

By BLANCHE WEITBREC, Tertiary

### CHAPTER III.

#### SYNOPSIS TO PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Martin Barry, a wealthy young clubman, and Dick Lessing (the narrator) a lawyer, live in apartments in New York. Shortly before the story opens, Martin's younger brother, David, disappeared from society. During the several years of their friendship Martin has never confided any details of the story to Dick. Dick, who is an indifferentist in religious matters, discovers one night in the course of an intimate conversation with Martin, an unsuspected depth of feeling in things spiritual in him. On a jaunt into the country with him, he finds that their goal is a large Franciscan monastery, where Martin is evidently well known.

A tall young friar enters the room, and Martin presents Dick. "My Brother, Father Michael," he explains to Dick. Dick discerns that all is not smooth between the two. On the trip back to the city, Martin is anxious to escape from the subject of Father Michael. All he admits is, that he tried to turn him from the religious state. The winter passes, and in the spring Martin comes down with a bad typhoid. Father Michael, being summoned at once by Dick, arrives, prepared to remain a day or two. A feeling of real friendliness begins to develop between Father Michael and Dick.

T was still dark, when I heard our guest stir and turn and stretch himself. I had not slept much, but Father Michael had hardly moved all night. I spoke to him when I knew that he was awake, and his first word was an apology.

"Oh—did I disturb you? I'm sorry."

I was constrained to laugh. "You've been as quiet as the proverbial mouse these six hours," I told him. "I think I may give you permission to wiggle a trifle if you feel you can't manage otherwise."

"You haven't slept!" he accused, instantly. "But that's all wrong, you know. We must sleep when it's time to sleep, so that we come fresh to our work. Worry's a destructive brute!"

I fumbled for the electric switch, and he was thereupon revealed tousled and bright-eyed, sitting hunched on the window-seat in a fashion that recalled postures and poses of Martin. The two were really absurdly alike, under the contrast of their coloring and minor dissimilarities. What was it, then, that made them so enormously different? One could only say, I suppose, that their souls were different—a sufficiently unsatisfactory solution of the problem.

"I'll just slip in and take a peek at Martin," said the priest. He came back after

a moment, and nodded reassuringly at me.

"He—he's been restless, the nurse says. We—we mustn't be surprised if the fever goes up a bit, you know. I'll get dressed now, and run out and say Mass. It's early. You'd better try to get a nap, hadn't you?"

"He's worse," I guessed. "Father—"

"We must expect it, Mr. Lessing."

"You—Father, you won't—"

"I won't leave you to-day. No."

Breakfast was ready when he came in, and we sat down together. The doctor's visit broke up the morning, and in the afternoon I went to my office for an hour or two. Martin seemed brighter after dinner. He recognized us both, and was evidently very happy when he understood that Father Michael would not desert him.

"Such a long trip," he muttered.

No, his brother explained, he was going to stay right there in the house. But Martin made a faintly irritable sign of negation. He did not mean the trip to the monastery.

"A long trip for me," he said. Father Michael met my eyes for an instant.

"All the time," the sick man continued fretfully. "Going all the time.—So far out—and back to land again, David."

The priest started the least bit. "Yes," he said, gently.

"All—all white," mumbled Martin, growing more incoherent. "Stupid—very stupid. Hold me—"

Father Michael laid a hand on his forehead.

"Yes." The languid eyes brightened again. "Th—that's it.—Very stupid—out there—alone."

He fell asleep presently, and Father Michael and I went into the library. I sat watching him as I was wont to watch Martin, set off by the always decorative background of the library walls. "Portrait of a friar—" I smiled to myself. "What a companion-picture to my favorite 'Portrait of a Gentleman!'"

"Father," I said, after a little, when sev-

eral long pauses had badly damaged desultory conversation, "if you won't think me impudent, I'd like to ask you a question."

He looked at me, smiling. "I can't pass judgment on a question till I hear it," he objected. "You might risk it, though."

So I blurted it out. I had been hashing it over for a long time. And to me it sounded rather silly when I gave voice to it.

Father Michael, however, took it very gravely. His smile vanished, and he looked hard at me with those tawny eyes of his.

"Yes, Mr. Lessing," he said. "My brother is a Catholic. How could it be otherwise?"

Yes, of course, I knew that old Stephen Barry had been famous for memorial windows and altars and so forth. But—

In my extreme youth I had read a work of literary merit, entitled, if memory serves me, "Mark Hardy and His Lamp." It was all about a boy who was headed straight for the nether regions. He got religion at the age of eight or nine, and in a year or so converted his wayward family and most of the residents of the Old Home Town.—Whether my views of this life and a possible future one were definitely influenced by that masterpiece, I can't say. But I always thought of Mark and his lamp whenever a positive issue of the sort arrived. And I could not get away from the feeling that my question about Martin put me on a mental level with the minister who solemnly inquired of the unregenerate Mark Hardy, "My boy, are you a Christian?"

Father Michael was still looking at me. "Why did you ask me that?" he demanded.

"I—I just wondered," I said, feebly.

He shook his head in annoyance. "Tell me the reason," he insisted.

"I—Well, he seems rather to care about things. He—"

"Tell me."

"Well—he says things, you know. I couldn't help wondering.—His affection for you, of course.—Really, Father, I can't express myself. It's so scrappy—" I felt ridiculous, helpless.

The priest passed his hands over his face with a sudden restless movement, and sank back in his chair, staring at the fire.

"Yes," he said. "That's it. Here, there, and everywhere. As responsible as—as a feather! Cares, does he? God cares! That's what ails Martin!"

It was different, somehow—quite different; but still I was thinking of Mark Hardy.

"I—I beg pardon, Father," I said, as respectfully as I could. "I—I hope I haven't offended—"

He looked quickly at me. "Was I peppery? If, as Martin says, we could learn each other's language, Mr. Lessing!"

The next day passed, and the next; and still Father Michael stayed. Martin's life was hanging in the balance, and we did not need the warnings of the medical men to tell us how low he was going, for it began to seem as if the merest breath would fatally tip the scales. The priest never left the house, save to celebrate the daily Mass which he deemed so important a ceremony. There were nights when he got no sleep at all—nights when he sat opposite the little nurse and watched the face on the pillow with passionate, suffering eyes—praying, I suppose, in the depths of that guarded soul.

He bore the strain marvelously. At the end of a week, I felt as if my body had been hammered systematically with pointed nails; my nerves were peeled raw. But Father Michael, though his elastic vitality was stretched pretty tightly, still kept clear eyes and an amazing freshness.

"You're a mystery," I declared. He shrugged.

"It's a matter of training," he remarked. "When the opportunity arrives, I sleep. You don't."

"One gets beyond sleep," I protested.

"Able assisted by the Vile Weed," he retorted, with his wickedest twinkle.

"Oh," I said, viciously, "if I could see you fall—just once!"

"My abstinence isn't a question of virtue," he laughed. "I like the smoke, and the smell, but not the taste."

"Oh—then you have fallen?"

"In the darkness of my evil youth, I fell. And that dear father of ours gave me a tanning that completely ruined my desire for forbidden fruit. I've never wanted it." He chuckled. "Martin made fun of me, I remember. I was somewhat unhappy for a time. Yes, it was a scientifically thorough job.—I was always getting licked for something. I was Dad's favorite, though—he always hoped, I think, that—But he didn't live to see it. I—I never thought of it, till after he went.—Martin tried his best to turn me.—Perhaps he has told you, Mr. Lessing."

"Very little," I said, gently.

"Well—there's very little to tell, I thought

him a shirker, and he thought me a fanatic. And finally I found that—that—it—was everything—everything. And so I went away."

Well, it was only so many words to me, though I did my best. If I could not speak his language, at least I understood sincerity and truth. From that first night when he had come to us, and in some magical way had seemed to lift a burden from my shoulders, I had walked as near to prayer, in my thankfulness, as the untaught heathen may.

There came a night when the fluttering, doubtful spark of Martin's life went lower and lower.

It was about two o'clock when I was waked out of uneasy sleep by the sound of Father Michael's voice at the telephone. Presently Dr. Marlowe arrived and brought someone with him, who was called Dr. Lawson by somebody; and then we were all standing around the bed.

Things were done hurriedly; nurses and doctors worked together, mechanically efficiently. I saw it all as from a great distance.—Curious, that one must die. How would it be when my own death loomed? Martin—it made no visible difference to Martin. But how distracted we all were! Perhaps he would rather go. Why were they both-ering him?

Lower and lower. The doctors looked up at each other; looked down again. A gray shadow had fallen on Martin's face.

Father Michael bent over his brother. "Martin," he said, very distinctly.

"He can't hear you, Father," said one of the doctors. "He's too far out."

"Martin," repeated Father Michael. "Martin, come back! You can't die! You're not ready! Martin! Listen to me. You must come back. Martin! Do you hear me? Answer!"

We stood in an agonized expectancy. The priest's voice, quiet though it was, had grown stern. "Martin," he said once more, "come back!"

There was the slightest flicker of pale eyelids, a tremor. The gray shade lifted. Martin's eyes opened as if with a supreme effort. He looked up into Father Michael's eyes. He seemed to struggle feebly against the will that was holding him. He moaned a little. His eyes closed once more.

"Martin!" commanded the other. "Look at me!" He flung himself upon his knees

beside the bed, and turned the dying man's face.

So tense and tight had grown the silence that it was like a wire stretched to snapping-point; and now there was a faint buzzing—not a sound, but sensation merely—in my head, that seemed to herald the break—or would there be any more sound, forever?

Yes—a breath of words—

"Lord Jesus—" whispered Father Michael.

The eyes of the sick man fluttered once again, and again opened—slowly—calmly. And the flicker of a smile lifted the corners of his mouth, as he recognized his brother.

Things were done again—swift, efficient things. I got into a corner out of the way.

Presently I went to find myself a glass of sherry. By the window in the dining room, I stumbled over something in the dark, and bending down, startled, discovered someone lying on the floor. I knew at once, as my fingers touched his hair, that it was Father Michael. He lay so still that for an instant I was frightened. I had been but just now in the presence of Death, and that dread Presence hovered all about me. Then the still figure moved, and the prostrate man sat up.

We blinked at each other as I found a light. I do not know what my face said, but it was only for a moment that I could look at his. And if my soul ever shall climb into the Light Eternal, I shall understand better what I saw.

Dr. Marlowe came in after a little while, and had a glass of sherry, too. Dr. Lawson growled and demanded Scotch; and we sat together about the dining room table picking up our frayed nerves.

"Well," said Dr. Marlowe, glaring at Father Michael over his very professional spectacles, "young man, how does it feel to have the gift of miracles? Hey?—take a glass, lad—take a glass! You're worse off than any of us!"

The priest smiled, and I knew that he would not break his fast. He had three hours and more to go before he said his Mass, and I felt, with Dr. Marlowe, that he needed a bracer; but these facts are very strictly kept, it appears. Even a glass of water was not permitted after midnight, he had told me.

Dr. Lawson, warmed and comforted by the Scotch, expatiated at some length upon

the power of the human will and the extraordinary sympathy existing between certain human beings. Dr. Marlowe snorted and looked over his spectacles at Dr. Lawson, and back again at Father Michael.

"And he has had the best of nursing," added Dr. Lawson.

The two stayed, to make assurance doubly sure, until the dawn began to show. "If he gets through the darkness," Dr. Marlowe

muttered, in repeated confidences with his neatly trimmed whiskers—"If he gets through the darkness—"

He got through the darkness; and by noon the household took on a feeling of security. For myself, I had no doubts from the moment I saw Father Michael's face when he came down from Sinai.

(To be continued.)

## LE CADEAU

By NOEL A. DUNDERDALE, Tertiary

"**A** DIEU, mon ami! Portez-vous bien!" said Francois, grasping the hand of his friend for the last time as the train began to move slowly away.

A moment more and they were separated. "*A bientôt*," he called, his hand in the air by way of parting salutation. "*A bientôt*."

The train slid down the tracks, its noise drowning the voices of the two friends. Now Francois saw nothing but the straw hat his friend waved from a window.

The train rounded a curve and the separation was complete.

Francois Malot remained as in a trance, gazing at the long rails before him but seeing thousands of miles beyond.

"*A bientôt! à bientôt!*" he continued to say, though almost in a whisper as though the thought carried the message to the distant Henri.

Then he turned slowly away and made his way out of the station and back to the turmoil of the city.

With his return to the activities of life, his mind was released from its torpor, and soon he became the bright and vivacious man his acquaintances habitually knew. And why should he be sad, he asked himself? True it was that Henri had gone at once, that he would be among the first across from distant America, but what of that? Would not he himself follow within perhaps two weeks? What difference could a trifling half-month make in the end? Francois Malot was as good a patriot, as any, and the folks in far-off France would have no cause to call him "slacker." Two weeks, or three at the most, would see his affairs in

order, and he would be on the way. Haste, then, was the order of the day, and in his enthusiasm he found himself almost running.

"Hey there, Francois! What's the matter?" called a voice. "If it were dinner time or you were going to visit a young lady, I could understand your hurry, but in the middle of the afternoon—when it's as hot as this—"

"*Tais toi*. Do you not know the news?" exclaimed Francois impatiently, as he came to a halt.

"News? What news?" asked his friend in amazement.

"The war! the war! *la guerre avec les—*"

"Oh, yes," was the calm answer. "Over in Europe. I know all about that. Is that why you are so excited?"

"Is it not that I should be excited? There is war, do you understand, between Germany and my beloved France. The armies are being—what you call it?—mobilized, *c'est ça*. They are on their way to the front. *Moi*, I just leave Henri Chambord at the train. He has gone to join his *régiment*. And now I hurry, for I too must go."

George regarded him with an amused, almost a pitying look. "You must go?" he repeated. "And pray, why are you concerned? This is America where we live. You left France years ago and settled here in business. Surely, their affairs are no concern of yours now?"

"*Mais oui, mon ami*. I am still Frenchman. I love my country as no other. She is in distress. She calls her sons. 'Come

I need you.' We go from here, from there; from all parts of France, the colonies, Canada, America. All join to fight the terrible enemy that sets foot on our land."

This was a new thing to George Burrows, and he marveled.

"Of course," he continued, "I understand how you feel, when you put it that way; but there are thousands and thousands of other men, men in France I mean, who can do the fighting. There certainly can not be any need to call upon the men over here."

"There is no call but the call of duty, the call of patriotism," maintained Francois. "We know the need; we leave our business and go. *C'est tout.*"

Burrows put out his hand.

"Francois," he said, "I have known you for years and I wouldn't for the world deter you from what you consider the right thing. If you go, Heaven speed you; but—think it over carefully."

"There is no more thinking to do," answered Francois with a shake of his head.

"Your mind is absolutely made up?"

"*Mon ami*, you do not understand; you are not Frenchman. It is not the mind, it is the heart, that says 'go.'"

"Well, don't be in too great a hurry, and, in any event, come and see me soon."

"Certainly, certainly. I come to say *au revoir* in a few days."

"All right. Good luck to you meanwhile."

Without pausing for a moment Francois hurried away, intent upon closing up his affairs and leaving America at the earliest possible date. For the next few days, he saw only those acquaintances whom chance threw in his path, and for them he had little time and no words beyond telling them of his plan of action.

Hence it happened that a week later George Burrows, feeling anxious about his friend, determined to find out what he was doing and if he had undergone any change of mind.

The night was a hot one, for it was August that brought the first call to arms, and under the fierce glare of all the available lights Francois Malot's room was like an oven. With coat, collar, and tie cast off and his shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbow, Francois was surrounded by books, papers, letters, and various other paraphernalia. The wastebasket was filled to overflowing and destroyed sheets of all kinds littered the floor. Francois worked and perspired and smiled

gaily all the time. His greeting to George was warm, in every way.

"Ah, *mon ami*, it is good to see you. You come for the funeral. To-night we bury Francois Malot, the business man, in order that there may be room for the new Francois, the patriot, the soldier."

George humored him at first.

"Then you *haven't* changed your mind?" he ventured.

The Frenchman answered by a look that could have devoured the questioner. He forebore to reply by word.

"My books—" he said. "You will mind them? My knapsack will be small; there will be no room for books, except—" he glanced quickly over a partly filled shelf, "this, I can not part with this; but you will not need."

Burrows put out his hand.

"What is it?"

He read the title and nodded his approval. "The Imitation," of course.

Francois set the volume aside.

"I must get more boxes," he said, "for these other things. You will excuse me, *un instant*. I just go to the *concierge*."

"The what?" asked George, with a bewildered look.

"Pardon. The janitor. I sometimes forget."

"It's not forgetfulness," thought George. "This confounded war has gone to his head, so that he's almost crazy. But I suppose I should be the same if I were a Frenchman or if America were involved. After all, it's a question of one's own country."

He lit a cigarette and idly surveyed the havoc before him.

Meanwhile Francois, groping his way down the backstairs of the apartment building, sought the basement residence of the janitor.

He knocked twice without receiving any reply, but a faint light within bespoke the presence of some one. A third knock brought a movement in the flat and a woman's voice called:

"Who is it?"

"It is Monsieur Malot. I want—"

"Shust a minute."

The door was opened by the janitor's wife.

"Is your husband there?" asked Francois. "I wanted to ask him for some boxes."

"Mine husband?" repeated the woman.

"Do you not know already that he—he—"

She suddenly burst into tears while Francois stood by helplessly.

Waiting for a few moments until she became calm, he spoke again.

"Tell me," he said kindly, "what it is that makes trouble for you. Perhaps I can 'elp."

The woman dried her eyes with the corner of her apron and continued her story.

They were Bavarians, it appeared, and residents of America for less than a year. In consequence, her husband was bound by the conscription laws of his country, and not even his wife and young child constituted exemption.

"Has he gone yet?" asked Francois.

"Since yesterday," sobbed the woman. "And I—I know not what to do yet. There is only one thing, *Der heilige Josef*. I ask him to look after my man. See," and, opening the door wider, she indicated a little shrine.

Francois saw a small table, covered with a snow-white cloth, and upon it two large, red candles in brass candlesticks. The candles shed a fitful light upon a small statue of Saint Joseph and upon a larger representation of the same saint, an embroidered picture, gold framed, and with the words, *Heiliger Josef, bitte für uns*, surrounding it.

Francois gazed reverently for a moment. Then offering what words of consolation he could summon, made his exit.

George Burrows knew as soon as he saw his friend again that something had happened.

"Why, Francois!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter? Are you sick?"

Francois dropped into the nearest chair without answering a word. His head sunk upon his breast, his eyes staring vacantly and his arms limp by his sides, he looked the picture of misery.

It was long before he regained his voice, and then he would give no explanation. "I have worked too hard," he said. "It will be better if I rest. You will come and see me again, *mon ami*?"

With that he ushered Burrows to the door and returned to the solitude of his room.

For a while he sat there, inactive, a thousand wild thoughts crowding his brain. He experienced a sudden weariness of, almost a distaste for, his packing; he had lost heart for the whole affair in some almost unaccountable manner. His one desire was to be done with it and away; away from doubt and distrust. Perhaps he *had* been

working too hard. The heat, too, might have tried him. He picked up his hat and cane, bent on getting out into the open air.

Before long he found himself in one of the city parks, at the edge of the lake. The hour was late and the place deserted. Selecting a bench, he sat down where he had a view of the water and the late moon that appeared over a bank of clouds.

Here were space and freedom and quiet. Here he could think and work out this problem that had so suddenly confronted him.

•It had all come in a flash. At one moment he had no thought but to pack his things and go. A few words with the wife of the janitor, a glimpse into a forlorn home, and the whole course of his life seemed changed.

And what was at the bottom of it? The realization that just as he was going to fight for his country, so the man downstairs had gone to fight—and for the enemy country. Suppose they should meet in battle? It would be his duty to kill the other man, just as it would be the duty of the other to kill him first, if he could. And if he killed this man, he would bring misery to the wife in the basement flat, to the wife who placed her faith in Saint Joseph, the guardian of homes.

He himself had prayed to Saint Joseph, to guard him, to bring him back safely. And all the while he was prepared to kill another man whose faith prompted him to say the same prayers, to trust to the same heavenly patron. This was war.

He might kill the man in his own home; it would be a simple matter to crush his skull or blow out his brains or stab him in the heart. By doing so he would free his beloved France of an enemy; he would serve the cause. He might do this in Europe and receive a decoration for service. If he did it in America, it would be murder. Yet, wherein lay the difference? War might sometimes be justifiable. Was it so in this case? He had not thought of this before. What caused the war? he asked himself. Everyone had a different theory. No one really knew. Francois, after careful thought, said "commercialism." He could not have delivered a clear argument supporting this belief, yet he had no doubt that the struggle for commercial supremacy between two different races had gradually brought about the condition of affairs that had resulted in war;



war for these great opposing races and war for the smaller nations whose interests were bound up with the larger. Reduced to the personal element, it meant that he should take the life of a janitor, a fellow Catholic, a loyal son of the foster-father of Christianity, Saint Joseph.

The contradiction was too much for him. He felt completely bewildered; completely lost as to the course he should pursue. One path was marked by loyalty to his country; the other by loyalty to his fellow man, to that spirit of love for which Christ had sacrificed himself.

With his mind torn between these conflicting emotions, he found himself as incapable of decision as of flying. For hours and hours he tramped, till in the gray dawn he staggered back to his home and the neglected packing.

Autumn came and with it a letter from Henri, who was at a loss to know why his friend had not joined him in France.

At the same time, there was a communication from Mr. Ward, Francois' partner in the East. This brought up another point. Business lately had slackened down, and Mr. Ward did not understand the reason. Francois had to admit that the fault lay with him. His mind had been so engrossed with his personal affairs that business matters had been quite neglected. He had not fully realized the importance of this until Ward had brought it to his attention. Now he saw that because of his dilemma, his uncertainty as to his course of duty, another was affected. Ward had supplied the finances for their partnership; Malot had the technical training. Together they succeeded, but either would be useless without the other. "Suppose I should go, then," thought Francois. "Monsieur Ward, he will lose his business, his money. Is it right that this should be so, because that I serve my country?"

Here was an additional difficulty. At times Francois felt that the weight of the argument was against his going, and for a day or two he devoted himself heart and soul to his business, content that at last a decision had been reached.

Then little doubts would creep in. When he read the newspaper reports of the advance of the Germans, previous reasonings would go in a flash, and he felt like a traitor for holding back. He was a coward, a

slacker, for remaining in America when his beloved France was at war.

Again there would arise the picture of the crucified Christ who brought peace on earth, good will to men, and inspired by religious fervor he would condemn all war, no matter what the cause.

It was on such an occasion that he met George Burrows again.

"What news?" asked he.

Francois launched forth immediately.

"Why should I go?" he demanded, fiercely. "Is it not that enough poor fellows give up their lives for perfidious Albion? What is the war but a fight for the biggest slice of the world's business? I ask you, is it Christian to kill, to hurt, these poor men for this? Was it for this that *le bon Dieu* sent his only Son to the earth? Was it for this that the Saviour suffered on Calvary? I ask you, if we are good Christians, good Catholics, should we not be willing to fight against such war? Should we not be willing to fight, if need be, to maintain this freedom from such useless war? Should we, too, not be willing, as Christ himself was willing, to sacrifice all we have for our faith?" He stopped for lack of breath.

Burrows had become thoughtful.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "you are right. It is all bad business. I wish we could see the end of it."

But the end was far off, and there was to be much suffering before it was reached.

Even Francois felt that he had not reached the end even though his ideas had gradually formed themselves into a definite line of action. He still felt the prompting of nationality, still was sensitive to the urgings of Henri, whose letters, regularly received, Francois could not trust himself to answer.

So the weeks dragged on into months. Francois Malot was now a changed man. No longer the bright, vivacious spirit of former times, he now always wore the air of a tired, world-weary man; a man who felt a longing to do great things for the uplifting of his fellows, but who completely lacked all energy; a man apart from all others, even his most intimate associates.

Yet there was one ray of sunshine for him in little Louise, a tot of five, Ward's only child and his one compensation for the loss of his wife. On her he lavished all the love and kindness in his nature. In this he was rivaled by Malot, who loved the child as if she were his own. The little one,

in fact, regarded Francois as a second father, and so Ward regarded him.

"Francois," he had often said, "if anything should ever happen to me, it would be your duty to care for Louise. I leave her to you as a pledge of my friendship, with the knowledge that you will do for her what I should do."

These words came to Francois as he sat musing before the fireplace in his apartments. He was startled suddenly by the violent ringing of the doorbell.

"You Mister Malot?" asked a boy's voice.

He took the proffered note and started at seeing "Saint Matthew's Hospital" in the corner. With trembling hands he opened the envelope, his heart chilled with a sudden fear. The few lines, signed by a doctor in the hospital, merely told him that he was to come at once at the request of Mr. Ward.

Short as the message was, it sufficed to complete Francois' fears. He felt sure that something dreadful had happened, and in less than an hour he knew the truth.

Ward, heavily wrapped in bandages, lay in a darkened room under the care of a surgeon and a nursing Sister. Another Sister fondled the little Louise, who sobbed quietly while vainly endeavoring to make her father speak.

At sight of Francois, she ran to him with delight, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him affectionately.

"Oh, papa Francois, I'm so glad you're here. Daddy is hurt and—and—he won't speak—"

In a few words, the surgeon told the story. While crossing the street Ward had got in the way of an automobile. With a quick movement he had pushed the child out of danger but for himself he could do nothing. He was fatally injured, and the end was but a matter of moments.

Francois heard and understood, yet it all seemed like a horrible dream; so suddenly had it burst upon him.

A movement on the part of the injured man drew the attention of all.

"My—child," he whispered. "Is—she—"

His hand reached out and touched the curly head that he could not see. A slight smile lighted his face as he fondled his loved one.

"Tell—Fran—Francois," he continued, feebly, "and a—priest."

The good father was in readiness, waiting for the injured man's return to conscious-

ness. Francois meanwhile grasped the other hand in friendly sympathy.

"*Mon ami,*" he began, but could go no further.

Ward had heard and understood. Taking the child's hand, he placed it in that of Francois, across the bed.

"She is all—I have—in the world," he said, laboriously. "And you—are all—she has. There is—the business, for both. I could not—get—any—insurance. Instead—I give my child—your friendship."

"I know, I know," answered Francois. "It is all right. I take care. I love—"

The priest entered, and the others.

It was with a heavy heart that Francois returned home that evening. Little Louise, who had been brought there before him, had gone trustingly to sleep in the care of the landlady. Francois, walking in softly, looked lovingly at the fatherless child, then went down on his knees before the statue of the model foster father.

*Heiliger Josef, bitte für uns* came spontaneously to his lips as there passed before his mind a vision of his beloved France. He saw Henri and the others expecting him, wondering why he had delayed; he saw the German advance; he saw the janitor from downstairs, who left a weeping wife praying to St. Joseph; he saw the cold, lifeless body of his friend and partner. Then he looked again at the child whose future lot was in his own hand, and he saw a path clearly marked for him as the way he should follow, but marked too, with trials and misunderstandings, because others would not see it as it had been given to him to see.

## VICTORY

The road leads upward, upward through the night,  
And we must speed as Greek athletes of old,  
Not pampered in jewels, nor cloth of gold,  
But free-limbed, clad in tunics snowy white,

Our gaze e'er fixed upon yon starry Height;  
And when at last we stumble thwart a cross,  
And vision all our life a beggared loss,  
'Tis then we win as victors in the fight!

Success spells failure, failure spells success:  
For only when we have been crucified  
Shall we as saints seek heaven glorified;

This is Christ's guerdon, this our happiness—  
The only way true heroes ever trod,  
For woes are steps that lead unto our God!

—CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.



# Missions

## THE FIRST CATHOLIC YUMA FUNERAL

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**O**UR holy Catholic Faith is slowly but surely making progress among the Yumas in southern California. There are so many prejudices to overcome, so much ignorance in spiritual matters to combat, so many disappointments to bear, that a poor missionary rejoices exceedingly when the least progress is made in winning these long neglected Indians for Christ:

Just recently, Rev. Fr. Tiburtius, O. F. M., of whom I told you in the January issue of the *HERALD*, experienced much joy over an event that bodes well to the new mission. And to think it was a funeral that caused him this joy! Yes, the funeral of a young Yuma mother—she was only twenty-four years old—has done much to break with old-time traditions and to overcome an ancient and silly superstition of this Indian tribe. I have asked Fr. Tiburtius to tell you about this funeral himself, as I am sure you prefer to get the facts first-hand. He kindly acquiesced, and on January 28th penned me the following letter:

Dear Father:

The register of the Yuma mission contains the records of many baptisms and marriages, but no funerals. The reason for this is that from time immemorial the Yumas and other Indians of Yuma stock—Mohajes and Cocopahs—have cremated their dead, and it has so far been impossible for the Catholic missionaries, who from time to time labored among them, to induce them to give up the

practice. Right Rev. Monsignor Ketcham, of Washington, D. C., Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, who witnessed a cremation two years ago, gave a graphic description of it in the *Indian Sentinel*, and since that time he has made special efforts to withdraw them from their fire worship, which is at the bottom of the custom. The Yumas seem to believe that it is only by cremation that the soul can free itself entirely from the body, and they cherish this belief with a tenacity bordering on fanaticism.

In former times, soon after the death of one of their tribe, the Yumas would burn the corpse with the wood of the shanty in which the deceased had lived. They also threw into the fire all his belongings and never went near the place again. The United States Government has now set aside a special place for the cremations, and the shacks are burned separately. It will take long to wean these Indians from this custom; but last week we succeeded at least in breaking a hole in the solid wall of their ancient superstition, and with the help of God and our new protector in Heaven we hope to be able to do away with it entirely.

It all came about through the illness and early death of Petronilla Chileco, a young Yuma Indian mother. I became acquainted with Petronilla when she came to the hospital, a victim of that dread enemy of the Southwestern Indians—pulmonary tuberculosis. She was one of the brightest women of her tribe and made a very good impression on me. After some time, I persuaded her to receive the sacraments, and from that time on, although her days were numbered, she advanced with giant strides on the path of sanctity, so that it could be said of her in the words of Holy Writ: "Being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time; for her soul pleased God, therefore



A Typical Yuma Indian Woman of the Present Day in Her "Sunday Best." The Women Are Very Fond of Colors, and Their Clothes Are Usually of the Brightest Green, Red or Yellow.

He hastened to bring *her* out of iniquities." About two weeks ago, when she grew very ill, the Indians came and wanted to take her home, as is their custom, that she might die in her own little shanty. Before leaving the hospital, she received the sacraments with remarkable devotion, and again after a few days I administered them to her in her little home. Tears of joy streamed from her eyes as she received her Eucharistic God in the sacrament of His love, and I could not admire enough the goodness and mercy of the Savior toward this poor Indian woman. The next day, she called for me and the Government agent, as she wished to make her last will and testament. It was very brief. She bequeathed her land to her baby boy, and directed that when he was large enough he

body. He also desired that the Methodist Indian children of the reservation should attend; but, to the great disappointment of these children, their preacher forbade them to go. Present at the solemn Requiem Mass were the agent and his family, many of the Government employees, and a large number of Indians. The services were conducted with all the meaningful solemnity with which holy Mother Church invests the last rites paid to her faithful children, and they undoubtedly made a very deep impression on the Indians. May the good Petronilla confirm this impression by her loving intercession with God in Heaven, that before many days the light of Faith may illumine the darkness that now envelops the souls of her countrymen. After the new church and priest's house—for which



Present Catholic Church at Yuma Mission, California. It Is In This Miserable Shanty, Which Daily Threatens to Collapse, That the Padre Gathers His Dusky Lambs to Win Them for the Fold of Christ.

should be sent to a Catholic school. Then she begged to be taken back to the hospital "to be near Father," she said. I prayed with her for some time, and in the evening the Indians yielded to her pleadings and brought her back to the hospital. She was happy now and ready to go to her Savior, promising to intercede at His throne in Heaven for the members of her tribe. "Today is St. Agnes, my confirmation saint," she said to me the next morning, and it was St. Agnes who came to lead her to her Heavenly home. The end came at three o'clock in the afternoon, peacefully and beautifully, and I felt that her death was the passing of a saint.

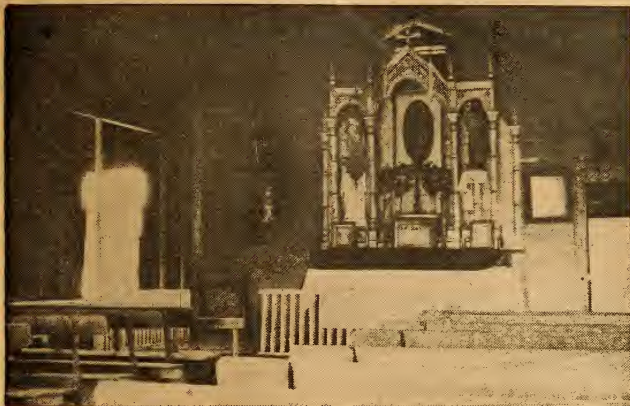
Although a Yuma corpse had never yet been brought to the mission church for Catholic burial services, I was determined to have Petronilla's funeral at the church with all possible solemnity. The agent willingly seconded my efforts and even issued orders that all the children of the Government school and their teachers should attend the obsequies in a

I again kindly ask the aid of generous benefactors—are completed, our efforts at Christianizing these poor Indians will undoubtedly meet with great success. A beginning has been made in combating one of the greatest obstacles to their conversion, and we are confident that soon gratifying progress can be reported.

Fraternally yours,

FR. TIBURTIUS, O. F. M.

Would you, my dear Mission Associates, ever have thought it possible that there are still in our midst Indians who cling so tenaciously to their old pagan superstitions and customs? But who can blame them when their Methodist missionaries (God save the mark!) look with approval on these abominations and our government actually aids them in carrying them out? Our missionary Fathers will have hard work, indeed, in rooting out practices that have grown rank



Interior of the Church at Yuma Mission. It Was Before This Altar That the First Catholic Yuma Funeral Services Were Recently Conducted. The Ceiling of this House of God Is Common Cheesecloth Tacked to Rough Boards.

there for centuries. But they rely on you and your prayers to help them instill into these pagan souls true Christian sentiments regarding our body, which, as St. Paul says, "is sown in corruption but which will rise in incorruption, which is sown in dishonor but will rise in glory, which is sown in weak-

ness, but will rise in power, which is sown a natural body but which will rise a spiritual body." Yes, let us pray that the consoling truths of our holy Faith may soon find their way to the hearts of this benighted tribe and elevate them from the slavery of Satan to the freedom of the children of God.

## FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

### CHAPTER XVI

*Oñate's Petitions—New Fr. Commissary—Expedition to the Great Plains—Fr. Velasco and Brother Vergara—Discoveries—Buffaloes—Kansas Indians—Fate of the Humana Expedition—Quivira—Oñate Returns—Colonists and Friars Have Departed—San Gabriel Deserted—Letter of Fr. Escalona—Sad Story—Oñate Furious—Another Letter of Fr. Escalona—Horrible Conditions Among the Indians—Cruelty of Oñate—Fr. San Miguel's Letter to Fr. Provincial—Terrible Indictment—Bancroft's View.*

**T**HE petition of Don Juan de Oñate for more soldiers and supplies, supported by the personal explanations of Fr. Commissary Alonzo Martínez, was favorably received by Viceroy Monterey, and it was partially successful. Instead of five hundred additional soldiers, however, Oñate secured only seventy-one, with whom Ensign Benabé de las Casas returned to the

Upper Rio Grande; but the viceroy reported Oñate's success to the king, who, under date of May 31, 1600, directed Monterey to render every possible aid and encouragement to the enterprise (1).

Fr. Martínez being in ill health, as Torquemada writes, remained in Mexico. In his place, as commissary of the friars, went Fr. Juan de Escalona, an aged religious of great

(1) Torquemada, I, p. 673; col. 1; Bancroft, 147.

virtue and piety (2). It is not clear when Fr. Escalona arrived at San Gabriel, nor how many fresh religious accompanied him. Certain it is that he was there early in 1601. Vetancurt (3) sends him to New Mexico "as custodio with some religious and some soldiers in the year 1604"; but that must be a misprint, as appears from a letter of Oñate to be quoted presently.

Early in 1601, Oñate planned to go in person with a hundred men to the northeast as far as the land of the elusive Quiviras, which in the mind of the Spanish fortune hunters abounded in precious metal. "With the consent and counsel of both our Fr. Commissary, Fr. Juan de Escalona," Oñate reports, "and of the other Fathers who resided in these dominions, occupied in ministering to souls, and of the officers of the royal troops . . ., and after many supplications, sacrifices, and prayers to God, our Lord, that His (Divine) Majesty might reveal His Divine Will, knowing that the will of our most Catholic King Philip has been and is that the Most Holy Name of God should be proclaimed in these realms, and His holy Gospel preached to these barbarous nations . . .; Governor Don Juan de Oñate determined to lead an expedition from these first settlements . . . to the interior by a northern route, both because of the splendid reports which the native Indians were giving of this country, and also because of what an Indian named Joseph, who was born in New Spain and who speaks the Mexican tongue, saw while going with Captain Humaña (4). The most necessary things having been arranged for the journey, with the supply of provisions, arms, ammunition, and other requisite military stores, with more than seventy picked men, all very well equipped, more than seven hundred horses and mules, six mule carts, and two carts drawn by oxen conveying four pieces of artillery, and with servants to carry the necessary baggage, the journey was begun in this

year of 1601, the said Don Juan de Oñate going as commander, with Vicente de Zaldivar Mendoza as his *maese de campo* and *sargento mayor* (5), and two religious of the Order of Our Father St. Francis, Fr. Francisco de Velasco and Brother Pedro de Vergara. The first (soldiers) left the camp at San Gabriel on the twenty-third of the month of June, the eve of the Blessed Precursor, St. John the Baptist, and having traveled four days they reached the post or pueblo which is called Galisteo. There the greater part of the men came together in five or six days, and from there they commenced to march toward the east."

On the eve of the feast of the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure, July 13, the expedition reached the Pecos River which was then named the Rio San Buennaventura. Next day, July 14, they came to another stream which they called Rio de los Bagres, because of the many catfish it contained. Bolton identifies it with the Gallinas River. Three days later the explorers arrived at the Canadian River, which on that occasion was given the name Magdalena for having been reached on that saint's day. "Descending that stream," Bolton says, "to a great bend one hundred and eleven leagues from the pueblo of San Gabriel, Oñate continued northeast to a point on the Arkansas more than two hundred and twenty leagues from the starting point" (6). Oñate himself writes: "God being pleased that on the feast of the Porziuncola, which is the second of August, we should reach a place which from times past had been called Rio de San Francisco (7), with very special devotion to the Most Blessed Confessor, the greater part of the army confessed and received holy Communion."

"Proceeding on the day of the glorious levite and martyr, San Lorenzo," Oñate's narrative continues, "God was pleased that we should begin to see those monstrous cattle called *cíbola* (buffalo). Although they

(2) "Hombre anciano, y de mucha religion, y santidad." Torquemada, ut supra; Manuel Ramirez Aparicios, *Conventos Suprimidos*, 282.

(3) *Cronica*, p. 95.

(4) About 1593, Francisco Leyva de Bonilla and Antonio Gutiérrez de Humaña led this unauthorized expedition into New Mexico. See *Spanish Explorations*, 200-201; Bancroft, 107-109; 149; Read, 190; Salmeron, nos. 37-38. Bancroft and Read call him Juan de Humaña.

(5) Chief of Staff.

(6) San Gabriel, which, it is now certain, existed on the west side of the Rio Grande early in 1601, and probably in 1600.

(7) The Canadian River, according to Bolton, 254. See also 252 for the other rivers named before.

were fleet of foot, on this day four or five of the bulls were killed, which caused great rejoicing. On the following day, we saw great droves of bulls and cows, and from there on the multitude which we saw was so great that it might be considered a falsehood by one who had not seen them . . . ; and they were so tame that nearly always, unless they were frightened or chased, they remained quiet and did not flee."

Marching onward, the Spaniards came to the temporary villages of the roving Escansaques (Escansaques) or Kansas Indians. "They were not a people that sowed or reaped, but lived solely on cattle (buffalo) meat," Oñate reports. "They were ruled by chiefs, and like communities that are freed from subjection to any lord, they obeyed their chiefs but little. They had large quantities of hides which, wrapped about their bodies, served as clothing; but the weather being hot, all the men went about nearly naked, the women being clothed from the waist down. Men and women alike used bows and arrows, with which they were very dexterous."

From here the Spaniards were guided seven leagues to a river whose banks were densely covered with trees. "This stream contained an abundance of good fish. At some points it could be forded; but in other parts it was very deep so that vessels could sail on it with ease. It flowed due east, and its waters were fresh and pleasant to taste" (8).

Two days later, Oñate's party reached the country of the Quiviras, similar in character and customs to those mentioned before. The unauthorized expedition of Leyva and Humaña, which about 1593 had crossed into New Mexico; penetrated to these great plains and the territory of the Quiviras. Humaña had treacherously killed the leader, Francisco Leyva de Bonilla, and in turn had received his deserts at the hands of the savages, who surrounded the camp with fire while the white adventurers rested, and probably shot down with arrows everyone that tried to flee. No one escaped save a Spanish boy named Alonzo Sánchez and a mulatto woman, and even she was badly

burnt (9). The Indians proved treacherous and a battle ensued in which a large number of the savages were killed and the greater part of the Spaniards wounded, though not dangerously. Seeing that nothing could be gained by continuing the march, Oñate ordered the little army to begin the journey homeward. They reached San Gabriel after fifty-nine days. Altogether the expedition had been on the road going and coming from June 23 to November 24, 1601. On December 14, 1601, Oñate signed his account of the march for transmission to the viceroy (10).

It appears that greed for gold and glory had caused Oñate to abandon the lofty aims with which he had crossed the Rio Grande into New Mexico. Like Coronado, he had reached the mythical villages of the Quiviras, and like Coronado, he had found them to be nothing but wigwams of roving savages. Disgusted at the outcome, he and his men returned to the settlement on the west side of the Rio Grande, only to find it deserted. He would have acted wisely had he first looked to the temporal welfare of the colonists at San Gabriel and assigned lands for cultivation instead of molesting the Indians. Then he would have avoided the disappointment that faced him when he came back from his fool's errand. Instead of being welcomed by a contented and thriving town, only the Fr. Commissary Juan de Escalona, and Ensign de las Casas, with some soldiers, had remained. The colonists and the other friars had abandoned New Mexico and retired to Santa Barbara, Chihuahua. Fr. Escalona had sent a letter along to the Most Rev. Fr. Commissary-General, which follows here and explains the situation.

Jesus be in the holy soul of your Paternity, and give and grant you what this least of your sons desires.

As the occasion has come for writing about these provinces of New Mexico, and for giving an account to the Lord Viceroy and his Court of what has occurred in this country, it is right that we should also give it to your Paternity, for the obligation therefor is not less. Dear Father, the reason for writing and for sending messengers to the Lord Viceroy is to explain to him that all the people, or most of those in this New Mexico, are leaving and going out of it, forced thereto by

(8) *Spanish Exploration*, 255-256.

(9) Salmeron, no. 38; *Spanish Exploration*, 259. Bolton, p. 205, thinks that the massacre occurred at what is now Wichita, Kansas. Compare with Rev. Michael Shine's calculation in *Franciscan Herald*, May, 1919.

(10) Oñate's Narrative in *Spanish Exploration*, 250-267; Salmeron, nos. 37-47; Bancroft, 149-151; Read, 236-237.

the great want in which they see themselves at the present time, owing to hunger and nakedness, which is due to the fact that the Indians, having been so entirely drained of their substance, are dying of hunger; for the governor and his captains (11) have plundered the Indian pueblos and taken from them all the corn which they had stored up for six years, until they have left the Indians so destitute of grain and in such dire want, that through sheer hunger they mix with charcoal I do not know what kind of wild seeds, and this they eat. If God had not provided that some private persons raised a little wheat by the help of irrigation, we should all have perished and died.

Seeing, therefore, that the year was unfavorable, and that it has not rained in due season, for which reason not much has been harvested, and in many of these pueblos no grain whatever obtained; and that the governor did not want a piece of land to be planted for the community, so that his captains and soldiers should have something to eat; and that all the Spaniards as well as the Indians must perish, the people of this place (San Gabriel) have unanimously resolved to repair to peaceful regions and to retire to Santa Barbara (in Chihuahua), there to wait for what the Lord Viceroy shall command them to do, whether to pass on to other parts or to return hither after receiving assistance from him in the shape of provisions; whether to let them go and settle at Yndeje, which is said to be a paradise and abounding in silver, or to set out for the Valle del Aguila and discover the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), and see if along that course from which the ships of China (Philippines) observe this coast, they may possibly improve their condition by means of what they bring from China (Philippines).

Seeing, therefore, that all the lay people are leaving because of the said want, I was forced to permit the religious, who were here, to accompany them; for they pleaded very ardently, as your Paternity will see from the petition which they presented to me for that purpose with many reasons and motives, strong enough to convince any one who considers them well. They do not go because they desire to leave the country wantonly, nor to abandon it entirely, but constrained through necessity; for the lay people go to Santa Barbara, in order to await whatever his Majesty shall command them; and the religious accompany them to learn what may be commanded regarding themselves. Lest this place be left entirely desolate, I remain here with the royal ensign and a few other Spaniards to await the determination of what shall be commanded us. We shall wait four or five months, the time which may be required for the answer from those who are going thither to bear the messages regarding this matter which we sent to his Excellency and to your

Paternity, although we are staying at the imminent risk of losing our lives, since we are few and have neither fortress behind which to take refuge, nor wheat or corn to eat. If within that time no information should come to us, we shall have to go where the army is going to wait, which place is the post of Santa Barbara. Therefore, I beg that your Paternity be pleased to order me to be informed, and in the name of all who stay here to supplicate his Excellency, the viceroy, lest it appear that we had entirely abandoned the country.

We also venture to stay here, in order to see whether during this time we shall receive news from the governor, and from those who went with him—Fr. Francisco de Velasco and our Brother Pedro de Vergara, who accompanied him. I should have gone on that journey myself, as I wrote to you, but I confess that, seeing the conditions in this country so contrary to reason and Christianity, I dared not make the trip; for I saw that as things have been and are here now, so they must be whither they have gone, and whithersoever they may go. These things I wish another than myself might tell, because, even though there were no famine, there would be sufficient reasons for the religious to withdraw or to live crucified.

The Fathers who are departing now are Fr. Francisco de San Miguel, Fr. Francisco de Zamora, Fr. Lope Izquierdo, and Fr. Gastón de Peralta. I remain in order to go as the last one. They go as chaplains of the army and to accompany them on the road.

What I supplicate your Paternity is, that, if the religious are not to come back here, you command me whatever God may inspire your Paternity. Until now, almost nothing has been discovered of all that is said to exist, and is here the motive and excuse for going forward to the north, or east, or south. From the City of Mexico to the point where we are, we have walked four hundred leagues, and livestock and other things have been brought here with great hardship. To leave it all now to perish seems hard and against conscience, especially since we should be leaving here some baptized souls of adults as well as of children. To my mind, it would not please the king to abandon all this, nor would it please any other (12) who will maintain it in justice and doctrine when he is given charge of these pueblos.

Your Paternity will pardon the prolixity. In order to give an account of what occurs in such distant lands, especially when it is a matter of honor, of conscience, and of salvation of souls, all can not be said in a few words. May God, our Lord, guide you as may please best His Divine Majesty, and keep your Paternity.—From this convent of San Gabriel, New Mexico, on the first day of October, 1601. The least son and subject of your Paternity, Fr. Juan de Escalona (13).

(11) Before proceeding on their expedition to Quivira, it appears.

(12) Governor. Fr. Escalona intimates that Oñate should be removed.

(13) Torquemada, I, pp. 673-674. Compare with the defective translation in Read, 237-240.



The already sore Oñate grew so exasperated when he found San Gabriel deserted by the colonists and friars that he appears to have gone daft. Making the ridiculous charge that they were guilty of treason to the royal standard for having abandoned the country, he sentenced a number of them to death. Then he drew up a report to the viceroy and had his nephew, Captain Vicente de Zaldívar, take the papers to Mexico. On the way, he was to arrest the colonists and send them back to New Mexico. Let us again hear the venerable Fr. Escalona for the details. In a letter, not dated, but quoted by Torquemada, to the Fr. Provincial he wrote from San Gabriel as follows:

I have learned from accounts that have been published here, that the unfortunate Spaniards, who went away from here, are to be denounced as traitors to the king, and accused of insurrection. I regret that any evil should come upon them in addition to having suffered in this country such great hardships, want, hunger, and oppression, and that for having sacrificed their possessions, so that now they are poor and infirm, they should in the end be stigmatized as traitors and chastized as such. May your Reverence be pleased to help them as far as you are able; for among them are very honorable men. If his Majesty, the viceroy, and the Audiencia (Court) should hear us all, I believe these people would not be accused to the extent published here. They left compelled by necessity, but not with the determination of abandoning the country absolutely, nor the royal standard; but only for the purpose of seeking relief from want and of escaping with their lives. The reports of the governor to the contrary that there are provisions and food here, will not have much weight with his Excellency; for we all know the want prevailing in this country; and the distress which the Indians are suffering, and what they say on the subject; because what has happened until now, must happen here in the future if no remedy is applied. I affirm that during this year the Indians have not harvested six hundred fanégas (1,000 bushels) of wheat, and even now they have scarcely anything to eat. If they consume what is left, they will have nothing for sowing.

Under these circumstances, the conversion of the Indians was rendered impossible. The hatred which the natives must have harbored toward their military oppressors must have extended to the poor friars, notwithstanding that the missionaries fearlessly embraced the cause of the Indians. One can understand that the Fathers declined to remain as mere chaplains to soldiers and colon-

ists. That was not their vocation. The good old man, Fr. Escalona, in the same letter intimates this, and Indian missionaries will appreciate the situation. He writes:

I do not say that I should like to leave, in order not to assist in the conversion of the Indians—I take God to witness—I should rather die for their conversion; while serving God, I should rather die in these regions than die in the infirmary of Mexico. Yet I do wish that everything proceed in keeping with the intent and the standard of the Holy Gospel. Your Reverence will please see that the conversion of this country be entrusted to other missionaries, because at present we are not able to effect it. We serve, but as chaplains to Don Juan, and such a position can be honorably filled as well by a secular priest, because he could maintain himself from the tithes which the Spaniards would contribute, even as we are doing now (14).

Fr. Francisco de Velasco, who had accompanied Oñate on the roving expedition to the Great Plains, also declared that he would not stay in the country, because he was wasting much time in complying with the demands made by the officials and serving only as chaplain to Don Juan de Oñate, whereas the Fathers had come for another entirely different object. In making this statement in his letter, Fr. Escalona writes: "If Fr. Francisco leaves, I shall be bound to leave with him, as I shall not stay here with the governor for anything in the world." The censor was on guard, however; for the good Father says: "This goes by way of Tepeacac (State of Puebla); because, in order that it may reach you, artifice must be employed; for it is said that letters are examined, in order that those which are not according to pleasure may not reach there, and this is the reason why all that has occurred in New Mexico has not been known." (15).

We have yet to hear from one of the Fathers who accompanied the distressed colonists to Santa Barbara. Only three of the eight Franciscan Fathers, who had come from Mexico in 1598, and one lay brother had persevered under the inconsiderate administration of Oñate. These were Fr. Francisco de San Miguel, Fr. Francisco de Zamora, Fr. Alonso de Lugo, and Brother Pedro de Vergara. Brother Vergara still remained at San Gabriel, but the three Fathers were now at Santa Barbara. Fr. Francisco de San Miguel, already advanced in

(14) Torquemada, I, pp. 675-676.

(15) Torquemada, p. 676, col. 1.

age, and an exemplary religious, as Torquemada writes, had gone with the people south. From Santa Barbara he addressed a letter to Fr. Diego Muñoz, Provincial of the Province of Michoacan, who at that time exercised the office of Commissary-General of New Spain, or Mexico. It reads as follows:

Jesus give to your Paternity, our Father, strength and His divine grace.—It will be fifteen days since I wrote to your Paternity and gave an account of our arrival at this place of Santa Barbara. Twelve days after we arrived, the *maese de campo* of Governor Don Juan de Oñate reached here in pursuit of the leaders and the poor people who are here, the governor having already sentenced them to have their heads cut off, and to have great cruelties inflicted upon them in return for the great services which they have rendered both to God and to his Majesty in spending their property, and serving personally, they and their wives and children, and servants; for all did this and went by turns into this tragedy, the men serving the governor by accompanying him, the women by cooking his meals, the children by entertaining him, the servants and laboring people by working for him. Even the friars worshipped him. The case reached such a point that we had no room nor hour to ourselves in life, property, and honor. Sometimes, while I was superior (16), he commanded me to remove some religious from their charge, and from the places where they were, for no other reason than his caprice, with the warning that, if I did not do so, he would do it. It is certain that those who have been in that country, have given strong evidence of their religion; and it is certain that the land of itself is not very habitable; and while he is in control who governs there now, it is not possible to live in it. For these and innumerable other reasons, it was not only proper, but necessary to leave it, and that, too, for the relief of the natives, the governor, and the Spaniards who remained there; for he can maintain but very few men with the ordinary means which he has. In order not to lose his position, he tells a thousand lies, misrepresentations, and fictions, sends thousands of souls to hell, and under false and specious pretenses does things that are not fit to be heard by Christians. Happy,

then, is he who can keep himself apart from such dealings. Although it may not be proper for ourselves to treat it in public, there is no reason why your Paternity should be left uninformed about it.

The governor has made some excursions, as though it were a matter absolutely necessary, but all at the expense of the religious and of the natives; for otherwise he could not have made any, inasmuch as he is so poor. In all of these expeditions, however, he has perpetrated awful massacres of Indians, great butcheries, shedding of human blood, robberies, plunderings, and other things. I pray God to grant him the grace to do penance for all this during his life. The poor people here are afflicted, yet the *maese de campo* in his report bears a thousand lies and a thousand false oaths; for they who are in New Mexico, are so intimidated that they can not do anything but what the governor commands them, or what they know will please him. In the end, everything must come to light, and the truth will then be known; for the Fathers Zamora and Lugo, who are witnesses worthy of credit, have gone to Mexico. Information can be obtained from them about everything.—Santa Barbara, February 29, 1602 (17).

"Satan has impeded the work of the conversion of these souls," Torquemada remarks in this connection. "May God, who is the true Pastor of all souls, apply the remedy soon by sending missionaries who will continue what was begun, for the sake of those who were there and have died in that same country."

Bancroft quite correctly intimates the source of the troubles in New Mexico at this period and throughout its history when he writes: "The colonists (18) favored the most conciliatory measures toward the natives, (19) and the encouragement of agriculture and stock-raising with a view to permanent residence; they were in favor of letting well enough alone. Oñate, on the other hand, with such of the soldiers as had not brought their families, thought mainly of holding the natives in subjection, of reducing new pueblos, of collecting the largest possible amount of food and clothing, etc." (20) His chief aim, therefore, was to exploit the Indians for his own benefit.

(16) Doubtless during the time between the departure of Fr. Alonzo Martínez and the arrival of Fr. Escalona.

(17) Torquemada, I, pp. 676-677. Compare Read's translation, 241-242.

(18) Bancroft should have included the friars here; but that would not have agreed with his general purpose. He knew very well that the missionaries always stood for fairness toward the Indians, but to acknowledge so much was not in accordance with his principles. However, history speaks for itself.

(19) This proves that the Spanish settlers of the early days in New Mexico were recruited from a far better class than those that afflicted Texas and California.

(20) Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, 148.

# ST. JOSEPH AND THE APOSTLE OF CALIFORNIA

By Fr. FRANCIS BORGIA, O.F.M.

IT was late in the afternoon of Saturday, February 10, 1770. The newly founded Mission of San Diego lay enveloped in all the splendor of a California sunset. Fr. Junipero Serra and his fellow missionaries were sitting in front of their lowly habitation, weary from the day's tramp to the neighboring rancherias. On the morrow, one of their number was to set out with Captain Rivera for Velicata, in Lower California.

"So you are going to leave us," one of the friars remarked to Fr. Viscaino, when the latter returned from the chapel where he had tarried after the usual evening devotion.

"Yes," came the reply, "Fr. Presidente has so directed. But, who knows, perhaps you all will follow in a short time."

"How so?" Fr. Parron demanded.

"Why," explained his confrère, half smiling, "Portola is going to abandon the mission and return to Lower California. But surely, you must have heard the soldiers talking about it."

"God forbid that such a thing happen,"

Fr. Serra here fell in, trying to suppress the emotions that this remark awakened in his soul. "No, my dear brethren, there is One above who can and will prevent the worst. The comandante is disappointed and his men are disheartened over their recent failure to find Monterey Bay. But, believe me, all will be well as soon as the ships arrive with provisions. Then we shall go once more and find the bay, where Fr. Crespi and I shall erect that mission of San Carlos, as Galvez has directed, while Fathers Parron and Gomez will stay here among the Indians of San Diego. This is what I am hoping and praying for every day."

"And we, too," chimed in Fr. Crespi, in the name of all.

And our departing confrère is going to help us pray, isn't he?" Fr. Gomez added pleasantly, when all arose and entered the hut for supper.

That same night, after the others had retired, Father Serra summoned Fr. Crespi to his room. From the expression on their faces it was plain that the topic of their conversation was a most serious one.

"Father, I have vowed obedience to my superior; hence, command me."

"Command you, my dear Fr. Crespi, in a matter like this? No, I can not; the sacrifice it involves for you is too great."

"Then tell me, are you really determined to stay here with the Indians, even if Portola departs?"

"Father, with the help of God, I am."

"And it is your wish that I stay with you?"

Fr. Crespi insisted.

"It is," the other replied timidly, grasping his worthy confrère by the hand.

"That suffices, Father. Your wish to me is a command. So, let them all depart; we two remain. Whatever befalls us, to you will belong the prize of heroic zeal for souls, to me the merit of holy obedience, which I vowed when I enrolled myself under the standard of St. Francis."

"Thank you, thank you," Fr. Serra exclaimed, deeply touched. "And may I inform our Fr. Francisco of this?"

"Certainly," returned the other, cheerfully; "henceforth, your lot is mine, come what may."

We can imagine what feelings of mingled joy and sorrow thrilled the heart of the saintly Apostle of California that night while he was finishing the letter he had already begun to Fr. Palou.

Blessed be Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

Reverend Father Lector and Presidente, Fr. Francisco Palou.

My Dearest Companion and Much Esteemed Sir: During the ten months and ten days that have elapsed from the time when last I embraced Your Reverence in your Mission of San Xavier to the date of this writing, the love I bear Your Reverence has frequently made me think of you, of our old friendship, and of the favors I received from you.

Besides the letter which I wrote shortly after returning from San Juan de Dios, I addressed another to Your Reverence on arriving at this port of San Diego, in the beginning of July, of last year. If you received this latter, as I suppose you did, then you learned from it how I fared on the journey, how well this country is filled with people, and how, making several expeditions from San Juan de Dios, we found the places where we pitched camp, not only good but even excellent for a number of missions. Hence there could be established a fine chain of missions extending up to this one of San Diego, which was founded on July 16, the feast of the Triumph

of the Holy Cross as also of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The priests who took part in this were Fr. Fernando and myself, since Fr. Crespi and Fr. Gomez had departed two days before for Monterey. They had left for this mission Fr. Fernando and Fr. Murguia, who was expected to arrive in a short time on the packet boat San Jose. But at this writing no ships are here, nor is there any Mission San Buenaventura, nor a Monterey; and the only thing spoken about is the abandonment and destruction of this my poor little Mission of San Diego. May God forbid that such a thing happen.

Those who had left here for Monterey on the feast of San Buenaventura returned on January 24, of the present year. They suffered great hardships on the way, having slaughtered even their mules to get the necessary subsistence. But they found no such place as Monterey. They think the port has been filled in with the immense sand dunes which they found on the place where the port is supposed to be; and I have reason to believe that perhaps they are right. I have seen the letters which Fr. Juan Crespi and Sergeant Ortega have written to Your Reverence; wherefore I pass over all further reference to their expedition and only take occasion here to deplore the slow progress we are making and the fears we have that the harvest will not be so abundant after all, although I think it could not be more ready for cutting and for our getting to work and gathering it in, as any one will realize who has seen the many things that have happened around us. Your Reverence, for the love of God, exert all the influence you have that our undertaking may prosper.

Although we are suffering great want, still, as long as we have a tortilla and the herbs of the field, what more do we need? This alone, to be without news of any kind, unable to go on with our work, and in constant fear that what we have already gained will in the end be abandoned, this alone afflicts me; although, as to myself, I feel, by the mercy of God, at ease, content with whatsoever God may ordain.

It seems to me that Your Reverence can lend greater help in this matter from where you are than if you came here personally.

Therefore, I entreat you, for the love of God, do not make arrangements to come here until I inform you whether in time and with the turn which conditions may take for the better, it would be expedient. For the present, Fr. Viscaino, who is suffering from a wound in the hand, will depart with the captain.

Fathers Juan Crespi, Fernando Parron, Francisco Gomez and I remain here to see whether, in case the ships arrive, we can found that second mission. Should we notice that the provisions and with them our hopes are vanishing, then Fr. Juan and I will remain alone and hold out to the very last. May God give us His holy grace. Pray for us to God that so it may be.

If Your Reverence sees that they are going to forward to us the cattle which have been left at Velicata, then send us a little incense; we forgot it while packing the censers. Send

us also the *Ordos*, if they have come; and the new Holy Oils, provided they have arrived from Guadalajara.

I commend myself with best wishes to all my companions. If they do not receive a letter from me, let them attribute it not to a lack of regard but to a lack of opportunity. Most heartily the Fathers here commend themselves to Your Reverence; and Fr. Fernando says Your Reverence knows what a poor penman he is and that this letter goes in the name of all, and that he commends you to God. When Your Reverence writes to the College, you will give to all a thousand greetings from me. And so farewell, until the next time, which I trust will not be so long in coming as this one was. May His Divine Majesty keep you many years in His holy love and grace.

Mission San Diego, in this port and among the gentiles of California, February 10, 1770.

I kiss the hand of Your Reverence and remain your affectionate friend and servant.

FR. JUNIPERO SERRA.

Henceforth, the arrival of the supply ships and the maintenance of San Diego Mission was uppermost in the mind of the Apostle of California. It was the burden of all his thoughts and prayers. Though he had determined to hold out to the very last, he realized what the absence of material aid would mean for the spiritual as well as the temporal advancement of the mission. Many a time he would pause for a moment and gaze out over the bay to see whether a ship was not in sight. But more pressing duties demanded his attention elsewhere; and for this reason, with a string of glass beads or an extra cup of pozole, he succeeded in enlisting the native alertness of the Indian boy who was staying at the mission. All day long, the dusky lad would loll in front of the Fathers' hut, watching patiently for the ship which he was told would sail along the coast. But hours and days and weeks passed, and still no ship appeared.

One afternoon, early in March, Miguel Costanso and Don Pedro Fages, the captain of the Catalonian volunteers, were returning from a stroll along the bluff.

"Then it is true that Don Portola has decided to stay no longer than the nineteenth?"

"I have it from his own lips, Miguel," Don Fages replied.

"But, if I may ask, what is your opinion in the matter?"

"Well," his companion began, "as to the provisions which he claims will not hold out longer, you know as well as I, that the supply on hand is sufficient to warrant our staying until one of the packet boats arrive,

which we are expecting daily. Any way," he continued with warmth, "tomorrow it will be three weeks since Rivera left for Velicata. Now, why in the world can't we wait at least till he returns? A trip to Velicata is a matter of only some ten days. By the end of the month, then, Rivera ought to be back, and so long I am sure the supplies will last."

"Or why isn't a message sent telling him not to delay the return march. At all events, Captain, to abandon San Diego under such a pretext will be a disgrace on the Spanish arms."

"And a bitter pill for Don Jose Galvez."

"If not something worse for our comandante."

"Hush, friend!" the captain warned; "walls often have ears. Portola, you know, is not the man to brook opposition, much less censure. We are subordinates, and had better submit in silence till the time comes to state facts as they are."

Thus February passed and March was wearing on, but no ship arrived. The sole topic of conversation among the soldiers was the departure for Lower California; but every mention of it went like a knife into the heart of Fr. Serra. Portola, all this while, had manifested remarkably little interest in the arrival of the ships. His mind seemed wholly absorbed in the anticipation of the return march. Toward the Fathers he was cold and distant, insomuch that for a time even Fr. Serra had not the courage to question him on the matter that troubled him night and day. At last, however, on Sunday, March 11, he took heart. Meeting the comandante on his way to the chapel, the saintly friar greeted him respectfully.

"Governor," he faltered, when Portola answered the greeting, "I have heard of your decision; is it final?"

"It is, Padre; if the San Antonio does not show up by the nineteenth, we return to Lower California."

"And leave the poor Indians to——"

"The insolent, treacherous brutes, yes," corrected the other, impatiently. "Remember their dastardly attack on the mission during my absence. It cost the life of Jose Maria. And have you forgotten Fr. Viscaino's hairbreadth escape?"

"But, Governor," the friar pleaded, "the natives are quiet now and evidently repentent——"

"Until they see another chance to repeat

their crime," Portola broke in. "Besides, consider for a moment the pitiable condition we are in. Eleven months we are here now, and what have we accomplished? Nothing. And what have we suffered? Everything. Do you know how many of us have already died, and how many are still down with the scurvy? Again, I and my men have not come here to starve to death. The provisions are giving out. You yourself mentioned this as one of the reasons why the Fathers were not able to attract the savages. Finally, that ill-starred Monterey expedition has exhausted and dispirited my men. To engage them now in the erection of permanent buildings, as you desire, would be cruel and criminal. No, Padre, it is folly to attempt the impossible. San Diego is simply unfit for a mission site; and were the king of Spain here, he would agree with me."

"But not the King of kings," Fr. Serra was on the point of retorting. But he checked himself and continued:

"Well, Governor, after all, you must know. But suppose we have recourse to prayer. This morning during meditation it occurred to me that in nine days we celebrate the feast of St. Joseph, who, you remember, is the patron of our expedition. Then let us begin a novena in his honor today, and ask him to bring us the San Antonio."

"I have no objection," Portola rejoined, with an air of indifference. "All we want is the San Antonio. If she arrives by the nineteenth, we stay; if not, we depart."

That same afternoon, Fr. Serra went aboard the San Carlos that lay in the harbor at San Diego. He and Captain Vicente Vila were intimate friends; to him he would tell all and seek to enlist his aid.

"Señor," the friar began, "the governor has determined to withdraw and to abandon this port on March 20, unless by that date a ship arrives with provisions. What actuates him is the dearth of food and the general opinion that the Port of Monterey has filled up, although I suspect that they merely failed to recognize it."

"My dear Father Presidente," the captain replied, "you have voiced my thoughts exactly. What I have heard from his men and read in the reports convinces me that the port is just there where they planted the cross."

"Well, señor," Fr. Serra continued, "I am determined to stay and so is Father Crespi, even if the expedition departs."

"And so am I," Vila declared.

"Then you are not going when Portola leaves?"

"How can I? The San Antonio must first bring me sailors."

"Ah, Captain, then permit Father Crespi and me to board your San Carlos as soon as the expedition has set out. And when the packet arrives, we will proceed together in search of Monterey."

"You are more than welcome, Padre," the noble captain assured the friar. "Only we must keep this matter secret. You make the necessary preparations then with Father Crespi. In the meantime, we will see how things develop."

"And forget not to pray," Fr. Serra added. "This evening, you know, the novena begins."

"Yes, and if you wait a moment, I will row with you to shore."

Almost unbearable was the suspense that prevailed at San Diego Mission during the last few days of the novena. Portola went about with an anxious and nervous look. Perhaps it was dawning on him that the step he had decided to take was a bold one, which would very likely entail serious consequences. His men, on the contrary, were beside themselves with joy that within a week they would be on the homeward march. Apparently, even the Fathers were beginning to lose hope. Only one remained quiet and undismayed; a voice within him seemed to say that all would end well. Repeatedly during the day he would steal a few moments from his regular duties and hasten to the little chapel. So fervently did he lead at the novena prayers that his confrères and some of the men were moved to tears and wondered whether such a prayer could be left unheard.

Suspense finally lapsed into sheer despair. The feast of St. Joseph dawned; but no ship was in sight. In his sermon at the solemn High Mass, Fr. Serra endeavored to inspire the men with confidence in St. Joseph. But his words had little effect. Midday came; slowly the afternoon wore on; and still no ship. The novena prayers had been said for the last time; the shadows of evening were lengthening, the sun sank into the ocean. Gathered in front of the chapel, all were gazing out over the placid bay. Fr. Serra's lips moved in silent prayer, and the solemn hush was broken only by the swish-

ing of the surge over the sandy beach. Suddenly, Fr. Serra threw up his arms.

"Gracias a Dios! At last!" he exclaimed, his face beaming with joy.

"What? Where?"

"There! See, just beyond the sand bank!"

All eyes turned in that direction. On the distant horizon, a dark speck was slowly but steadily moving northward.

Portola, who had returned to his cabin immediately after divine services in the chapel, could scarcely believe his senses when the shouts of joy like claps of thunder rent the quiet evening air. Seizing his field glass, he rushed to the chapel and there in the mouth of the bay beheld the stately vessel distinctly outlined against the sky. Onward it sailed, past the harbor; but all were convinced that it was the San Antonio bound for Monterey Bay, and that shortly it would be back at San Diego.

Fr. Serra's cherished little mission was the scene of unbounded felicity when four days later, the long-looked for vessel came sailing into the harbor. Naturally, all were down at the beach to welcome Captain Perez and his crew. Only one was missing. It was Fr. Serra. At sight of the San Antonio, he was overwhelmed with joy and withdrew into the chapel.

"But tell me, Captain, what made you pass San Diego without stopping?" Portola queried, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Why," Perez explained, "my orders were to sail directly to Monterey Bay and bring you supplies. And now I find you here. Haven't you been at the bay?"

Portola's lips quivered with emotion.

"More of that later, friend," he stammered. "But you returned so soon?"

"Yes, I was forced to; we were eighty leagues from Monterey Bay when we lost our anchor. I know that the San Carlos lay here idle and so I came back to get hers."

"Viva San Jose!" shouted one of the men; and the next moment the air was ringing with cheers for the patron of the expedition.

Portola was deeply moved.

"Indeed," he said to Perez, with tears in his eyes, "I firmly believe that the Saint has prevented you from concluding your Monterey voyage and to bring you instead to San Diego, which I had decided to abandon. Where is Father Presidente?"

But the Apostle of California was still in the chapel, absorbed in prayer before an image of St. Joseph.



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## MOTHERS, TEACHERS AND MOVIES

"I COULD almost wish," declared a young mother the other day, "that I had been born fifty years earlier, so I could have reared my children without the movies." And a woman of fifty who had spent thirty years in the school-room, observed:

"Often now I wonder why, in my early days as a teacher, I should have thought my work difficult, when I had no movie fans to deal with. I admit the educational

menacing. But here, as in other matters, the school is powerless. The fault goes back to the home."

"The home always gets the blame," said the young mother a little bitterly, "yet is it not as helpless? Can the home prevent those playhouses at every corner, or regulate their performances? As well blame the home for the high cost of living."

"But," insisted the teacher, "is not the



Christ Blessing Little Children—(Schmidt).

value of the screen, but I doubt if it even balances the bad effect of the movie habit on the minds of the children. My class in history has trouble remembering the names of Presidents and Generals, and the events that distinguished their careers, but ask for the names of screen actors and actresses, and their plays, and the answers are quickly given. I am no reactionary; but I see the effect this habit of indiscriminate and regular attendance at picture shows has on the child's mind. The young imagination needs no stimulus. It is normally active enough. When it is fed up on the pictures, good, bad and indifferent, offered it at almost every street corner, the condition becomes

home a contributing factor to this very high cost of living? Cut out the extravagance in the home, refuse to pay abnormal prices, and there will follow some readjustment. On Christmas Eve, I met the mother of one of my pupils on her way from the country, where she had gone to buy a turkey. She told me it had cost eleven dollars, besides her car fare. Her husband is a day laborer, they live in rented quarters, and have little, if any, provisions for the rainy day. Yet there she was paying the rich man's price for her Christmas dinner! And I have pupils who go regularly every night to the movies. How can those children get any night work done? How is it possible for

them to give any attention to their studies? And that is not the only bad effect. To say nothing of the effect of the bad play on their morals, of the wrong estimate of life they receive too often from plays not bad in themselves,—for the young do not always draw correct conclusions,—their artistic sense is vitiated, satiated with the commonplace, and the higher phase of the drama makes no appeal to them. I sometimes wonder if the rising generation would sit through 'Hamlet' or 'Othello,' even were another Booth the actor."

"But what are you going to do?" demanded the young mother. "The movie is here. It is the cold fact of a condition, not a theory. Can you deny your child the pleasures other parents give to theirs?"

"Most children regard it as a penalty to have to go to school; but if other parents were, in a mistaken sense of kindness, to keep their children at home, you would not follow their example? Why then, because parents fail to recognize the wrong they are doing their children in permitting them too frequent attendance at shows, should those parents, alive to the harm, follow weakly their example? If parents only exercised their authority in the home, the authority of the teacher in the school would not be such a difficult task."

"What would you suggest?" asked the young mother, with the pitying smile of the parent for the childless person who thinks, he or she, could give instructions on the bringing up of children.

"I should assume," said the teacher quietly, "that I were more capable than my children of knowing what is best for them; and I should not suffer my opinions in this regard to be set aside or ignored by them. At certain times, I should certainly allow them to attend the movies, but I should know the character of the play which they were to witness; and a visit to the show would be a special treat for them or a reward for good behavior, progress in school, etc. Seeing only the best plays and not many of them, the educational and artistic value of the screen would produce results for good, and stimulate the young mind in the right way."

"And if you were of that big majority of mothers who have no control over their children, who take the way of least resistance with them," asked the woman who was supposed to be busy at her desk, "what would you do then?"

"Then," said the teacher, rising wearily, "I would go West and let them grow up among the sage brush, white-faced cattle, and cowboys they find so alluring on the screens!"

"Oh, my dear! that is not altruistic," chimed in the kindergarten teacher. "The individual pitting himself against any evil is like trying to head off a flood by sweeping the water back with a broom. But organization can accomplish reform. The picture show business is a mighty big one, but it is not too big for public control. We can now keep children under sixteen from certain shows. We could as easily extend the prohibition to all shows, except the purely educational, or especially gotten up for the young. Considering the present status of parents in the great American home, that is the quickest remedy against the evil being wrought in children by indiscriminate and frequent attendance at picture shows."

The young mother looked downcast. She had expected sympathy from the little group in the hard problem confronting her. Instead she had been told the fault was largely her own, and the remedy was pointedly suggested. But she realized the wounds of a friend are sweet.

"I'll join your organization as soon as it is started," she said to the kindergarten teacher. "In the meanwhile," she added to the older teacher, "I'll try your plan. I'll try to improve the status of the parents in at least one American home."

### Living the Life

Such a short time it seems since they were putting up the holly decorations for Christmas, and now we are gazing on the beauty of the Easter lilies. Thus life slips away, and, before we know it, our feet have touched the brink of the dark river,—the end of our life has come.

And what have we for that life?

Life is a wonderful thing, a glorious, radiant thing, rich in possibilities of all kinds for its ennoblement, its adornment. I like to stand at the street corner and watch the tide of life sweeping by and



try to catch a glimpse from the passing forms and faces of what existence means for the individual. Sometimes it is the flash of an eye, sometimes a tender smile, sometimes a signal of hard-won victory; other times, the messages are not so cheering. As illuminating is it to go into some isolated farm house and behold how the little group is struggling to shape this life of theirs after a diviner pattern, or content to pass it but slightly different from the animals they own. For life interests. It is the one thing that never loses its charm, pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has truly longed for death.  
'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
O life, not death for which we pant;  
More life, and fuller that I want."

The foolish waste of life is the most sorrowful thing to behold. This waste is manifold in character. It is as if a reservoir, intended to pour its water down in a mighty stream to turn the wheels of commerce and irrigate the lands, should have great rents made in it and little crevices, the water thus finding outlet to lose itself in the marshes or become a torrent to destroy as it plunges on its unchannelled way.

I had a meditation on one phase of this waste of life among Catholic women the other day in a church. A service was in progress, and as usual, the congregation was made up chiefly of women. A number of them were known to me, and seeing them thus together, after the absence of several years, I felt myself wondering what they were doing with life. Some I knew had married, and in founding a new Christian home, were fashioning their life after that one perfect example we find in the Blessed Mother in her home in Nazareth. A few others, whom I missed, had answered the call of the Master to leave all things for His sake, and in the hospital or school room were serving Him in the straighter way. Others still were carrying the burden of duty to dependents, and only God knows at what a sacrifice of self,—unfortunately, too often a foolish sacrifice for all concerned! But even then, though that life be as grey and chill as a sleet-enfolded world, the heroism of that poor heart gives it a beauty all its own, as

one ray of sunlight transforms ice-bound trees and sheeted earth into enchantment land.

It was of none of these I fell to thinking, but of the type which is showing a decided increase, the woman who remains single in the world from selfish motives. Selfishness, in the long run, is always foolish; and of all selfishness, than this there is nothing more foolish. A goodly number of these women (and the same type of man is equally plentiful) are business or professional women; but the so-called leisure class is fully represented.

Look them over and you perceive them to be eminently fit for wifehood and motherhood and the fuller womanhood these presuppose. To Church and State their life could be a valuable contribution—never more valuable than in these times of wider possibilities for the individual. But the idle woman could not sacrifice her easeful life, the working woman could not sacrifice her liberty. You will find it explained in different terms, but it all spells one word—selfishness.

The reverse side of this picture of women who engage my thoughts, which wandered so persistently that evening, is the woman who is in the world, but not of it. Her lunch hour finds her first treading her way to the church,—or her shopping tour ends there. She loves holiness, and the pleasures of life weigh small beside it. Human love does not call her; divine love does. Why does she not respond? Selfishness stands in the way. She can not give up her easeful life, or her free life—she can not vow herself to Poverty and Obedience. And so she dawdles through her days trying to ease her conscience by giving her money or her time to charitable works.

And yet, how full that life might be, if offered fully to the Divine! How worthily Church and State could be served by the sacrifice of that foolish selfishness! And ah! how richly would the sacrifice be rewarded!

In the United States to-day, the religious Orders are suffering a decided handicap because of the lack of subjects. Talk to any Superior and you hear the sad words: "We could extend our work if we had the Sisters. Every year we must refuse schools because we can not spare the teachers from those already established." At that, in many an academy and parochial school lay teachers

are employed to supply the need. And yet, hundreds of Catholic women who really desire the cloistral life, to whom life in the world has absolutely no appeal, deny the cry of their soul, waste life, simply from selfishness. That poor and ignorant woman in her mountain cabin who did not shrink from the poverty and pain and hardship which she knew too well awaited her, comes down, in the end, to the dark river with a richer, fuller, fairer life than these her more fortunately situated sisters, who loved self too well to make the lesser sacrifice of wealth and will.

But do they escape punishment? Back there in the school, when we were slothful or stubborn, did we escape? As surely as the stripes followed there, do they here. God and Nature are as exacting as schoolmasters. Obey their laws, we are rewarded; disobey them, we are punished.

The world is pleasant now while you are young and have friends and can enjoy; but you will not always stay young; your friends, fulfilling their destiny, will leave you and your mutual interests; you will part with some of your capacity for enjoyment. What then? Alone, and the sun on the afternoon slope; then regret is well-nigh unavailing.

It may be that you are one of those who already have looked on the face of regret. But she need not companion you the rest of the way. Even to the eleventh hour the Master went abroad seeking laborers for His vineyard, and you recall the abundance of the reward. While life remains, it is yours; and it is sometimes mercifully allowed us to redeem our past mistakes. The world does not long hold our place for us when we are negligent, but God is more lenient. Though the bridegroom may not open his door at so late an hour, think you there is no niche for that replenished lamp? Do you not know of some dark, lonely spot where its rays would be a benediction, a guide for stumbling feet, a star for tearful eyes? Then take your place watchfully, prayerfully, and doubt not that one hour you will find your feeble light caught up into the light eternal.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

MISS M. M. (Dubuque, Ia.).—Decidedly we agree with you that Agnes Modesta's fashion talks have a place in the HERALD. We do not agree with you, however, that it would be impossible to put her plans into practice and yet be properly gowned. It might call for some sacrifice if you aim to be ultra-fashionable, but it is a sacrifice that will bring abundant reward. One sensible girl in a crowd of foolish ones redeems them somewhat and makes her distinctive. Impropriety in dress has reached a stage where it is no longer possible to shock and escape arrest: the exponents of the reaction certain to come have the stake for themselves, so to speak. That, of course, should not be the motive for dressing in becoming modesty; but the girl who so does is certain of being noticed, for you must admit she is rather a novelty. And—hear what Father Bernard Vaughn, the well known English preacher, says on the subject: "A decent man who intends to marry a girl and make her the queen of his heart and the mistress of his home is not going to choose for his partner 'till death do them part' a girl who has so little respect she does not even know how to clothe herself in decency." As be- seems a daughter of St. Francis, who set custom at defiance when custom was wrong, do your part to start that reaction toward sane dress for women.

MRS. G. L. (New Orleans).—There is something in what you say of the need for a Catholic national weekly for children like the secular periodical you name. It is an attractive publication, and, as far as we know, free from bigotry; still the Catholic tone naturally is wanting in its stories and articles. There is a place for such a Catholic juvenile as you outline, and, as the Catholic Press is looking up, perhaps it may come. In the meanwhile, you can help forward that time by encouraging the reading of Catholic papers and magazines among the children and young people of your acquaintance, for it is upon the rising generation the future of this and all the other activities in the cause of religion depend. FRANCISCAN HERALD is among those magazines which is mindful of the children, and we hope you will draw the attention of your Sunday school class to its children's department.

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"Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the faults I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by **ELIZABETH ROSE**

### OUR MARCH SAINT.

**B**LESSED of the Lord was he,  
Chosen from eternity  
Mary's guide and guard to be.  
Mary, on whose happy breast  
Jesus lay, in infant rest—  
Mother infinitely blest!  
Joseph, thine the feet that led  
Where the Child might lay His head  
Safely from the tyrant dread.  
Joseph, thine the hands that strove  
Daily to that Child to prove  
All thy faith and all thy love  
In those hands, O Joseph kind,  
Place we heart and soul and mind,  
That in death true life we find—  
Jesus, Mary, Joseph see  
Face to face eternally!

### OUR LADY'S DOG

**T**HE Christian camp lay still under the moon of an August night. Up on the hill above, the Moslem town, with its spires and domes, gleamed white and clear in the vivid moonlight, every gate guarded, every tower a menace to the determined Crusaders beneath, who for weeks had been seeking its fall. But the strength of the besieged was great, and as yet the gallant soldiers of the Cross could not force them to surrender. Cunning, too, was the enemy; in spite of watch and guard, more than once the cry "To arms!" had rung throughout the camp at night, a party of Saracens-right in their midst and no man knowing how they came. So far, such attacks had always been routed; but still was the enemy unconquered, and the weary Christians held to the siege almost in despair, and would have long since given up the fight but for the spirit of their commander, the English Lord Talbot.

On this night there stood near the entrance to the camp a sentry, resting lightly on his bow. None shared his watch here with him, and all was silence and peace, so that his thoughts, little by little, left the scene before him, resting far away, perhaps, in his own land of England that he might

never see again. Suddenly there stood beside him a slender lad of fifteen, coming upon him so silently that he gave a great start, and recovering himself, gazed on the intruder with little welcome.

"What doest thou here, Master Bertram?" he asked, "and how didst thou leave thy father's tent unseen, for well I know none think thee in this place?"

"Be not so surly, good Humphrey," answered the boy. "How can one longer sleep these nights, when one may wake with a great Saracen at one's throat? I lie and wait, wait to hear the alarm and—and—"

"Yea, and though it be forbidden thee to fight, thy young blood calls for share in the fray," said Humphrey, still but half-appeased. "Dost thou not know the first duty of a true soldier is to obey? Get thee back, as quickly as may be, lest thou draw trouble on thy head—and mine, too, perchance."

"Nay, Humphrey," the lad replied. "Thou seest for thyself how easily I got me here and none the wiser—send me not back. I can not rest me when the foe may be straight at hand again. For over a week now has he come every night, right in among us, and yet none can find how he does so! I must—I *will* take part if he comes again to-night. Thou knowest—none better, for hast thou thyself not been my teacher?—that I can handle bow and lance like—"

"Like a proven knight, indeed?" said Humphrey with a short laugh. "But verily we need thee not, young master, nor thy help. Thou who knowest so much—knowest thou not too that each night also has Our Lady's dog foiled the pagan of his triumph?"

"Our Lady's dog—there again! Tell me the tale, good Humphrey. Only this night have I heard them speak of it around my father's table—but they answer me no question—they waste no words on a poor esquire like me, e'en though I be Lord Talbot's son," Bertram added, a little angrily.

"Well, then, it is known to thee that there have been lately many sorties of the besieged upon us at evening, hoping to take us by surprise. And more than once, faith,

would they have been successful, but that somewhere in the camp," crossing himself devoutly as he spoke, "there is a dog whom no one sees nor knows, whose bark gives ever warning of the coming attack. So it is they call him 'Our Lady's Dog,' for as thou knowest, thy father hath put this, his camp, under the protection of Our Blessed Lady. As sure as is heard his signal—a strange rolling thunder and a rising bay that ends in a bark as sudden and sharp as a lightning flash—then 'tis known the enemy is about. Never yet has he failed us. Hark—what is that?" He grasped his bow firmly and sprang to attention, while young Bertram, in spite of himself, shrank back a little, his boyish heart pounding in his breast.

A pad of soft footfalls broke the silence. Round a corner of the winding road, down the moonlit lane before them, a splendid great dog, white as snow, came trotting towards them. Straight as a dart, he came right up to Bertram and laid a noble muzzle in his hand, looking up the while into his face with eyes that all but spoke.

"Oh, what a grand fellow, Humphrey!" cried the boy, stooping and patting the magnificent head, while the dog's tail wagged the friendliest approval of him. "Dost thou know him or his owner?"

"Not I, Master, but in truth he is handsome enough to be thy father's own hound," said Humphrey. Both stood a moment looking at the fine creature, Bertram fondling and speaking to it in a manner understood by dogs all the world over.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head with a low growl. Breaking away from them, he stood motionless in the middle of the road, a statue of white marble in the bright moonlight. Then—there came from his great throat a strange rolling thunder, a rising bay ending in a bark that snapped across the ear as a lightning flash across the eye.

"Our Lady's Dog!" cried Bertram and Humphrey together.

Thrice did the signal rise and fall—then with a bound that took him out of sight, the dog was gone into a thicket farther up the road. Again that thunder roll—instantly the camp was astir. Following right into the heart of the wood, the soldiers rushed, fearless, upon the concealed foe to whom treachery had again opened the way. Baffled, the Moslems fled; but this time the Crusaders entered their gates with them, and the rising sun shone upon the Crescent sinking at the foot of the planted Cross. The siege was over, and never again was seen or heard of by man Our Lady's Dog.

### WHAT BLEW DOWN THE CHIMNEY

**T**HE other night I went to sleep before the Fireside bright;  
Outside there roared the winds of March—it was a fearsome night!

Yet soon I woke, or thought I woke, but still to me it seems  
The vision that I saw could come from naught but Fireside dreams.

For as there came an awful "puff!" that sent the coals about,  
Right down the chimney, with a laugh, a little Fay blew out!

She danced before my dazzled eyes, and sweet commenced to sing—  
"I've come to clear the way ahead—my name is Almost-Spring!

"On the strong winds of Father March I fly around the world,  
And every stem I twist in shape, and every vine uncurled.

"And every seed I dig about to see if it be worth;  
And put the first green color on, and warm the chilly earth.

"And, close as can, creep to the ear of every living thing  
And whisper clear: 'Get up and say good-morrow to the Spring!

"For shame, for shame, to lie abed and sleep old Winter out!  
Send him upon his parting way with laughter and a shout!

"Get up and open wide to him—bright April outside waits,  
He wants to wash up all the world—young May is at the gates!"

"Now I must say good-bye and go. Pray keep this in your mind—  
When through your life the March winds blow, the Spring's not far behind!"

# Miscellaneous

## ACOMA—PEOPLE OF THE WHITE ROCK

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

OF the Indian pueblos in the *Nuevo Reino di San Francisco*,<sup>1</sup> the one of Acoma has an attraction all its own. Long before Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, these people of the White Rock were inhabiting their city in the sky. When Espejo, in 1580, spent three days among them, the Acomas

were mere folklore, a fact which justifies the assertion that Acoma is one of the oldest inhabited villages in the United States, and which for that reason lends it a singular charm for the historian and the archæologist.

But the fair sky-city has an attraction also for the poet and the artist. Here they



Pueblo of Acoma

The Terraced Dwellings of This Strange City Are Three Stories High and Extend a Thousand Feet From East to West.

had a history or rather a tradition, dating so far back that they themselves no longer knew from which regions of the north, and how many years ago their forefathers had penetrated southward, and founded the airy home they now called their own. Centuries must elapse, however, before history proper fades into

will find their wildest dreams of the romantic and the picturesque a living reality. Acoma is, as Lummis declares, "a labyrinth of wonders, of which no person alive knows all, and of which not six white men have even an adequate conception, though hundreds have seen it in part."<sup>2</sup> The longest visit never wears out

(1) *New Kingdom of Saint Francis*, a name bestowed by Fray Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan from Mexico, on what now comprises the States of New Mexico and Arizona. He passed through this territory as early as 1539.

(2) In company with His Grace, the Archbishop of Santa Fe, N. M., and Fr. Robert Kalt and Fridolin Schuster, O. F. M., missionaries to the Mexicans and Indians of New Mexico, the writer had the singular privilege of visiting Acoma and spending a day with the natives in their pueblo. He is glad to state that Lummis' pen-picture of "the City in the Sky" is a very accurate description of this interesting place.



**EL CAMINO DEL PADRE**

The Oldest and Most Wildly Beautiful of All the Trails That Lead to the Sky-City of Acoma.

its glamour: one feels as in a strange, sweet, unearthly dream—as among scenes and beings more than human, whose very rocks are genii, and whose people swart conjurers. It is a spendthrift of beauty.”<sup>3</sup>

Towering three hundred and fifty-seven

(3) Lummis, Charles F.: *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (New York, 1987), p. 57.

feet above the surrounding lowland and stretching some twelve hundred from north to south, it stands there, a fortress of stone, as defiant and forbidding to-day as it was three centuries ago, when Zaldívar's gallant band gazed upon it and wondered how they should ever succeed in scaling that wall of rugged rock.<sup>4</sup> Viewed from the west, the almost perpendicular side of this massive heap of whitish stone appears strangely striped with shadowy caves and fissures, while the contour of its upper ridge is lined with giant boulders sculptured by the wizard hand of

the hand for a firm grasp before venturing the next step—imagine this and you have a faint idea of *El Camino del Padre* and of the courage one needs to climb it. The Indians have reverently named it, *The Trail of the Father*, in order to perpetuate the memory of their Apostle, the Franciscan missionary, Fray Juan Ramirez, who in the year 1629 ascended to their pueblo by this trail and brought them the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

Drawing from Vetancurt's *Menologio Franciscano*, writers on New Mexico are fond of repeating the remarkable incident



Ancient Church and Convent at Acoma

A Mysterious Sensation Haunts the Visitor as He Passes Through the Gloomy Cells of This Old Franciscan Friary, and Fain Would He Listen to the Interesting Tales These Hoary Walls Could Tell.

nature into fantastic minarets of every description.

At present, a number of trails lead up to the quaint pueblo perched on the top of Acoma. The oldest of these and perhaps the most wildly beautiful is *El Camino del Padre—The Trail of the Father*. Imagine a steep passageway, at places no more than three feet wide, conducting between barren cliffs and boulders, with foot-worn stones and ledges to serve as footholds and small cavities in both sides of the rock walls, large enough to admit

that occurred at the time of the Franciscan friar's hazardous climb and won for him the confidence of the unyielding Indians. "Learning that the wildest savages and the most rebellious enemies were those of the rock of Acoma, he (Fray Ramirez) begged his superiors for permission to go and by means of the Gospel to conquer what the Spaniards with all their military forces had not been able to accomplish in forty years. To all this bold desire of his soul seemed an inspiration from Heaven. Consequently,

(4) Under another caption in this issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD, Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., acquaints his readers with what happened on this occasion.

taking only his breviary and a crucifix, he with utmost difficulty made his way up the rocky height. As soon as the savages saw him, they hurled so many missiles at him as would have sufficed to crush out many lives. But not one of them harmed him or even touched his habit, a fact which the savages themselves regarded as a prodigy. In addition to this," the Franciscan chronicler continues, "it must be noted that during the general excitement a little girl of eight years fell headlong among the rocks below, a distance of more than ten times the height of a man.

been looked upon as ferocious lions."<sup>5</sup>

To-day, a shower of stones and arrows no longer endangers the life of the missionary when, like another Fray Ramirez, he mounts the colossal rock to serve the spiritual needs of his *Hano Oshatch—Children of the Sun*. In fact, the hearty reception the Indians accord their brown-robed father and friend when at last he reaches the lofty height, amply compensates the labor it costs him to come into their midst. Instead of the savage scowl and threatening attitude that once must have made the heart of the Apostle of Acoma



Acoma, Once the Scene of Terror and Bloodshed, of Heroic Deeds and Savage Cruelty, Now the Picture of Peace and Contentment, the Home of Industry and Fraternal Love.

The servant of God fell on his knees to say a prayer for her, and then went down with some of the Indians to look after her. While all expected to find the girl dead, the Father led her unhurt to the Indians, who caressed her and then agreed to become Christians. In a short time, he learned their language, and they, having been instructed, were all baptized. While his fellow religious thought he had been slain by the savages, he came down with the Indians, now gentle lambs, who before on account of their barbarity had

quail, broad smiles of welcome and a cheery *buenos dias* or a familiar *como esta, padre*, to-day assures the missionary that he is among such as love and respect him.

To one, however, who reaches the summit of Acoma for the first time a new world of wonders unfolds itself. He is surprised to find up there some seventy acres of table-land, practically cut in two by a stretch of rugged gullies and yawning chasms. While the southern half is a lone waste of weatherworn and barren rock, only the more level though equally

(5) Vetancurt, O. F. M., Fray Augustin de: *Menologio Franciscano* (Mexico, 1697), p. 77, num. 24.



arid northern half is inhabited. There to the left lies the pueblo. The terraced dwellings are three stories high and extend about a thousand feet from east to west. Passing along its southern border, one sees to his right the ancient Franciscan *convento*, now for the most part a heap of ruins. What a mysterious sensation haunts the visitor when he passes through the dark and gloomy cellars, and then after ascending the old staircase he steps out on the veranda and looks down on the pueblo below. The quaintly carved balustrade still serves its purpose, and clefts in the lower part of the wall remind one that here a bench extended in days gone by. Many a time the missionaries must have sat here for an hour's rest and conversation. Could those walls speak, what interesting tales of joy and of sorrow they would have to tell.

South of the *convento* and immediately adjoining it, stands the old mission church, a massive adobe structure, one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and sixty feet high. While some historians assert that this present edifice is the one erected by the Indians under the supervision of Fray Juan Ramirez, others hold that it was built about 1700, some twenty years after the Pueblo Revolt during which, they say, the original structure was destroyed. How far the old bell in the northern tower, bearing the legend *San Pedro, año 1710*, is an argument for the second opinion, is hard to say. At all events, indications are that at least the foundation and the lower portion of the church walls date back to the time of the Apostle of Acoma.

More interesting is the story that is told regarding the time and labor it cost the Indians to erect this mighty structure. Forty long years elapsed before they could fully enjoy the fruits of their industry. Because centuries ago, as it is to this day, their sky-city was wholly devoid of soil and vegetation, the natives were constrained to fetch from the plains below every ounce of clay and sand with which to make those huge adobes, now firmly welded into walls measuring at their base not less than ten feet in thickness. Rafters, too, were needed, long and stout enough to span the distance from wall to wall. To get them, giant trees were felled on Mt. San Mateo twenty

miles away. Next the trunks were hewn into beams fourteen inches square and forty feet long, which the Indians had then to drag on their backs up the steep and rugged height. The cemetery in front of the church is likewise a lasting monument to their devotion and perseverance. To acquire a plot of ground wherein to bury the dead, three stone walls were erected, each two hundred feet long and one forty feet high. These, joining at right angles, formed what can best be likened to a gigantic box. To fill this was the task of the women and children. For many years they toiled up and down the cliff, carrying earth to be thrown into the stone box. Finally it was filled and formed a plot of ground level with the foundation of the church.

But what is that weird call now resounding from the pueblo? The *gobernador*, or head official, is parading through the street and inviting the Indians to attend holy Mass. Soon they come down from their lofty dwellings and are on their way to church. What a strange spectacle! Men and youths, stately and robust, with copper complexion and flowing black hair, in clothes of modern cut, but the traditional gaudy kerchief tied across the forehead and taking the place of a hat. More picturesque still are the women and maidens with their seemingly cumbersome leggins of white cloth and their gorgeous costly blankets, thrown over the head and enveloping them to the knees. Slowly and demurely they pass on, not gazing curiously about, much less speaking to one who happens to come their way. At sight of this, a person can not help reflecting how from these their Indian sisters our fashionable society belles could learn a salutary lesson of feminine modesty in dress and deportment.

On entering the church, one is struck by its extreme simplicity. The afore-mentioned rafters form the ceiling. Though neatly whitewashed, the walls are anything but smooth, and, barring a painted wainscot, they lack every ornament. Neither has the church the luxury of a wood floor or of pews. During divine service, the Indian prefers to stand or kneel, and when he gets tired, he spreads his blanket on the ground and squats down. The altar is a rough block of stone,

while the altarpiece covering the rear wall is grotesquely painted. The picture of St. Stephen in the upper center of the altarpiece and the two to the sides are apparently very old and of Spanish origin.

The most interesting object in the church is the old painting of St. Joseph that adorns the sanctuary wall on the Gospel side. The Indians assert that Fray Juan Ramivez received this picture from the King of Spain and in 1629 brought it to Acoma. They always considered it a miraculous picture, ascribing their prosperity to the veneration in which they held it. Accordingly, they would never part with it, till finally, in the year 1846, their officials agreed to lend it for a time to the Indians of Laguna, some miles away. Strange to say, with its departure, their prosperity ended, too, while Laguna began to flourish. Great was their anger, therefore, when, at the appointed time, the Lagunas refused to return the picture. A bloody encounter would have followed to settle the quarrel. But Fray Mariano de Jesus Lopez, then missionary at Laguna, suggested that lots be cast for the possession of the picture. Both pueblos consented, and Acoma drew the winning ballot. The Lagunas were not satisfied, however, and one night a party of them sneaked up the cliff, broke into the church and got away with the picture. Again it was only through the intervention of Fray Lopez that bloodshed was avoided. At last, the case was brought before the Supreme Court of New Mexico. After hearing both sides, the judge decided in favor of the Acomas. These forthwith appointed a delegation to fetch the picture, which to their great joy they found in a neighboring grove, leaning against a tree. To this day, the Indians of Acoma maintain that St. Joseph had heard of the court's decision in their favor, and, being anxious to get back into their midst, would not even wait till someone came to escort him home. Though fringed and dimmed with age, the picture is a priceless treasure to them. Never again will they allow it to be taken from the place it now occupies.

Such then is Acoma, the airy cliff home of an ancient tribe, once the scene of terror and bloodshed, but now a picture of peace and contentment.

## LATE WINTER

Then, one by one, the flowers died,  
The trees stood leafless, silent, still;  
The earth lay as though crucified.

Then something stole from out the sky,  
I know not what, nor how it came,  
It sounded like some far, faint cry—

Some promise of an unborn joy;  
And, though there was no other change,  
Age fell away—I laughed, a boy.

—CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

## HOW ST. FRANCIS CLOTHED THE POOR IN WINTER

ST. FRANCIS, the poor man, the father of the poor, making himself like unto the poor in all things, used to be distressed to see anyone poorer than himself, not because he coveted vain renown, but only from a feeling of sympathy; and though he was content with a very common and rough tunic, he often longed to share it with some poor man. But in order that this richest of poor men might, in whatsoever way, help the poor, he would in very cold weather ask the rich of this world to lend him a mantle or furs. When in their devotion they complied with his request even more readily than he had made it, he would say to them: "I will take this from you with the understanding that you do not expect to have it back any more"; and then with joy and exultation he would clothe the first poor man he met with whatever had been given him. He was very much distressed if he saw any poor man harshly spoken to, or if he heard anyone curse any creature.

St. Francis, urged by his great love for Christ, saw in all the poor, brothers and sisters of his Divine Master. His only aim, therefore, was to serve these poor, knowing that in doing so he was serving Christ, his Lord and King. Though he had voluntarily deprived himself of even the necessities of life, he could not stand to see the poor suffer in any way, and he was quite ingenious in his way of providing for their wants and cares. He, the Poor Man of Assisi, poor by choice, became the greatest helper and protector of those who were really poor.



# Franciscan News

**Italy.**—The attention of whole Italy has been called to the "Union of Italian Catholic Women" recently organized in Rome. A definite set of rules has been drawn up and a program outlined for the women in their noble fight against all evil tendencies of the day. The great Franciscan scientist and sociologist, Fr. Augustine Gemelli, is actively engaged in promoting the welfare of this society. He, together with his friend D. Olgiati, is conducting a series of lectures for the women. His subjects are interesting and eminently practical, to-wit: Christian Education, Activity in the Feminine Movement, Liberty for the Church and the Pope, the Woman and the Christian Family, the Woman and Her Religious Duties. The members of this society are not content with the practical help they receive in these lectures, but they strive also to better themselves spiritually by cultivating a love towards the Blessed Sacrament. At short intervals they receive Holy Communion in a body at the Church of St. Agnes, outside the walls of Rome. On these occasions, their brilliant adviser, Fr. Augustine, also delivers one of his lectures. The clergy of Italy have welcomed this organization with enthusiasm, and at their conferences they frequently discuss ways and means of spreading and promoting the society. In these discussions Fr. Augustine takes an active part, traveling from diocese to diocese, organizing and directing new branches.

His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, has recently appointed Fr. Louis Bondini, secretary general of the Conventuals, Consulor of the Sacred Congregation of the Council.

Cardinal Giustini, prefect of the Congregation of Sacraments, has been named by Pope Benedict as the protector of the Sisters of the Order of St. Francis at Joliet, Ill.

On August 15, 1920, there will be celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the famous Franciscan Tertiary, Ven. Don Bosco, founder of the Congregation of St. Francis de Sales. At Turin, his birthplace, a monument will be unveiled in his honor and a convention held of representatives of all the establishments of the Salesian Society.

Very Rev. Fr. Marcellus de Colognola, Guardian of the convent of Capuchins at Venice, has received the order of Knight of the Crown of Italy for his valiant and unselfish services as military chaplain during the war.

**Belgium.**—Whole Belgium recently expressed publicly its love and admiration of Fr. Maximin Helm, of the Order of Capuchins, who nobly laid down his life for his neighbor. His heroic death was declared in the Belgian senate to have been the most heroic example of Christian charity during the late war.

**Switzerland.**—The Third Order in Switzerland now has 298 confraternities with 410 Tertiary priests and about 22,000 members—3,300 of these being men and over 18,000 women. To these must be added about 700 isolated Tertiaries.

The secular clergy find in the Third Order a powerful promoter of good for all ranks of society, and ably seconded by their Bishops, they are actively engaged in spreading the Order.

**Palestine.**—Very Rev. G. Martin Montoro, O. F. M., lately decorated by the King of Spain with the title "Knight Commander of the Order of Isabel the Catholic," has been made Procurator General of the Holy Land.

**China.**—The Franciscan missionaries recently celebrated with deep gratitude and great solemnity the silver jubilee of the erection of their Vicariate at Chefoo. The statistics of 1917-1918 tell more eloquently than words of their wonderful activity and success.

Catholics 14,275, catechumens 15,381, catechists 106, confessions 55,381, communions 158,260, European priests 28, native priests 9, hospitals 4, patients cared for 2,912, dispensaries 6, cases treated 51,143, one leper colony with seven lepers, a trade school with 433 pupils. In their apostolate of charity the missionaries are ably assisted by forty-seven Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. These have charge of the foundling asylum, the schools, and the hospitals. In the hospital at Chefoo, Baptism was administered to 6,250, at Fang-ste to 7,392, at Wei-hai-shien to 1,701, at Sichen to 11,500. May these true sons and daughters of St. Francis steadily progress in their noble undertakings, and may the blessing of God and St. Francis be upon them and their noble work.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—The statistics of the year 1919 show that St. Francis Fraternity received 101 members; 79 novices made their profession, and 25 members died; whilst the number of receptions in St. Louis Fraternity was 108; 105 made their profession and 39 passed to their eternal reward. The total number of Tertiaries of the St. Francis and the St. Louis Fraternities is at present 2,807. Both Fraternities have shown great interest in the different activities, especially for the benefit of the missions. The collection by means of the mite-boxes amounted to \$1,431.33; this amount, together with specified donations for special missions, enabled the two Fraternities to give to the Franciscan missions in Arizona \$1,150.00, to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith \$665.00, and to the Church Extension Society the sum of \$500.00. The Altar Society for poor missions has succeeded in sending three boxes of Church goods to the different missions. The two Fraternities have two students studying for the priesthood, one, a native of China, preparing for the mission among his countrymen; the other, a student at Teutopolis, Ill., is studying for the Franciscan Order. The Tertiary Library is in a flourishing condition; it contains 1,500 volumes; 625 persons patronized it during the past year, and 3,292 books were drawn from it; at

the end of the year, 672 books were in the hands of the patrons of the library.

**Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.**—Twelve novices of the Third Order, made their profession in the College chapel on January 11. Rev. Rupert Hauser, O. F. M., Director of the Third Order at the College, officiated at the services and addressed a few words of exhortation to the Tertiaries. On November 1 of last year, forty-two students were vested with the Tertiary cord and scapular. Judging from the large number of Tertiaries, it may be truthfully stated that the Fraternity at the institution is at present enjoying one of the most auspicious periods of its career. This is owing to the unwearied labors of Father Rupert, who has been director of the Fraternity for several years. At present the Third Order numbers twenty-five professed members and fifty-nine novices.

**Seattle, Wash.**—A new Fraternity of Tertiaries has been established in the parish of Our Lady of Lourdes, South Park. The first meeting was held on Sunday, January 25. The Director, Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M., appointed the following members to serve as officers: Joseph (Bro. Thomas) Nist, Prefect; Josephine (Sr. Teresa) Peter, Vice Prefect; Nellie (Sr. Mary) Crowley, Secretary-Treasurer; Leo (Bro. Anthony) Van den Berg, and Cecile (Sr. Genevieve) Concannon, Counselors. The new Fraternity numbers about thirty members, and hopes soon to add many to its list, and to take an honored place among the Franciscan Fraternities of the West.

**New Orleans, La., Convent of the Poor Clares.**—On January 25th, at a meeting of the members of the Third Order, six new members were received and three novices made their profession. In his address, the Rev. Director quoted some of the sayings of our Holy Father the Pope on the indecency of women's dress and on the means that the Children of St. Francis should use to bring about a reform in this matter, which has now become so grave. He also referred to the articles on this subject in FRANCISCAN HERALD, and we hope that his words will be productive of much good. He told the ladies plainly that he would not receive into the Order, or retain therein, any one whose manner of dress is objectionable. Touching on the Gospel of the day, the prayer of the Church Unity Octave, which closed that day, and on the conversion of St. Paul, he discoursed on the life work of a Franciscan Tertiary, and exhorted his hearers to encourage and lead others to a virtuous life by their prayers and good example.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Church.**—The annual meetings and elections of the German and English speaking branches of the Third Order at St. Francis Church, this city, were held on Sunday, January 25 and February 1. A large body of members assembled for both meetings. The election of officers, which is held regularly according to the Rule every three years, resulted as follows: For the German speaking branch: Bro. John J. Metz, Prefect; Br. Fred Esser, Novice Master; Br. John J. Meyer, Treasurer; Brs. Gerhard Brill and

Christ Derra, Secretaries; Sr. Anna Metz, Prefect of the ladies; Sr. Mary Nickel, Novice Mistress of the married ladies; Sr. Johann Reichert, Novice Mistress of the young ladies; Srs. Elizabeth Ruf and Olivia Meyer, Recording Secretaries; Srs. Angela Vogel and Ann Kaas, Financial Secretaries. For the English speaking branch: Br. Joseph T. Mayer, Prefect; Br. Francis Zimmermann, Master of Novices; Br. Clarence Larkey, Corresponding Secretary; Br. Francis Romadka, Treasurer; Sr. Margaret Durnin, Prefect of the ladies; Sr. Mary Conway, Novice Mistress of the married ladies; Sr. Marie Wilcowska, Novice Mistress of the young ladies; Sr. Marie Conway, Recording Secretary; Sr. Mary Brady, Financial Secretary. The consultants of the district (a gentleman, a married lady and a young lady) were likewise chosen at this meeting.

The report of the present status of the confraternity shows a marked increase in membership. The German branch has gained over 200 members within the last three years, and the English branch has doubled its membership within this time. The reports of the various works of this branch proved very interesting. The students' fund gives hopes of being completed within a very short time. Surprising was the number of children cared for at the nursery during the past year; the total number aggregating 9,534 children, with 8,991 meals served at the nursery. The twenty-one volunteers, who assist the nurse in her laborious work, have been very faithful throughout the year, so that this form of charitable work of the Tertiaries has proved very successful. The number of benefactors and donations has increased during the year, and it is with heartfelt gratitude that these generous offerings are remembered.

This year's meeting has pledged itself to participate in the National Third Order Congress to be held in Chicago, October 2, 3 and 4, 1921, and to give it fullest support to the national organization movement of the Third Order Conferences in the United States. As a result of the Jubilee celebration held in December last, the Tertiaries will give their best efforts to foster the true Franciscan spirit and to recruit new members during the year.

**St. Louis, Mo., St. Francis de Sales Church.**—The private meeting of our Fraternity was held on Monday evening, December 22, and was well attended. Father Holweck appointed the following officers: Assistants to the Prefect, Messrs. Lefen, Schmitt and Gassner; Servers at the Altar, Messrs. Scheid and Lit-zau; Assistants, Mrs. Lefen, Mrs. Kuebler, Miss Ihle, Miss Ruschenberg, Miss Nebeland, Miss Boland. At the last general meeting, Mr. Joseph Hartlieb and Miss Anna Holweck were elected Prefects; Secretary, Miss Josephine Moeller; Treasurer, Miss Anna Holweck.

The general meeting took place on the second Sunday of January. At this meeting sixteen novices made their profession. About 250 members were present. The collections resulted as follows: For the poor, \$13.00; for Indian Missions, \$5.00; for the Missions in China and Japan, \$6.00; for the Missions in Africa, \$8.05.



# Franciscan Herald

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## THE MESSAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." St. Francis knew that in this one sentence "all the law is fulfilled." Loving God above all things, he could not but love his neighbor as himself. His biographer, St. Bonaventure, says of him: "It is no marvel that he who accounted himself to be the fellow and the brother of all creatures, was drawn, by the charity of Christ, to a still closer union and brotherhood with them."

Historians and sociologists have often called attention to the great similarity that exists between the times of St. Francis and our own. Then as now, selfishness, injustice, oppression, and extravagance reigned among the privileged classes, while envy, disaffection, hatred, and insubordination were rife among, what we now call, the masses, brutalized and impoverished by the incessant wars and feuds of their rulers. Then, as now, the world needed nothing so much as a shining example of Christian charity.

This example St. Francis was called by God to give, and it was his example of devoted love, utter unselfishness and Christlike gentleness that exercised a wide influence in remedying the evils of the day and introducing a different spirit into the relations between man and man. Like his divine Master, who came "not to destroy, but to fulfill," he did not thunder against the existing order of things, but he entered into the closest sympathy and relation with the poor and miserable. He sorrowed and suffered for them and with them. He brought fresh hope into lives that were sinking into despair, and the sunlight of charity into hearts withered by injustice and cruelty. His purpose was to join high and low, rich and poor, capital and labor, in one Christian unity of love for the promotion of the common good. And to achieve this purpose, he "communicated himself" to all. This is the secret of his success; and whoever wishes to labor with success at the solution of the social question must first have learnt the lesson of self-immolation on the altar of Christian charity.



# Editorials

## MISSION WORK AMONG NEGROES AND INDIANS

THE commission charged with distributing the moneys contributed by the Catholics of the country toward the support of the missions among the Negroes and the Indians—which commission is made up of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, and Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes—have recently issued their annual financial statement, together with a most touching appeal in behalf of these much neglected children of Mother Church. This appeal is so well suited to the purpose of the HERALD and so much more eloquent than anything we ourselves could write, that our readers will surely pardon us for giving it space and prominence in these columns. The letter reads:

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

There has been among us the last few years a notable and most gratifying awakening of interest in missionary activities. While the needs of foreign missions present a compelling appeal, there are particularly strong reasons why we should redouble our efforts for the propagation of the faith at home—in our own midst. We cannot forget that, while the conversion of all without the the Fold of Christ should be of deepest concern to us, yet the Indians and the Negroes have an exceptionally strong and special claim on our charity. It is no exaggeration to say they have the first claim.

For, though they may be strangers to us in the faith, they are not strangers by nativity. They are our own countrymen. They are the stray sheep starving and shivering at our very gates. It is a real case in point for the application of the old adage: "Charity begins at home."

Our country has a great deal to answer for in its treatment of both these races. The lot of the Indian and the Negro has been by no means a happy one. The red man—the original inhabitant—has been driven from all his former holdings back

to the most undesirable portions of the land; while the black man has been held in thrall for generations. Nor is this all. Besides trampling on their rights and liberties, the white man has, in many instances, infected them with his own vices—vices which have sapped their physical, as well as their moral, strength.

And, though we cannot be held personally responsible for their wretched plight, we should nevertheless, both from motives of Christianity and humanity, sympathize with their misfortunes, and endeavor to right their wrongs so far as lies in our power. This we can best do by contributing, directly or indirectly to their entrance into the True Fold of Christ the priest directly, by missionary efforts; the laity indirectly by giving financial aid to carry on the good work.

It should be unnecessary to remind you that the present high cost of living enters, as a disturbing factor, into this, as into every other walk of life, and makes it imperative on those who direct the missions to seek for more liberal contributions than they have been able to obtain in the past. The price of everything the missionary needs to continue his work, has advanced in leaps and bounds; and unless larger subscriptions are forthcoming, the good work must necessarily lag for want of the indispensable.

Even should it require a considerable sacrifice on your part to increase your contribution, it is surely a sacrifice well worth the making; for the benefits that will thereby accrue both to your own soul, and the souls of those whom you will be instrumental in saving, are assuredly above and beyond all money calculation. Your surplus means cannot possibly be better invested than in the Bank of Heaven which will return it with many, many hundred-fold of interest. The Sacred Scriptures tell us that "he who causes a sinner to be converted from the evil of his ways, shall save his own soul from hell and cover a multitude of sins." And again: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the firmament." These promises apply not only to the active missionaries, who actually bring about conversions, but likewise to all who aid them generously—financially or otherwise.

The sole motive of gratitude to God for

giving us that most priceless of gifts, the light of the true faith, should be sufficient, without any other inducement, to make us, not only willing, but even eager, to share that gift with others who have it not, and who are yet dear to the Heart of Christ. The old Latin philosophers used to say that "Good likes to spread itself." Where there is real, genuine goodness, it cannot rest till it has communicated itself to others. That is why God Himself undertook the work of Creation. And it is characteristic of all God's creatures who resemble Him most in goodness, to desire ardently to share what they have with those who are less favored. Goodness—real goodness—and selfishness are incompatible. The two are never found together. The selfish man or woman is never truly good, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding; and vice versa, the truly unselfish person is never really or wholly bad. If you find people who seem good and devout, of upright life, and sticklers for all the external requirements of religion, but selfish through and through, you can safely conclude that the goodness is all in the seeming, it is false, hollow, superficial.

Generosity in our contributions to missionary work—a practical proof of our desire to share our faith with others—is both the truest test of the depth and genuineness of our own faith, and the very best means of preserving and increasing it. It is, most probably, as a reward for their unflinching missionary zeal, that God has enabled the Irish and the French to weather the fierce storms of persecution, and to retain their faith undimmed and undiminished throughout the long, dark night of Godless oppression. And it may well be, too, that the defection of Northern Africa centuries ago, from the Church of Christ, was a punishment for its lack of zeal in propagating the faith.

In addition to these motives of Christianity, humanity, and gratitude, our very sense of patriotism, and concern for the moral betterment of our countrymen, should incite us to do our utmost for the conversion of the Indians and Negroes. For, most assuredly, nothing can have a more salutary, restraining and uplifting influence on them than the faith and discipline of the Church Catholic.

Let not this appeal fall on deaf ears. "To-day if ye shall hear His Voice, harden not your hearts." The souls of these peoples for whom we plead are crying out to you, as the voice of the Macedonians to Paul the Apostle: "Come over and help

us." The Lord God Himself appeals to you, in the person of His ignorant and erring children who are hungering and thirsting for the Word of Truth. If you hearken to the appeal, God will not be un-mindful of you in your hour of need. "Cast your bread upon the waters; in time it shall return to you."

### FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY

**T**HE response to our appeal, in the last issue, for the suffering Germans and Austrians has been so generous that it has quite surpassed our most sanguine expectations. We have made it a point, at the expense of considerable time and labor, to acknowledge each contribution. If any of the contributors to the fund have been missed, they will do us a favor by bringing the matter to our attention. Gratifying as has been the result of our campaign for the relief of the stricken peoples of Central Europe, much more remains to be done if we wish to save them from the worst. To convince our readers that the danger of extermination threatening wide sections of these peoples is not by any means over, we quote an editorial paragraph from *The Nation* (issue of March 6):

"The food in Austria to-day, together with all supplies it has been possible to purchase that are arriving, will feed the people to about March 15th." Thus cables Mr. F. I. Kent, Vice-President of the Bankers' Trust Company, who has been observing food conditions in Europe for seven months. Beyond that date the future of Austria is gloomy indeed. Yet there are certain food supplies which could be rushed to Austria if only Congress would act immediately. Every day's delay is crucial, and delay affects Germany quite as much as Austria. The Quaker Mission in Berlin cables that the greatest food crisis in Germany will be in March and April, and that the shortage of essential foodstuffs increases daily. So far as the German children are concerned, Mr. Hoover, in a letter to the American Relief Committee for German Children, declares that great numbers of German children have reached "a condition of under-nourishment where only charity from the outside will avail." The committee itself

hears that there are a million little children facing starvation whose one hope is American charity. We again urge all our readers to do their utmost to help to tide over these innocent victims of the war until the next harvest. . . . Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries are doing everything that they can, and the German cities are sharing some of their scanty rations with the Austrians; but in the last analysis it depends upon American philanthropy whether we shall or shall not witness a frightful tragedy in Central Europe during the next three months.

Trustworthy American witnesses describe the condition in Vienna as simply terrible. According to their reports, children in that stricken city are clad in potato sacks; infants are wrapped in paper; hospitals are without linens; and homes are without fuel. Hundreds of thousands are exposed to the most horrible privations, and thousands are daily dying in the hospitals for want of all supplies. There is no doubt that, as is usual in such cases, the reality is much more horrible than even tongue or pen can describe.

We assure our readers that no work of charity they may be disposed to perform can be more opportune or more commendable than to contribute to the relief of these poor starving people. We shall be only too glad to act as intermediary for our readers, and we give them the assurance that those for whom the alms are intended, will receive the full value thereof.

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### THE AMERICAN BISHOPS' JOINT PASTORAL

WHEN on February 22, from every Catholic pulpit in the land, was read the abstract of the Bishops' pastoral letter, every American Catholic heart must have swelled with pride at the thought that he was a member of that Church, whose appointed leaders had made the most notable, comprehensive and far-reaching contribution to the reconstruction literature that has thus far appeared in our country.

The lengthy document touches on practically all the vital questions, problems,

and needs confronting American Catholics. But it not merely points out the evils afflicting them and their fellow citizens of other creeds. It assigns for every disease the proper remedy. Therein consists, in our opinion, its chief merit, that it is eminently practical. Instead of being a mere outline or program of Catholic action, it is a practical application of Catholic principles to the individual, the family, and society at large. Accordingly, whoever reads the pastoral in the hope of discovering new theories on our domestic, civil, social, or national relations, is doomed to disappointment. What he will find, however, is a clear and full statement of age-old Christian principles, bearing on modern conditions and problems.

Just how the application of these doctrines is made in every case, our readers must ascertain for themselves. For the letter is altogether too long to permit of anything like a detailed synopsis or even a bare statement of the principal heads in these columns. Nor is it easy to make a judicious selection of quotable passages, however much one might feel tempted to make a trial. Every Catholic, worthy of the name, should deem it a duty to his Church and his country to read the full text of the pastoral letter, in order to place himself in the position to co-operate to the fullest extent in executing the program outlined by the bishops. Their's was the heart to conceive and the brain to direct; ours must be the hand to execute.

By a happy coincidence, the document was read in the Catholic Churches of the country on Washington's birthday. The bishops have undoubtedly rendered the country a great patriotic service; for their letter is intended, not only for those within the fold, but for those without as well. That these latter so regarded it, is evidenced by the fact that many of the secular papers commented very favorably on it. But for them, as for us, it will remain a dead letter unless the Catholic laity earnestly strive to put into practice



the wise counsels of the Hierarchy. Let each one of our readers, therefore, supply himself with a copy of the complete text of this epoch-making episcopal pronouncement, and ponder its contents from time to time. This will help them to feel, think, and act in intimate union with the Church, and make them better Catholics and better citizens. We repeat for the sake of emphasis, it is a religious, a patriotic duty, for every Catholic of the country to acquaint himself thoroughly with the contents of the bishops' joint pastoral, so as to be able to take an active part in the work of reconstruction now clamoring for intelligent and active support.

### "HE IS RISEN"

**T**HIS month's cover design presents the "Resurrection," by Bernhard Plockhorst. The great victory is achieved. The valiant lion of the tribe of Juda has roused himself from his brief slumber. Our incomparable Samson has burst the fragile bands, and rising in his might, has borne away, in easy triumph, the spoils of his enemies. How glorious, how transcendent, and how complete his triumph! Never is conquest more complete than when it surprises the exultant foe in a moment of fancied victory. "Sir, we have remembered," said the Pharisees, "that that seducer said, while he was yet alive: 'After three days I will rise again.' Command, therefore, the sepulchre to be guarded until the third day, lest, perhaps, his disciples come and steal him away, and say to the people, 'He is risen from the dead,' and the last error shall be worse than the first." But of what use is their guard of soldiers; of what good their ponderous casques and strong breastplates and sharp swords and pointed halberds? Their weapons glide from their grasp, and they themselves fall to the ground in speechless terror. For, behold, He that was dead, rises as from a trance, strips off his sepulchral bands, pierces the solid rock, and ascends into day, visible and triumphant. An

earthquake announces the wonderful event, and the ministers of Heaven descend in dazzling array, and, removing with angelic ease the huge stone, expose the empty tomb to the astonished gaze of his anxious followers. "You see Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he has risen, as he said. Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid."

Nor did Christ rise for himself alone. If he died for us, was it not meet that he should also rise for us? Indeed, without the Resurrection, we are undone; we are "of all men most pitiable." For if Christ did not rise from the dead, though He promised to do so, then is our faith vain, as St. Paul says. But if He is truly risen, then our faith rests on the strongest possible foundation, and our hope on the greatest conceivable assurance. His victory is the earnest of a future conjoint triumph, His and ours. In the light of Eastern morning, we can better understand our own Calvaries.

### A SIMPLE DUTY

**N**O loyal Catholic priest or layman," says the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America, "is permitted to be indifferent toward the movement for Catholic social reform. In the first place, we are all commanded to interest ourselves in the work by the supreme authority at Rome. Pope Leo XIII enjoined every minister of religion to "throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind and all the strength of his endurance"; and reminded the laity that they were "not free to choose whether they will take up the cause of the poor or not; it is a matter of simple duty." These mandates have been more than once reaffirmed and emphasized by Pius X. In the second place, Catholic social reform is necessary in the interests of morality, and for the glory of God; without it millions of men, women and children, for whom Christ died, will continue to be deprived of the material means of living decently and serving God properly."



# Third Order of St. Francis

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

IN THE February issue of the HERALD I proposed a difficulty presented by G. H. T., prefect of a Tertiary fraternity in the East, for solution to our Tertiary readers, promising a copy of Chalippe's *Life of St. Francis* for the best answer on the subject sent in before March 1. Since this issue was delayed by the "flu" and the snow, especially in the East, many of our readers had hardly time to begin to consider the question before the time allotted had elapsed. Hence, although a number of good answers reached my desk, I think it advisable to extend the time to May 1. The question proposed was: "How can Tertiaries best be induced to attend the monthly meetings of their fraternity?" Now, please get busy and let me hear how you think this question can be solved.

In the meantime, I will turn your attention to a number of other queries about things Tertiary that have been fairly raining in on my desk since our last chat. For lack of space, I shall answer only a few, and hold over the others.

One anxious Tertiary wishes to know whether she may have two Third Order scapulars and cords, to be worn at different times. No doubt, she is frequently engaged in hard work—as many good mothers and housewives are, God bless them for it!—whereby the clothing is easily soiled. She and her numerous sisters similarly situated will be pleased to learn that they may have two or even more Third Order scapulars and cords to wear at different times.

In this connection, I should like to answer another question: May a Tertiary wash her soiled scapular and cord! Indeed, she may, and I would even advise her to do so, especially the cord, as it is not only more healthful but also more becoming to have them always neat and clean. The blessing will not be washed away! The important point Tertiaries

should always keep in mind is to wear their cord and scapular all the time, day and night.

This recalls to my mind an incident recently brought to my notice. A good Tertiary was taken very seriously ill and, in spite of the annoyance caused her by the cord and scapular, she refused to lay them aside. Finally, her pains became so acute that the doctor insisted on her laying aside the cord and scapular. She did so with great reluctance, and then requested a friend to write me and ask whether she could still gain the indulgence and partake of the other privileges common to all Tertiaries. This is an extreme case, where the obligation imposed by the Rule to wear the cord and scapular all the time under penalty of foregoing the privileges enjoyed by the members, certainly ceases to bind. For it surely is not the intention of the Church to insist on the observance of this obligation under such circumstances. This does not say, however, that every little inconvenience, due to the wearing of the cord and scapular during sickness, will dispense one from this obligation. Besides, a good Tertiary will cherish the garb of Saint Francis too well to lay it aside without very good reasons, and will bear in mind that the Third Order is an order of penance, and that the patient bearing of the irritation caused at times by the cord and scapular is a very good and meritorious way of practicing penance.

Now for a little talk on the nature of the Third Order of St. Francis. I told you last month that the Third Order is an association of men and women living in the world, who wear a distinctive habit, make a novitiate and profession, and live according to a Rule instituted by St. Francis of Assisi and approved by the Church. The question now arises: "Is the Third Order a *true Order*?" I answer briefly: "Yes, it is a true Order." In his

Letter addressed to the superiors of the three branches of the First Order of St. Francis, on July 7, 1888, Pope Leo XIII declares explicitly: "Some have thought, since the appearance of the Constitution *Misericors Dei Filius* (by which the Holy Father mitigated the rigor of the ancient

This explicit declaration of Pope Leo, himself a Tertiary, and many similar statements of other Popes regarding the nature of the Third Order of St. Francis ought to suffice for us; but the following facts may be adduced in confirmation of our assertion. As mentioned above, the



St. Elzear and Bl. Delphine  
Patrons of Married People of Third Order

and original Rule of the Third Order), that the Third Order had been changed into a simple association or confraternity. Such is not Our intention. But as We have already declared, the nature and essence of this Institute still remain. *It is by no means a mere confraternity, but a true Order.*"

members of the Third Order of St. Francis, like the members of other ecclesiastical Orders, have a novitiate or time of probation, a form of profession, a distinctive habit or dress, and a Rule of life solemnly approved by the Church. The Tertiaries, however, differ from religious who live in convents or monasteries inas-

much as they do not take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience common to all cloistered religious. It is for this reason that the Tertiaries are said to belong to the Third Order *Secular* of St. Francis. For although their life is similar in many ways to that of religious

and they may, therefore, in a wide sense of the word be styled religious, still they remain *seculars*, that is, persons living in the world and not in cloisters. But let this suffice for this time. Next month I shall speak to you about the purpose of the Third Order.

## FREDERIC OZANAM, Tertiary

*Founder of St. Vincent de Paul Society*

By FR. FAUSTIN, O. F. M.

### THIRD INSTALMENT

FOR nearly fifty years Christianity had been banished from the lecture halls of the Sorbonne, whereas they have echoed successively to every new and false doctrine. With the advent of Ozanam a new era was to begin. At the age of twenty-seven he took his seat amongst the veteran professors, and to his youthful enthusiasm was united a burning zeal for truth and Christianity. It was a great risk on his part. He was only a substitute professor; the university was controlled by the State, and the State was openly hostile to the Church. But Ozanam was ever at his best when the odds were against him.

#### At the Sorbonne

With painful conscientiousness Ozanam prepared every lecture. Like a skillful general, preparing for battle, he arrayed a mass of material around his thoughts. He made no compromise with error, nor did he allow himself to be influenced by the hostile prejudice of his hearers. His lectures were interesting and full of charm. His vast learning he dispensed with simplicity and brevity, every lecture was a book condensed into a chapter, interesting and captivating. At the outset he showed a little shyness and hesitation, but he soon warmed into eloquence and enchanted his listeners even before he convinced them. His work was one of love, and that gave warmth and zest to his words. The pupils loved him almost to idolatry. Convinced that the pupils should be free to come to their professor for advice, his door was open to

them every morning from eight to ten. He took an active and fatherly interest in each and every one. On his way to and from the university, on his strolls along the boulevards of Paris, he was always accompanied by his dear pupils. During the eighteen months of his professorship he never had so much as to call one of the boys to order. His courageous stand for truth and justice, his eloquent defence of Christian ideals and principles induced many of his pupils and even some of his associate professors to forsake infidelity and embrace the cause of Christianity. In spite of open and direct opposition on the part of the university staff he continued his lectures without lessening the out and out Christian tone of his teaching, and even his most bitter opponents had to respect him for it.

In 1844 M. Fauriel, for whom he had been acting as substitute professor, died. After several months of delay and uncertainty Ozanam was appointed in his stead as professor of the Sorbonne for life, with the increased salary belonging to the position. This put an end to his financial worries, and when in August, 1845, a little daughter was born to him, he thought his cup of happiness had been filled. "We have called her Marie," he writes in a letter to M. Foisset, "which is her mother's name, as well as that of the powerful protectress to whose intercession we attribute this happy birth. We shall begin her education early, and at the same time, she will begin ours; for I perceive that Heaven has sent her to us to teach us a great deal, and to make us better. I can-

not look upon that sweet little face, so full of innocence and purity, without seeing there, less obliterated than in us, the sacred impress of the Creator. I cannot think of this imperishable soul, of which I shall have to render an account, without feeling myself more penetrated with my duties. How could I dare teach her lessons that I did not practice? Could God have found a kinder way of instructing me, of correcting me, and setting my feet on the road to Heaven?" Oh, that all our Tertiary parents would understand the sublime truth of these noble words and learn to act and think in like manner!

Ozanam's health, which was never of the best, began to give way under the severe strain, but he did not and would not see it. Often after his arduous work in the class-room, he would rush off to give an evening lecture to an assembly of working men, putting forth on their behalf all his talents as earnestly as if he were addressing the most learned audience. This stress of work could have but one result. The doctors declared that his only chance was to take a year's complete rest. This was a most difficult prescription for Ozanam. How was that active mind to be kept idle for a whole year? The Minister of Public Instruction hastened to facilitate things by sending him on a literary mission to Italy.

Starting in November, 1846, Ozanam with his wife and child made a tour in the South of France, and then went by slow stages through Genoa and Florence to Rome, where they were to pass the winter. Under these delightful circumstances his health rapidly revived, although he did not spare it in the service of his mission. Every journey produced a book, sometimes two, the most charming of all being his work *The Franciscan Poets*, a book designated as a "pearl without equal". Immediately after Holy Week they left Rome and began a tour through Italy, homewards. They visited several shrines and sanctuaries, but none delighted them so much as that of Assisi, all fragrant as it is with the memory of St. Clare and St. Francis. Here and at this time he was filled with love and admiration for St. Francis and his Three Orders, a love which he never allowed to cool or diminish.

His health was to all appearances restored and in the autumn of 1847 he again took up his classes at the university.

### His Great Charity

The service of the poor occupies such a prominent position in Ozanam's life, that it becomes of interest to know how he performed it. "It was essentially a service of love. His manner towards the poor was as considerate and deferential as towards his equals. He invariably took off his hat on entering their abodes, he never preached to them, and after giving whatever he had to give he would sit and chat on any subject likely to cheer or interest them. At Christmas he always took along some little present, a book, a picture, or some little trifle he knew they fancied. One New Year's day he could not help thinking of a poor family who were in reduced circumstances, and had to pledge their furniture, and that when he saw his little girl surrounded with presents, he would not rest happy till he had redeemed the furniture and returned it to its owners. On returning from Holy Communion he would frequently visit the baker shop on his way and purchase bread to deliver to the poor. He had great order in his almsgiving. The amount of his charities was regulated beforehand every year as strictly as any of his personal expenses; and rose in proportion to the increase of his income. He advised all his friends to adopt this plan and thus save themselves the annoyance of never knowing exactly how they stood with regard to this duty."—(Horgan.)

In 1848 a revolution broke out in France. Amidst the uproar and universal confusion which followed, Ozanam did not lose faith in his work. He quietly put on the uniform of a National Guard and took his turn of duty at the post of peril with all good citizens. He saw clearly that at the root of all revolutions lay the *social* question, not the *political*. His policy was to avert such outbreaks by charity, by the extension of Catholic ideas, by the drawing together of the classes, by breaking down the barriers that separated them, and which by separation breed mutual mistrust, ignorance, envy and resentment. This was his intention of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. "It is a social question," he writes;

"do away with misery, Christianize the people, and you will make an end of revolutions."

In the *Ere Nouvelle*, which he edited jointly with Père Lacordaire, he writes: "It is not enough to save France once or several times; a great country wants to be saved every day. You go and come from one end of the city to the other now in peace and security. But the danger which you flatter yourselves has disappeared from the streets is hid away in the garrets of the houses on either side. You have crushed the insurrection; you have now to deal with an enemy with which you are not acquainted, which you dislike hearing spoken of—misery."

#### His Literary Works

"My intention," writes Ozanam on Good Friday, 1851, "is to write a literary history of the Middle Ages, from the fifth century to the close of the thirteenth. My plan is to trace the growth of Christianity, to write how it understood to build a new society upon the ruins of the old Roman Empire, a society capable of possessing the truth, of doing good and revealing the beautiful. It is now the time to write, to redeem my promise, made eighteen years ago. The historian Gibbon in his youth visited Rome. Once whilst loitering about the Capitol he heard the strains of church music. Looking about he saw the portals of the Basilica of *Ara Coeli* open and Franciscans come forth in procession and march across the way formerly used for triumphal processions. This filled him with anger and prompted the idea, "to revenge antiquity dishonored by Christian barbarism." The result was his book, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. I also have seen the Franciscans of *Ara Coeli* traverse the court of the Capitol, and I was pleased at this victory of love over brutal force, and I determined to write the history of the period in which the English historian can find only traces of decline, but wherein I hope to prove the growth of Christianity and show how it led the world from darkness into light." After months of intensive study and research he completed the following parts of this vast work: *History of the Civilization in the V Century*, two volumes—*Schools and Public Instruction in*

*Italy at the Time of the Barbarians—German Studies*, whose first part is *The Germans Before Christianity*, and the second, *The Christian Civilization Among the Franks*. This last work twice merited for him the great *Gobert Prize*. In all we have eleven valuable works from the pen of this indefatigable champion of truth.

#### His Last Years

Ozanam's health was rapidly being undermined due to the fact that, in spite of frequent relapses, he insisted on giving his daily lectures. To the medical men and friends who entreated him to spare himself, he would reply: "I must do my day's work." In April, 1852, he was dangerously ill. He was slowly recovering from this when one day he heard that his impetuous pupils, not knowing the cause of his delay, urgently demanded his presence. "I will do honor to my profession," he cried. Despite the tears of his wife and the entreaties of his medical attendants, he had himself dressed and drove straight to the Sorbonne. When the professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, advanced through the midst of the crowd of students, those who had criticised him were smitten with horror and remorse; as he ascended the chair their applause broke forth. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless crowd, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer death than life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. "Gentlemen, our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it: our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part if I die it will be in your service." He gave the lecture, speaking with an eloquence and power that startled those who had heard him in his palmiest days. The enthusiasm of the audience rose at last to a frenzy. That was Ozanam's farewell from an audience that for twelve years had crowded to hear him. He spoke truly. This last effort killed him. As soon as it was possible to move him he was taken to Eaux Bonnes, a watering-place, and then to Biarritz. His

medical advisers, however, despatched him to Italy for a warmer climate.

The thing which consoled him above all others was the fervent activity of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, which he found established in the various places through which he passed. "Tears of joy," he writes, "start to my eyes when at these great distances I meet our little family, always little by the obscurity of its works, but great through the blessing of God upon it. The tongues are different, but it is always the same friendly clasp of the hand, the same brotherly cordiality, and we can recognize each other by the same sign as the early Christians: 'See how they love one another!'"

He settled down for the summer at San Jacopo, a little village on the sea near Leghorn. Here he busied himself with readings from the Bible. Prayer and meditation on divine things were the fountains from which he drew consolation and courage.

On April 23, his birthday and the anniversary of his marriage, he wrote in his own hand: "If Thou shouldst chain me to this sick bed for the days that I have yet to live, they would be too short to thank Thee for the days that I have lived. Ah! if these pages be the last I ever write, may they be a hymn to Thy goodness."

### His Beautiful Death

At the end of June they went on to Antignano, also near the sea. Up to the end of July he was able to attend Mass daily in the nearby church. From the beginning of August, however, he was not able to leave the house. On the eve of the 15th, he declared he would walk to church and hear Mass the next day. "If it is to be my last walk on earth," he said, "let it be to the house of God on the Feast of the Assumption," and, leaning on her whom he so truly called his guardian angel, he set out on foot. The old curé of the church was dying also; but when he heard that Ozanam had come to the church and wished to receive communion before Mass, he said to those about him, "Get me up; I must give it to him; no one else shall have that privilege." The dying priest, assisted in his weakness, administered Holy Communion to Ozanam and his wife. It was the last

time he exercised his priestly office on earth; neither was Ozanam ever again present at the Holy Sacrifice. On August 31, accompanied by his wife and children and his two brothers, who had hurried to his side, he left Antignano, anxious to return to France to die in his beloved fatherland. When all was ready for the departure he lifted up his hands and said aloud: "O, my God, I thank Thee for the afflictions and the sufferings Thou hast sent me in this place; accept them in expiation of my sins." Then turning to his wife he said: "I wish you, too, to give thanks with me for my sufferings." They prayed in silence for a moment, and then clasping her in his arms, he cried out, "And O, my Lord, I bless Thee for the consolations Thou hast granted me." After a comfortable voyage they landed at Marseilles. Here he asked for the Last Sacraments and he himself answered to all the prayers of the priest. When his brother urged him gently to have confidence in the great mercy of God, he answered with a look of sweet surprise, "Why shall I fear Him? I love Him so much." On the evening of the 8th of September, 1853, surrounded and aided by the prayers of his wife, his brothers and members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the summons came. He had fallen into a gentle slumber, when suddenly opening his eyes, he lifted up his hands and cried out in a loud voice, "My God! my God! have mercy on me!" These were his last words. Frederic Ozanam had passed into the presence of his Redeemer to receive the lasting reward for a holy and noble life. The funeral services were held most solemnly in Paris, the city he loved so well.

My dear Tertiaries, may the life of Ozanam, short in years, but long and rich in the service of God and His poor, be an inspiration and incentive to you all. Read its lessons aright and in it you will find help and consolation. The lesson it teaches is simple and practical. Love God above all things, love your neighbor, especially the poor, in God and for God's sake, and God himself, all-merciful and all-just will be your reward, exceedingly great.

THE END

# APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA, Tertiary

IT WAS at early Mass on Sunday, and of course I should have had something better to do than to observe the personal appearance of my fellow worshippers. But something about the grubby figure in the pew ahead caused it to come repeatedly between me and my devotions. There was something familiar, yet not familiar about it. She was muffled in a huge coat—one which, judging from its appearance, might have been snatched in haste from beneath a pile of rubbish—and she wore a hat that cupped conveniently down around her face. So far, so good. But she had forgotten that a space of stringy hair, raked into a knot, was plainly visible to those behind. Thus she was serenely fulfilling her obligation of hearing Mass.

When I left the church, half an hour later, I confess to lingering in the vestibule for the ostensible purpose of looking over the contents of the book rack, but with the real intention of getting a closer look at my baffling neighbor. In a moment the door swung outward, and there she was! I was dumbfounded. I had not suspected little Mrs. Hyde (whom I had often marked when I met her socially, for the charm and good taste of her clothes) of being able to look like that.

"Oh, Miss Modesta, good morning," she laughed. "I might have known I couldn't escape seeing some one, some time. Robert always tells me that I'd better not get run over on my way from Mass, or I'd be found out."

I smiled politely, but I'm afraid I looked my disapproval as we swung off down the street together—for I had always thought her so neat. But now—she had slipped out at break of day to worship her Lord; yes, even to receive Him into her heart, in attire which she would have been ashamed for mortal eyes to see.

This problem seems to me rather a common one—also most distressing. Far be it from the Fashion Department to say that we should allow the spiritual preparation to suffer in the bodily. It isn't

necessary that it should; they fit together. Take the case of Mrs. Hyde. She is not too ill to take care of her appearance; she is not without proper apparel; she is not overcrowded with household duties. None of those excuses will hold. She merely finds it convenient to sleep till the last moment, and then tumble out, drag her hair into a knot—I suspected curl-papers beneath the hat, too—slip into an untidy house gown, and then triumphantly envelop herself in a large coat, cram on a hat that turns down, and behold she is ready for the Sublime Sacrifice!

What can we say, dear sisters, to such conduct? Are any of us guilty of doing likewise? I know it's a temptation to think that nobody will see us, and we also think that the piety we display in getting up so early will more than discount our carelessness in personal appearance. But, seriously, is it the most respectful attitude toward the King of kings, to go to His audience chamber in slovenly garments and unkempt locks? Oh, better so than not at all, to be sure. But I think it is all too often a mere matter of thoughtlessness and sloth.

Suppose, for a second, that we were invited to meet a train that passed through our town at six o'clock in the morning, in order to pay our respects to some one for whom we had unbounded admiration and respect. Suppose, further, that it had been by the personal invitation of the celebrity that the invitation had been ours. Would we breathe a satisfied sigh and say:

"Six o'clock. Ah, splendid; no need to dress up or comb our hair to go to the train. It's so early."

We would not, dear sisters. We'd certainly rise at five-fifteen if necessary to give us time for "sprucing up" and careful grooming before going forth to greet a mere human being—a bit of clay whom the Lord has animated with an immortal soul. But we can not spend a few extra moments in preparing the temple of our body for the Presence of the supreme Lover, the One responsible for our very



being! We deck the House of God with lights and flowers; we line the Tabernacle with fair embroidered satins, that it may be more worthy the Divine Tenant; but that part of us that becomes a living tabernacle in Holy Communion, is prepared with indifference—all too often with downright slovenliness.

I do not advocate fads or fancies, nor have I any desire to inculcate harrowing novelties, but this point, I think, is nothing of that kind. I remember that in my own little girl days, a good Franciscan priest who taught us our catechism in the convent school that I frequented, used to bring up that very subject. He urged upon us to prepare our souls with all diligence for the reception of our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion, and also to prepare our bodies in a neat and seemly manner—not indeed in the height of fashion, but in attire that would be pleasing to the Lover that came to our hearts; pleasing in neatness and care according to the circumstances of each. When we think of it, such a system would go far toward remedying the evils into which the art of dress has fallen. Dress to please the divine Lover, and it will follow that we please all others worthy of being pleased.

I do not wish to harp on the subject of neatness, but it seems advisable to bring it up once more for the simple reason that we can not look well without a firm foundation of good grooming. It is far better to own but one gown which is kept spotless, and wear it with neat and becomingly dressed hair, carefully brushed shoes, immaculate teeth and nails, than to have ten gowns with buttons missing and the accompaniment of unkempt hair, run-over heels, and so on.

Let's all resolve to pay some attention to our grooming between this and next month's talk. I'll warrant it won't make us one whit less zealous in the pursuit of our soul's salvation. My private opinion would have it that we'll be a little better for the attempt. It stands to reason that anything done for the purpose of pleasing God is bound to brighten up these souls of ours a little.

### About the Spring Fashions

A word or two may not be amiss concerning the spring fashions of 1920. We are

met on all sides by the assurance that fashion has turned from the lengthening skirts of last fall, and that *we must* wear our skirts something like fifteen or twenty inches from the ground. Also that we must have our sleeves cut midway between elbow and shoulder, even in street gowns.

Now it seems as if a warning in this regard should be unnecessary. Still there are some young readers who may want to know what this department thinks of the fashions that make extremely short skirts and sleeves obligatory. It wouldn't be a bad idea to read over the "Four Points" in this connection, but if more is needed, it isn't hard to express my opinion. That type of gown is not only extreme and immodest, but inartistic and absurd as well—heinous crimes, all, according to Agnes Modesta. Let us be careful to note that there are conservative fashions even in this season, and set our faces staunchly in the direction of decency and good taste.

### A Word for "To-morrow's Mother"

An Ohio correspondent, Mrs. Wm. R—, in a letter that warms the cockles of the Apparel Talker's heart, suggests among other things, that there is a crying need for talks to those whom God is soon to trust with the care and guidance of new immortal souls. She speaks especially of those living in rural districts, where the entire Catholic population must attend the same Mass on Sunday, and where there is little chance of going about unnoticed, as those who live in cities may. Her experience has shown her that many young mothers-to-be will "hide themselves at home, flying into terror when visitors come and sadly neglecting Mass and the Sacraments." She asks if I could bring it to the attention of such young women that there exists for them befitting apparel in which they may appear in public without embarrassment.

Yes, dear lady. I'm glad you brought up that point. I'll pass over the temptation to elaborate on the goodness of God to these young women who are being allowed to cooperate with the Almighty in the training of a child for Heaven. They receive, besides a breath-taking responsibility, a blessing beyond our comprehension.

The point of those remarks is that at no time are Mass and the Sacraments more vitally necessary; at no time is moderate social intercourse more valuable; and at no time is ample exercise in the open air more requisite for health. All of this brings us to the question of costuming.

To-day, more than at any other time, fashion is kind to a need of that type. Nearly all of the good fashion publications provide an assortment of styles for maternity wear, but let us imagine one for ourselves.

Picture a costume like this: A slip foundation of soft dark blue satin or wool, gathered onto a band top that fastens beneath the arms and is supported by shoulder straps. If the entire width is not desired around the bottom, it may be slanted in slightly to the hem. Such a foundation may be made without a pattern if one is handy with the needle, sufficient length being allowed in the front for necessary addition as time goes on. That extra length may be caught into a tuck near the top, which may be adjusted as necessary. This fashion has the added merit of being cut in so few pieces that it can be made over into something else when its particular day is over. With this, an overblouse of soft wool, or crêpe de chine, or some cotton material for hot weather, in *the same dark blue*. The color is of the utmost importance. Midnight or dark navy blue is best, as it detracts from the effect of size and is not depressing, as black seems to be. Bias folds of batiste at the neck will give a feeling and appearance of freshness. This blouse must be cut on flowing lines, and be confined by a narrow sash of the same material adjusted at empire height. As it is tied by a single turn, no allowance for adjustment will be necessary. One such slip and a couple of blouses ought to be sufficient to keep dainty and neat. It is not wise to overstock.

Try above all things not to develop the "wrapper" habit. A costume such as I describe is quite as comfortable as any "wrapper," and may be made out of inexpensive materials as well as the better qualities.

If possible, get a light wrap of the same

dark blue, for outdoor wear when it is not too warm. A dolman, or any of the loose draped wraps would be suitable, and can be made at home if necessary. Only be sure to get a good paper pattern as a guide unless you have a dressmaker who can dispense with such novice's helps.

Try by all means to acquire such an outfit. It can be made over and used again for a long time, if you select durable material, and it will pay for itself in the comfort and dignity that it will impart to the wearer.

Then, dear and greatly blessed sisters, go out and lead your regular sane and normal existence. Show your fellow mortals how grateful you are for the gift to come. Show them that you are brave in the face of any necessary trial and suffering, and that you are of the stuff of which martyrs are made. Above all, take your doubts and fears to the One who knows just what they are, and *never*, oh, *never* stay away from Mass and the Sacraments because of your appearance; because it's really almost all a little matter of knowing the right things to wear and the right colors to adopt.

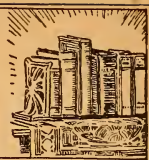
Try to be cheerful—aggressively cheerful. Let the world know that by being a Catholic you have the true science of Christ, and that your cheer does not ring false, for it comes from the very fountain-head of joy. A very dear person said to me recently:

"By all means let's be cheerful. Those gloomy people ought to be suppressed. And people who plod their way to perfection dragging along a string of crosses and getting in everybody else's way with them are public nuisances."

In closing, I wish to say that I welcome private correspondence on any points that you do not wish brought up in the columns of the HERALD. Your letters will be treated as confidential, and any matters that come within the scope of the department may be discussed. A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed for my reply. This reply will be made as soon as possible, though on account of pressure of work, it can not be promised under six weeks.



# Fiction



## THE GOOD FIGHT

By BLANCHE WEITBREC, Tertiary

### CHAPTER IV.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Martin Barry, a wealthy young clubman, and Dick Lessing (the narrator) a lawyer, live in apartments in New York. Shortly before the story opens, Martin's younger brother, David, disappears from society. During the several years of their friendship Martin has never confided any details of the story to Dick. Dick, who is an indifferentist in religious matters, discovers one night in the course of an intimate conversation with Martin, an unsuspected depth of feeling in things spiritual in him. On a jaunt into the country with him, he finds that their goal is a large Franciscan monastery, where Martin is evidently well known.

A tall young friar enters the room, and Martin presents Dick. "My Brother, Father Michael," he explains to Dick. Dick discerns that all is not smooth between the two. On the trip back to the city, Martin is anxious to escape from the subject of Father Michael. All he admits is, that he tried to turn him from the religious state. The winter passes, and in the spring Martin comes down with a bad typhoid. Father Michael, being summoned at once by Dick, arrives, prepared to remain a day or two. A feeling of real friendliness begins to develop between Father Michael and Dick.

Martin becomes delirious and is quieted only by Father Michael. Dick is hopelessly puzzled. Asks whether Martin is also a Catholic. Dick admits he has no faith. Martin is near death and seems beyond help. Father Michael bids Martin to "come back" because he is not "ready to die." The crisis passes. Dick finds Father Michael in the dark prostrate in prayer. Begins to have a vague idea of religion.

MARTIN made a rapid recovery, and was designated as convalescent before I could realize that he was indeed out of danger and in firm possession of this world once more. The nurses had departed, and Li and I managed between us the care of the very savage and voracious patient, who declared ten times a day that we were starving him. I was glad enough to see him so ultra-human in his convalescence. I had had a horrid fear that he might come back from the brink of the grave wearing a halo, and be quite unfit for me to associate with. But he was satisfactorily mundane.

He got well scolded by Father Michael, when that holy friar paid us a visit a week or so before Easter, and caught his brother in the act of aiming a slipper at me, to the accompaniment of mild profanity. Martin was sitting up in bed to deliver the ultimatum which he proposed to punctuate with the slipper: and I have never seen anything funnier than his complete collapse, when he beheld the priest in the doorway. He looked

for all the world like a small boy anticipating a painful experience, and Father Michael must have had some difficulty in keeping his countenance; but keep it he did, and administered the scolding with proper severity. Martin curled down in the friendly embraces of his pillows, making no attempt to defend himself; and when the impromptu lecture was over, he smiled adoringly up into the lecturer's eyes.

"Great Scott, but I'm glad to see you!" he declared.

"Thanks," responded Father Michael, dryly. "I didn't make the trip in order to hear you swear."

"I'm sorry," apologized Martin. "I—I'm awfully sorry! I didn't know you were around."

"And you didn't go down to death's door, and come back, in order to use your breath in swearing, either," said Father Michael.

A queer little look flitted across the face of the invalid. I could not be certain, but it seemed to me that it was like a look of desperation.

The priest's visit did not have the cheering and calming effect for which I hoped. Martin developed a double-dyed, cast-iron, fenced-in "grouch" that evening; and the following day, when he was allowed to get up and dress for the first time, he was so disagreeable that I really lost patience with him. He was surprisingly well, all things considered, and showed so little sign of weakness that I could not wholly excuse him on the grounds of illness. I endeavored to discover the cause of his temper, with the object of removing that cause if possible; but my friendly advances were met with grunts. Finally I grew disgusted.

"Oh, swear, and get it out of your system," I snapped. "Father Michael isn't here, and I won't tell him." I meant to jab him, as I began to think he might be sulking over the cavalier treatment his brother had given him. He was, of course, not just normal, either physically or mentally.

He gave me a black look. "Oh, confound Father Michael!" he said.

Doubtless my jaw dropped several inches. He was stretched out on the library couch, and he founced over and lay with his face to the wall. When I announced my intention of going down town after lunch, he growled over that, and consigned the office and the learned profession in general to remote realms not commonly mentioned in polite society.

"Stay home with me, Dickie," he begged, dropping into a wheedling tone. "I'll be good!"

I fixed him up with a supply of cigarettes; and, repenting of my own temper, settled down in the long chair facing him. "Want to be read to?" I offered. "What can I do to 'muse you?"

"Good old scout," he grinned. "I'm a beast!"

"Well, we'll excuse you this time. You've been a rather sick boy, and sickness covers a multitude of sins."

"Uncovers," he amended.

"Ashes and sackcloth in order, Martin?"

"Ah, Dickie, don't! You—you—if you knew—" He stopped. A wave of color flooded his face, and faded. He sat up, pushing the couch-pillows aside. "Sick?" he said, in a low voice. "I—I was dead, Dick!"

I bent forward to lay a finger on his wrist. "Oh, let me alone," he fumed. "Listen! You—you've never died, and you don't know—"

"Martin," I remonstrated, "you're getting excit—"

"Will you listen? I was dead? I sailed and sailed—ages and ages I sailed—on a white sea. It was all still—all white and still. There was—nothing! Do you understand? Nothing! No land, no other shore, no other ship—just I, by myself. Alone! And then, finally—there was no sea. Not even that! And then—then someone called me—"

He sat silent, his eyes wide and blank. I watched him in some concern. What was this notion he had brought back out of the black nights of fever?

"And so I came back," he went on. "Back from Nothing into Something."

"For which let us be duly grateful," I said, with perhaps an inappropriate lightness. I did not like his mood.

"Once a man was dead four days," he said, abruptly, turning to me. "And Some

One called him. Was it like that, do you think?"

"Martin, don't be morbid. And don't talk nonsense."

"Nonsense?"

"Don't say you were—dead. That's childish!"

"Well, anyhow, there's nothing out there. Nothing beyond. You go on, and you go down." He flung himself back on the pillows. "Dick, what a silly sort of life I've led! And what a silly sort of life I shall go on leading! What's the use of anything?"

The morbid mood persisted. One morning soon after—it was the Friday before Easter—I sat down to an early breakfast, and was surprised to see Martin, completely dressed, enter the room.

"Well!" I exclaimed. "You look rather fit. But go slow. Don't overdo it."

"I'm going out," he announced.

I stared. "Wh—what?"

"I'm going out. Is the coffee ready? I'll drink a cup."

"Martin, are you crazy? Going out!"

"I'm going out," he reiterated, calmly.

"I'm going to church. It's Good Friday, you know," he added, in gracious explanation.

I looked doubtfully at him. "Is it?" I said.

"Yes. The music is nice. No, thank you—no bacon."

"I'm sorry," I deprecated. "You can run the *Stabat Mater* on the Victrola. Won't that do?"

"Don't you want me to go?"

"Martin," I pleaded. "Be good! Do you want Father Michael to beat me up, when he finds it out? I'm responsible. Wherefore this idiocy?"

"I thought I'd save myself a beating," he said, sipping his coffee. "I thought I'd be a good boy for once. Good Friday is a good day to be good, isn't it?"

I ran the *Cujus Animam* myself for him, after he had given in, and settled down in an easy chair. He was beginning to look white and rather frayed already.

"Bed for you in the mornings, young man," I laughed, as he lit a cigarette, rather shakily.

"I'm not there with penance, am I, Dick?"

"Penance?"

"Fasting. But I feel awfully virtuous.

Shame on you, filled up with bacon, on Good Friday."

"I suppose," I reflected, "that Father Michael will fast, to-day, and wear a hair-shirt, and stuff his sandals with tacks."

"A hair-shirt woven with thorns—somebody wore something like that. Tacks in one's shoes would be effective."

"What absurdities are practiced in the name of religion," I moralized, with scintillating originality. "Who was it slept on a board covered with broken glass and nettles? And didn't some ingenious spirit used to hang herself up by her hair?"

He shrugged. "Heaven knows! Nettles and boards and such like gentle sports are beyond me, I confess. But as long as they keep their faces clean and their hair brushed, let 'em rave! 'When thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou mayest not be seen of men to fast'—I'm all for looks. Anything so, it's not obviously messy."

Father Michael came in the next afternoon. I thought he seemed a trifle fagged, but his face was washed and his hair brushed.

"You missed an edifying spectacle," I told him, ignoring Martin's frantic signals. "You should have been here yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes. Martin wanted to go to church!" I couldn't resist. The strings were so convenient to my hand to pull.

The priest looked down at his brother. Then he sat beside him where he lay among his favorite sensuous pillows. Martin had undoubtedly overdone and was a little ragged again to-day.

"He got up bright and early," I went on. "I was the monkey-wrench in the machinery. So we had the *Stabat Mater* at home instead."

"That was wise, I'm sure," assented Father Michael, smiling. "Rome wasn't built in a day, Martin. Was it, Mr. Lessing?"

"What happened out your way?" asked Martin, his hands behind his head, his eyes upon his brother.

"Oh—the usual."

"Have you still got that Spanish crucifix?"

"Yes. If you bring Mr. Lessing out again some time we'll show it to him."

"It's an old wood-carving, Dick," explained Martin, glancing across at me. "It's—it's gorgeously terrible."

"Those old chaps told the truth," I said. "Our modern crucifixes are prettily expurgated editions of the story. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. It's a soft age! Even going bacconless put Martin out of commission yesterday."

The Easter season seemed to have put him out of commission in a remarkable fashion. He didn't get to church, but he talked about it a good deal, especially on Easter Day. He had crawled out of bed at sunrise, it appeared; but he didn't see the sun dance, as he had hoped. "I should have been on the roof," he said. "No view down here."

I am not much informed about spiritual processes, but I knew that the something that was going on in his consciousness hurt him—stung and smarted in a way that perhaps I could not comprehend at all. I told myself that, like Mark Hardy, he was getting religion; but at the bottom of my own consciousness there was a still something that did not jeer. All his protestations to the contrary, I saw that his journey into the Void had not been fruitless.

I began to be stirred by a wish to push him along, to help him to the goal toward which he was crawling so painfully. I thought if I were Father Michael, I would come at him, so to speak, hammer and tongs: the one little dose of bullying he had had, did more for him, I fancied, than any quantity of gentleness and consideration.

But the days passed, and the weeks, and Martin got out once more into the world of men. The hot weather came, and we divided our evenings between the Sea and the roof-gardens. Atlantic City was mentioned; but I was too busy at the moment to spare time for a vacation. Martin went off for a week's stay, and came back at the end of three days, bored.

"Too many people," he said. "They clutter up the ocean."

"Try the mountains," I advised. "In strange places somewhere there may be rest."

"Don't tamper in that heretical way even with the false gods," he protested. "So that's what you do when I leave you alone!"

I laughed. "Well, I confess to a sneaking fondness for certain of the false gods. But you've put a wet-blanket on their altars. How can a man read Swinburne comfortably now?"

He followed my accusing finger, and his eyes sobered. The little woodcut of St.

Francis, hanging above his desk, caught the light from the table lamp, and faced us wanly in its age-stained ugliness. Martin walked over and stood before it. "Yes," he said, slowly, "you were right. He has no business here." He lifted the picture from its hook, and laid it out of sight in the desk.

We did not get away from town all summer, but we were as gay as possible in town, and life, as Martin said, was "one continual round of pleasure." He was a bit over-given to irony of late, and I pointed out to him several times that it wasn't becoming in an amiable and virtuous young man. "You need sweetening," I told him, after some particularly sharp shot. "When are we going to call on Father Michael again? I think he'd do us both good."

"You feel the need of Father Michael's influence? Do the false gods pall, Dickie?"

"Too much hot weather," I apologized. "Too much law by day, and too much light by night, I guess. I'll be as disagreeable as you are, pretty soon."

"H'm!" He looked suspiciously at me. "Speed up, old man. You're in a fair way to be caught. And think of a poor fisherman with two such flounders on his line!"

"When he can't even land one," I jabbed. Martin squirmed. "Give him time, Dickie—give him time! And then—see the high and dry aquatic denizen do a death-dance at his feet, and be quietly packed away with other specimens!"

"The hook cuts," I observed. "And doesn't the fish wiggle nicely?—But a fish has no feelings. None to speak of."

"If it stopped flopping long enough to be taken in quietly," I suggested, "it would save a lot of energy."

"Yes. No chance of losing that hook!" "Or of the fisherman letting go, Martin? If the fish played dead, now, and jerked away—line, hook and all—out to deep water again?"

"And carried the whole blamed fishing apparatus around with it to the end of its days, eh? Yards of line, all tangly; and sinkers dragging along—"

## CHAPTER V

We planned a trip the following Sunday, out to see Father Michael and the old Spanish crucifix, which was, Martin assured me, a real work of art and itself

worth the journey. "Only don't count on having an appetite for dinner tonight," he warned me, as he swallowed a hasty lunch.

"Well," I laughed, "it's pious to mortify one's appetite, isn't it? If you ask me, you fraud, I don't believe you want to go."

As I spoke, the telephone rang. Martin answered it and returned in a moment, smiling in a kind of apologetic triumph.

"Father Michael," he said. "Lucky he caught us before we started. He was called over to St. George's, he says. Down at the Battery now, and only had a minute to get the next ferry—" He glanced at his watch. "By Jove! It's nearly two. We'd have missed our train, anyhow. That library clock has the rheumatism or something. Well, it's a beastly day—look at that fog. Home for me."

I was surprised at the keenness of my own disappointment, and more surprised at Martin's hardly disguised relief. He was more like his old indifferent, frivolous self that night than I had seen him since the advent of St. Francis. It seemed, as I reflected upon the events of the past seven or eight months, that all our troubles had originated with Francis and his blessed birds. We spent our evening over cigarettes and extended coffee and liqueurs, helped out by the Victrola, and Martin went off to bed whistling, "O, Moon of My Delight" with great abandon.

I opened the paper at breakfast and generously offered Martin the inside sheet.

"Pig," he remarked, politely. Then—"What's the matter?"

I stared, without speaking, at the black line of words marching across the top of the page before me:

### "FERRIES CRASH IN FOG"

Martin leaned over to look. I lifted my head to meet his eyes.

"Two—two o'clock," he whispered. "Two—" He took the paper from my hands.

"Two o'clock. Fearful disaster. Three hundred lives. Good God! Out-bound ferry 'Alvana' instantly sunk. Crushed between sister ferry and crossing coal-barge. Curtain of fog veils horrors.

Three rescued—woman, two babies——”

I got to my feet, and flung an arm about him. He was perfectly quiet. After a bit I took him into his bedroom and made him lie down. His face was like a piece of parchment, a little yellow and a little wrinkled.

I tried all morning to reach the monastery, but evidently the line was out of order, for I could get no connection. Martin lay on his bed hour after hour, without speaking. His hands and forehead were clammy, and I tried to get his clothes off and make him comfortable, but he resisted my advances in a sort of frozen way, and his eyes were so queer that I was really afraid to touch him. I thought that the tension would loosen gradually, and that he might be better undisturbed. I read over the account of the disaster very carefully, got what other information I could by telephone, and waited the arrival of the evening papers. I remembered, as I thought it over, that we had heard a call of “extras” out, last night. The paper seemed to be one mass of horrors this morning, too. Another automobile tragedy on the Speedway, and—the Fates must have been hovering over lower Manhattan and the harbor—a bad “L” accident, at the Battery, at just about the same time that the ill-starred “Alvana” went out to her doom.

My mind refused to grasp the situation. It was like some mimic horror on a motion-picture screen, passing before me, swift and silent, and too extravagant and wild for credence. I wandered aimlessly back and forth from the library to Martin’s room. If he were not better after a while I would get Dr. Marlowe.

Li Minn, solemn and beady-eyed, announced lunch at the proper hour. “Mistel Dick eat,” he counselled. “Two gettee sick, no good.”

“All right, Li,” I said, reaching up on the mantel for my second box of smokes since breakfast. “I’ll come.”

I took another look in at Martin, and was recrossing the hall to the dining-room, when the door-bell tinkled.

What next? My heart jumped into my throat. I had not known my nerves were so far gone. I stepped unsteadily to open the door, feeling the palms of my hands moist and sticky.

I stood there, staring. Was I as badly

off as all that? Or did the holy dead return? And so real—so real——

Then I felt myself held by both wrists, tightly.

“There, sit down,” said Father Michael’s voice, gently. “What is it, Mr. Lessing? Is anything wrong? Is——” My shoulders were gripped now, by the sustaining hands—hard-gripped. “Is anything wrong—anything wrong with Martin?”

Someone was giggling in a foolish, hysterical way. I noticed a brownish yellow hand on Father Michael’s sleeve, and then Li Minn’s round face came into my range of vision.

“Come click,” advised a far-away familiar voice. “Tell Mistel Mahtin not gettee dead!”

“Dead?” echoed the priest, blankly. “What—what does he say, Mr. Lessing? Dead——?” A flash of terror leaped into his eyes. “Martin!” he cried. “What’s happened——?”

I was growing right again, and I stood up, a little carefully, putting aside the supporting hands. “Yes,” I said, “let us tell Martin——”

A slender figure with disordered fair hair and a face the color of milk and stripped of every vestige of expression, showed itself in the bedroom doorway. Father Michael reached him in time and caught him as he crumpled.

They say joy never kills, and it is a fact that the three of us sat down to Li Minn’s lunch half an hour later and made a good meal, too.

The mystery of Father Michael’s miraculous return to life was, like many other mysteries, very simply explained. He had not been on the “Alvana” at all of course. He was just leaving the telephone, after talking to Martin, and was hurrying to the ferry, when the “L” accident occurred. He turned back instantly to see what could be done there, for already the injured were being brought down into the street, and when the ambulances came, he went on up to Bellevue. He had found two boys he knew among the victims, and the upshot of the thing was, he had stayed all night at the hospital. One of the lads had died, and the other was still unconscious. He had consigned the latter to the chaplain’s care at last, and set out for home. Then he decided

he would run up and make a call on us, "and get a free feed," he added, laughing. He had not seen a paper; and until we told him, nothing had been said, in his hearing, about the ferry disaster. He had telephoned to the convent immediately from Bellevue, advising them of his whereabouts, so they, at least, hadn't worried over him, fortunately.

"But you poor chaps," he cried, holding a hand of each of us, as we sat straightening out the tangle. "What a jolt for you. I'm most awfully sorry——"

"Well, you didn't do it 'on pursep,'" laughed Martin, happily. "That's what Davy—Father Michael—used to say when mother spanked him for running away," he explained. "He didn't mean to be bad, but there were such lovely unexplored countries outside the front gates!"

"Mother spanked me when I was little, and Dad whaled me when I was big," twinkled the priest; "and if——"

"And if I'd been whaled a little oftener, I'd be a better boy to-day," Martin struck in. "I dare you to take the job on in earnest, and finish it, Davy."

We had passed into the dining-room. Father Michael glanced sharply at his brother.

"That sounds like a challenge," he said. "Well, if it must be war, then war be it! *En garde!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You will observe," remarked Martin, standing at the front window to watch the priest down the street in the lengthening afternoon light, "you will, perhaps, observe the last forlorn and futile struggles of that nearly exhausted fish of which we erstwhile spoke, Dickie. Hang around, if you want to be in at the death-dance."

"And then?" I hinted.

"See the little fishie packed away neatly with all the other nice dead fishies."

"Martin," I said. "You're a coward." He flushed. "I——" he began.

"You are," I hammered it in. "You're a moral coward. You know perfectly well what you ought to do, and you're afraid—just plain afraid—to do it."

He sat down on the window seat, blowing smoke rings.

"Since when have you become my father confessor?" he demanded.

"If I were your father confessor," I retorted, "I'd take you by the back of the neck and have you on your knees pretty quick, let me tell you!"

"Nothing like modern improvements, eh, Dickie?"

"The trouble with you is," I continued, "the trouble with you is, you want to keep your cake, and eat it, too. And it can't be done."

"H-m!"

"You have a choice to make, and you won't make it. You whine about that cake and your mouth waters for it, but you've got to give it up, in order to have it."

"'He that loveth his life——' Yes. All right. Go on."

"I can't quote Scripture to you, but I can see through a ladder. And I can tell you one thing: You're breaking Father Michael's heart. Not to mention your own—which doesn't matter particularly."

His angry flush had faded.

"He loves you," I went on, hotly. "He'd die by slow torture for you, if——"

"Well? Do you think I don't——"

"No, you don't. You don't love anyone except the precious little self whose feelings you're so careful of."

He sat down before me, silent. The outer defenses had gone down like a pack of cards. I saw the citadel tottering, and I threw in my reserves.

"For mercy's sake, be a man," I lashed him. "If you believe in God, worship Him. If you don't, then stop whining—I don't know very much theology, but if God is God, He must hate a quitter."

He raised his eyes an instant to my face and dropped them. Then he got up and left the library and I heard him close his bedroom door.

I sat alone with the ever solacing tobacco. The twilight came; Li Minn began dinner operations in his kitchen. Through the open windows, the noise of traffic drifted in. Lights glowed in the houses opposite. Somebody passed below, singing a scrap of opera; a hurdy-gurdy was playing somewhere. There was the feel of New York all through the air—New York in summer—deadly—demoralizing—and dear!

And back of my brain something was clamoring for entrance—something far



enough away, surely, from operas and hurdy-gurdys and "the sidewalks of New York"—something that beat upon one's staggering consciousness and bid one's eyes be fastened on the sight of it. And I knew that what I had set Martin to do, perhaps I could not do. I had taunted him with his weakness and his wavering, but how did I stand, myself? If I were bound to fight it out on such tremendous lines, would my own honor bear the test?

Tobacco doesn't taste in the dark; and so at last I just sat thinking—Li began to get the table ready after a while; and still I sat without a light, save the faint, yellow glow from the houses across the street.

No, I was satisfied, was I not? Why should a man look beyond that which satisfies him? What to me were the swing of Pleiades and the long reaches of the peaks of song? The fields blossom with warm flowers under foot—why lift our faces to the cold stars? Is a star necessarily better than a daisy?

The opening of a door roused me. Martin, crossing the hallway with light steps, paused in the dimness.

"There, Dickie?"

"Yes, I'm here, old man."

"What doing?"

"Nothing. Just sitting."

"Wh—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. It was nice, that's all. Did you hear 'em playing 'Butterfly' down the street?"

"No. Been just sitting all this time?"

"Uh-huh."

"What is the matter, Dick?"

"Nothing, I tell you. Can't a man sit and think?"

"He can, if he's looking for trouble."

"What were you up to, Martin?"

"Oh—just sitting."

"Light up, if you like."

He switched on the reading-lamp. "Mfff!" he sniffed, "I smell steak, and mushrooms. I'll bet Li hasn't been just sitting."

He moved over to his desk. "Got any fireworks you want to shoot off?" he inquired, casually. "Better set 'em going while you have time. There is about to be a wet spluttering and a frizzling upon the altars of the false gods, and no further illuminations will hereafter be in order."

He fumbled about in a much-littered drawer, and extracting therefrom the banished "Poverello," gravely reinstated him.

"Now," he said, meekly, facing me, "would you advise abstinence from mushrooms and steak and an immediate program of lentils, ashes, and bitter herbs? We've plenty of ashes—" he pointed to the smoking-stand, "though the house, up to date, hasn't been famous for lentils and herbs!"

I laughed; but as he laughed back at me, his head gallantly high, I saw in his eyes the traces of a battle not fought in laughter.

THE END.

## WARNING!

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# A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE

By Marian Nesbitt, Tertiary

MORE than a month had passed since we left England. I had seen Antwerp, which I loved, and Brussels, which I liked. I had walked through the old-world streets, and driven along flat, white roads, with regiments of poplars standing up tall and straight against the clear, blue sky. I had trodden the aisles of many a beautiful church and grand old cathedral; and watched boat after boat slipping lazily down the slow canals in that peaceful Belgium land of waving corn-fields and wonderful sunsets.

I had stood with swelling heart and tear-dimmed eyes in that world-renowned "Dom-Kirche" of Cologne whose exquisite, indescribable beauty must surely fill the soul of the veriest sceptic with a sense of awe, if not with actual reverence. I had thrilled at the sight of the snow-clad peaks; I had seen Mons Pilatus rise up grand and solemn in the evening light, its rugged outlines boldly defined against a daffodil sky, the rays of the setting sun clothing its cold gray summit in glowing tints of rose color and violet and gold. I had watched the purple shadows gather swiftly round, and then steal softly down the slopes, while pale gleams of a day departing touched it lightly here and there, leaving the rest in dark, mysterious gloom. Infinitely sad, unutterably lonely, inexpressibly grand, is this "strong, terrible mountain," whose solitary splendor, for me, at least, possesses a far greater attraction than even the fairy-like glaciers themselves.

Certainly Lucerne, with the ever changing light and shade on pine-covered steep or glistening lake, is beautiful as a dream; and the picturesque old town, the cathedral, with its two quaint towers, and the curious bridges spanning the swift, green river, all lend an additional charm to a scene which even modern villas and pensions, with their gaily painted persiennes, are powerless to break.

For more than a month, I say, I had feasted my eyes on such sights as these, and now, on a certain brilliant August morning, I and my friend, Mme. de Clairville, were seated in luscious idleness upon the deck of one of those pretty little steamers which had become such familiar ground to us of late. I was leaning back, lost in thought, when the voice of our captain, a most imposing personage, recalled me from the world of dreams to the living, breathing, moving world around.

"Langsam!" he shouted tersely, in stentorian tones, and, a moment later, our vessel came to a standstill beside the most charming

little landing-stage imaginable. An orchard, carpeted with green grass, stretched down to the very edge of the lake, whose clear waters broke in a soft hush upon the pebbly shore. A girl in a pink cotton frock, with a young man at her side, sauntered along the mossy paths, and idled beneath the twisted branches of the apple trees.

In truth, it was an ideal spot in which to dream away a glorious summer day, and I was beginning to indulge in futile regrets that this sweet spot had not been included in our day's program, when I espied a figure on the quay, which suddenly arrested my attention.

Surely the outlines were strangely familiar. Or was it only the boating flannels which, proclaiming their wearer's nationality, suggested unbidden thoughts of home and England.

Involuntarily I rose to my feet and, walking to the side of the boat, leant over the rail and watched the stream of tourists with a slight feeling of contempt for my own eagerness. The stranger would doubtless prove a stranger after all, and his likeness to my favorite cousin a mere chance resemblance. Nevertheless, I stood rooted to the spot and scanned the faces of those crossing the gangway, with more curiosity than politeness.

The stream of newcomers seemed endless, and their fussy instructions regarding rugs and traveling paraphernalia of all descriptions, was irritating in the extreme. However, it came to an end at last, as everything must—either pleasant or otherwise—in this world of ours, and I was turning away with a sharp feeling of disappointment when again that tall figure came in sight. This time I started forward.

"Eldred!" I cried impulsively. "Eldred!"

The young man in flannels looked up, and then came quickly toward me. There was a smile of recognition in his eyes.

"You here, Maisie!" he said, as he held my hand in a welcoming clasp. "And without Mme. de Clairville, by all that's wonderful!"

"Alas! no," I answered ungratefully, in a hasty manner. "She is there," throwing a backward glance at my unconscious chaperone who still reclined in her shady, sheltered corner, absorbed in the last new novel. "How could you think otherwise, you absurd boy?"

It pleased me to call Eldred a boy, for, despite the fact that he was between three and four-and-twenty, while I was his junior by several years, I secretly prided myself upon my superior knowledge of the world. Nevertheless, we were—and always had been—the best of good friends; indeed, he was more than

\*Founded on fact.

a brother to me, and as I looked into his bright, charming face, and intercepted a glance from his laughing, dark eyes, I said to myself that he was a cousin any girl might be proud of.

How amazed Mme. de Clairville would be when she saw me talking to the *jeune monsieur*. How shocked at my terrible English ways! The thought gave an added zest to the very real pleasure of my unexpected meeting with Eldred, and I was about to confide it to him when the object of my speculations awoke to the fact that I had left her, and—what was far worse—was engaged in animated conversation with a stanger.

Maisie, *ma chère!*" she exclaimed in reproachful accents, as she hurried to my side; and I, seeing the cold, disapproving stare with which she favored Eldred, hastened to introduce him. He at once began to talk to her in his winning way; and, studiously unimpressible as she always professed to be, I was soon aware that the charm of his personality had begun to make itself felt. As a matter of fact, by the time we reached Alpnach, she had entirely succumbed, and I heard her entreating him to go with us, at least as far as Brienz, which we proposed to make our headquarters for the next few days.

"Maisie and I intended to drive over the Brünig pass," she presently remarked, when the boat having slackened speed, we prepared to collect our belongings and depart. "The scenery is superb; but the romance, the charm of it, would be lost to us in the railway, do you not think so? Besides, we are nervous in the train, *n'est-ce-pas, mignonne?*"

"I am nervous anywhere, except upon my own feet," I boldly confessed. "But I don't mind how we cross this famous pass, so long as Eldred is with us."

"So be it," he laughingly retorted. "Though if our charioteer should drive us over a precipice, I fail to see where the good of my presence would come in."

"Never mind. We must run the risk of accidents," I said carelessly, while madame raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders expressively.

My thoughtless words were destined to come back with sudden force an hour or two later, when our non-descript, hooded vehicle was rolling and rumbling down a road, of which the steepness alone was sufficient to try the composure of the least nervous, not to mention precipices on either hand, into whose depths it was certainly more conducive to one's peace of mind not to look.

Truly in such a position, "discretion is the better part of valor," and I felt that if I meant to keep my head, I must close my eyes to those apparently fathomless abysses, the sight of which evoked a succession of ear-piercing shrieks from madame.

"Talk of scenery," she said plaintively. "*Ma foi!* who could enjoy the most exquisite view amidst terrors so overwhelming. Maisie, *mon ange*, how calm you look! Your strong English nerves are unshaken, while I, sensitive as some delicate musical instrument, am quite unstrung."

Though I dared not glance in his direction, I was aware that Eldred could scarcely control his countenance as he listened to these disclosures, and it was with difficulty that I restrained his indignant remonstrance, when, in deference to my friend's highly strung temperament, I presently proceeded to change places with her.

"You should not have done it, Maisie. I chose that seat for you purposely, because it was not on the outside."

"The very reason why I have resigned it in favor of madame," I returned in an amused undertone. "My dear Eldred, what does it matter? Of course, it is very good of you to take care of me, but I assure you I am just as comfortable here. We can talk, too; and that, I hardly need say, is infinitely preferable to hearing a string of interjections from our friend."

Our conveyance, which I must by courtesy call a carriage, was drawn by two thin rat-like horses, whose harness consisted chiefly of ropes—ropes, which after the first cursory glance, I mentally condemned as sadly the worse for wear. Our driver, too, looked worried and anxious, and though he shouted and sang to his curious pair, exhorting them in disjointed sentences of that peculiar Swiss patois to which my ears had now grown accustomed, I could see that he was keeping a sharp lookout, but what he feared, or what he expected I was necessarily at a loss to imagine.

Moreover, my attention was engaged in arranging a quantity of wild flowers and ferns, which my cousin and I had gathered during our intervals of walking. Lovely little rock roses, delicate pale green fronds, starry with blossoms, graceful, unfamiliar grasses—in fact, a perfect mine of treasures, which I carefully laid away in a tin box I had brought with me for that purpose.

The ascent grew steeper, and the scenery became momentarily wilder and more beautiful; I therefore suggested to Eldred that we should get out and walk. Some harebells, larger and deeper in tint than any I have seen in England, grew beside our path. I have some of them still, pressed between the leaves of my prayerbook, and I never look at their fragile, faded petals without being carried back in spirit to that lonely mountain pass. I seem to see again the rocky peaks towering above us in solemn grandeur; the precipice sloping away to the right; and in the foreground a simple roadside Calvary, with the

ivy covering the time-worn stone cross and the golden August sunbeams falling warmly upon it and upon Eldred's uncovered head.

As I rose from my knees, I caught sight of my cousin's face, and I remember that some words I had been reading, recurred suddenly to my mind: "Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much; the possibility of writing upon the eternal skies the record of a heroic life." Eldred, laughing and merry, inspired love, affection, friendship. But Eldred grave, compelled one's reverence, or something strangely akin thereto; and I walked on for some minutes in silence—in silence also, I received the harebells he had gathered for me, and took my place in the carriage.

Not many minutes later we began to descend; the road, steeper here than ever, wound down the mountain side; the precipice looked gloomier and more alarming. Our crazy old chariot jolted and swung from side to side, as if intoxicated; our driver whipped up his horses and encouraged them with shrill, discordant cries, while madame broke out into tearful expostulations and reproaches. Nevertheless, we continued our mad career and all seemed going well, when I was startled by a sudden exclamation from Eldred.

"Good Heavens, the drag won't act!" he said in an undertone.

The next minute the horses swerved sharply to the left, bringing their forefeet to the very brink of the precipice. Mme. de Clairville shrieked wildly and, starting to her feet, tried to snatch the reins out of the man's hands, but he pushed her back with a muttered imprecation.

There was a second's torturing silence, and my heart seemed to die within me, for I saw that Eldred had sprung to the ground and run to the verge of the abyss. He seized the horses' heads with firm, dexterous hands and held them fast; but they, blind with terror, plunged and reared madly, swinging him completely over that awful chasm, which looked, in truth, like the gate of death. God help those who have to endure such agonizing suspense—such acute, intolerable suffering! The anguish of that brief space of time, the soul-sickening dread, is with me still, and will be with me at moments as long as my life shall last.

Eldred drew himself together and, with one final effort, forced the poor trembling animals backwards. Would the worn-out harness to which he was clinging bear his weight? I covered my face with my hands—a prayer, surely the most fervent I have ever prayed, rose to my lips, and then I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon the grass by the roadside, with Mme. de Clairville standing over me wringing her hands. For a minute I could not

remember what had happened; but, all too soon the awful vision of my cousin's danger returned to me with overwhelming distinctness.

"Eldred," I cried weakly, "O, Eldred!" and burst into tears.

In an instant he was at my side.

"What do you mean, Maisie, by frightening us like this?" he asked in a voice whose gentleness belied the teasing lightness of his words. "I did not think you indulged in the habit of fainting away."

"Nor do I. I have never done such a thing in my life before," I answered meekly. "I am very, very sorry, Eldred, but if I have been silly you must allow that I have some excuse."

"Some, perhaps, but not sufficient. You could not look more like a ghost if——"

"Don't," I interrupted quickly. "I can't even think of it."

"Well, then, don't—either now or at any future time. We are all safe, thank God! and my advice to you is to try to forget this adventure as fast as you can."

So saying, he helped me to rise, and a short time later, we were on our way to Brienz. The journey was a long one, madame, rather to my alarm, insisting that the horses should be driven almost at a foot pace. I dreaded lest the darkness should overtake us in this desolate place. But at last, just as the summer dusk was beginning to gather quickly round us, we descried the shining waters of the lake and the tiny village of Brienz nestling in the valley below.

The lights of the quaint old hostelry proved a welcome sight; and madame, worn out with fatigue and excitement, having retired to her room as soon as dinner was over, Eldred and I betook ourselves to the garden, or more correctly speaking, the orchard, from which we could enjoy a charming view of the lake, whose waters were now gleaming and glistening beneath the rays of the rising moon.

The mountains stood up dark and grand, stretching purple promontories into the silver sea; the stars throbbed and burned golden in the deep blue sky; the air was soft and balmy. It was calm, peaceful, majestic, yet somewhat oppressive in its silent loneliness. The graceful charm of Lucerne was wholly wanting here; in truth, under different circumstances, and without Eldred, I should have felt utterly sad and desolate; but to-night my heart was beating to a joyous chime. A thankfulness too deep for words swept over my soul, as the gentle night winds swept across the grasses at our feet, and rising sounded "like a silver wire" among the interlacing branches above our heads. Good cause had we indeed for thankfulness.

# AMBROSIA

By MARY J. MALLOY

A SWEET cool twilight in an ancient church  
Where arch and column, lost in dusky height,  
Fold in their wide embrace vague solitudes  
And dimmest shades, unseen, yet all instinct  
With many a throb and memory of pain past,  
And conflict done, and passionate heart-prayer;  
And 'neath one marble arch a carven tomb  
Where a fair maiden kneels, with floating hair  
Loosened about her and her garments white,  
Nor lifts her eyes to mark the gazer stand  
And wonder at her beauty—nor unclasps  
One hand from off her bosom, stony cold,  
To fold the flower a tender hand may drop  
In pity for the story told in stone,  
But once in tears and bitter human pain.

So the old legend runs:

In those far days when still revolt was new  
To the fair Bride of Christ—when holy Mass  
Still sanctified the temples where reposed  
The Body of the living God—but where  
The light of faith shines now, alas! no more  
Before forgotten tabernacle doors,  
Ambrosia lived. No sweeter maid than she  
In towered Brussels, none more pure and fair.  
Young, but more rich with dower of high thought  
Than such few years could bear; for evermore  
There dwelt unearthly beauty on a brow  
Less pure alone than the white soul beyond.  
Ambrosia—and so named, she was delight  
For all her own and ever freshly fair  
To him who loved her—and who yet destroyed

The thing he worshipped.

In their early youth,  
Heart had met heart in truth inviolate.  
Their hands were soon before God's holy shrine  
To clasp in lifelong union—still, he swore,  
In life beyond—and she, sweet maiden,  
smiled  
And answered him without one spoken word.  
(Alas, alas, for hearts that build in sand  
The strongholds of their happiness!)

For who can tell  
How, as they stood before their Eden-gates,  
The shadow of the sword was flung between,  
And one—by his own act forbid—fell back,  
Blinded by light of Heaven?

For so it fell. How came the deadly blight  
None knew; but faith in Herman's heart  
grew dim.  
To the new doctrines, blasphemous of God,  
He gave his strength, and with each uptorn  
faith  
There came white sanctities of Christian  
life,  
Till all the golden cords that bound their  
souls  
Snapped sudden, and with them Ambrosia's  
heart.

Pale on her couch she lay, but could not part  
With words unsaid to him whom still she  
loved.  
He was once more with her, and in that  
hour  
How shrank the world with all its base  
reward  
At one pure touch of that pure hand!  
Beneath,

The prisoned fountains maddened for the  
light,  
But sin and unbelief lay, rocks, between.

"Herman," she said, and in her death-  
calmed eyes

Love lay divinely peaceful, done with  
pain,—

"Dost thou remember thee how once thy  
thought

Held life too poor for love like thine and  
mine?

Ill days, alas, have that poor love undone;  
But, in remembrance have I prayed to  
heaven,

And not, I know, in vain.

For Christ's sweet Mother came to me last  
night,

And gave me promise of a sign for thee,  
Whence thou shalt know once more the  
blessed light;

Shalt see and follow, if thy will be true.

Come to me when the days shall be a year  
Where they will lay me; thou shalt have thy  
sign—

Thy message which thy God shall send to  
thee.

See thou be faithful to thy tryst with me."  
She said and slept. And still they deemed  
who saw,

There needed not a requiem for such sleep.

So sped the days,

How sad to some, to some how joyful;  
How long, how short—till on Ambrosia's  
tomb

Fell the first sunbeam of the ended year,

And in the vast Cathedral's sanctity

The solemn *De Profundis* rose to heaven,

And all who loved her—all but one—knelt  
there

And prayed her sweet soul everlasting rest.

Done was the holy Mass, and hymn and  
prayer

Grew silent on the incense-laden air,  
But none departed; for a sudden sound  
Of unquiet footsteps broke the silence  
round

As up the echoing aisle pale Herman strode  
And followed on, with eyes that never  
slipped,

To the dim spot where, touched by morning  
light,

Shone the white splendor of Ambrosia's  
tomb

Where the dead maiden—GOD! WHAT  
SIGHT WAS THERE?

A maiden, kneeling with her loosened hair  
Floating about her and her garments  
white,—

One hand upon the heart that beat no more,  
The other raised to heaven, witnessing.

There was no sound.

Then stirred the air, as if by angels' wings  
And "Herman!" broke the awestruck silent-  
ness.

There was no sound.

And dead Ambrosia called his name again—  
"HERMAN!" and he made answer, "I am  
here!"

Then in the sight of all the multitude  
Raised she her downcast lids and looked on  
him.

Down on the marble pavement prone he  
fell,

O'ermastered with the glory of her gaze;  
And as he lay, half-dead, that voice again  
In its remembered tone of pity and love,  
Yet both so calm that each scarce seemed  
to be—

"I am the message God hath sent to thee."  
And there was joy within the courts of  
heaven

Over one sinner more.

# BROTHER BIRD

By MARY J. MALLOY

FRA ANTONIO sat in a corner of the quiet cloister, with many a thought in his head that somehow would not come out into words for all his trial, and he was therefore sad. For it had been given to him to make for his brethren a discourse on a holy text, so clear that the humbly gifted might understand without further exposition and so well adorned and embellished that those of greater learning might bow their heads and say: "This word is wisdom." Now, the task had been assigned Fra Antonio, because in the world he had been a great leader of thought, and many had called him Master, and done homage to his learning.

But, "Alas and alack!" sighed Fra Antonio to himself, "that a man may know so much and so little!" And it was only through holy obedience that here he sat in a corner of the cloister with a fair manuscript page before him, all unwritten still, lest with eloquence he might spoil and with simplicity belittle his text.

So he sat and sighed again. "Now what avails my knowledge and my worldly fame? Here I am and fear to use my talent for my Lord that He hath given to me; and in truth am I not less than Fra Cesario, at his pots and pans in the scullery? For he doeth his daily work without asking 'how shall I make my dishes shine in the eyes of the brethren?' And much I fear me such may be my hindrance, knowing that the language of the world is yet more ready to my pen than the language of the Holy Gospels." Again he sighed, so heavily that Fra Cesario, coming in to him just then with a gourd of cool clear water and an oaten cake, paused and laughed to him and said, "What a wind there bloweth in the cloister, Fra Antonio!"

Then laughed Antonio also, and took heart; and he said, "Of thy courtesy, Fra Cesario, pray that it blow into my brain what is due to come forth from it again, for verily of myself can I do naught."

Then Cesario, knowing how men held Antonio for learning and knowledge, gazed at him with round eyes; but finding no word to say, put beside him on the window sill the gourd and cake, and said:

"Our Guardiano of his charity, because of the warm day and the greatness of thy work, and knowing thou hast not yet broken thy fast, sends thee these and his blessing. And be thou not too humble of thyself, Fra Antonio; for some must shine and some must write and preach, and some must e'en scour the pots and pans and draw the water for the

brethren; and it is all in the day's work and the will of God."

So he departed, leaving Antonio some comforted. He took up his pen once more, but still the words refused him; and presently, with the heat of the air and the tire of forced thought, his head began to nod, till at last he dozed away for a moment's space.

A slight noise in his ear aroused him. As he opened his eyes, there on the rim of his gourd sat a small bird, looking at him with sharp bright eyes; and even as he looked, the little creature plunged his tiny beak within, again and again, slaking his thirst at will. Antonio watched him silently, taking care not to disturb him by a movement. With a satisfied chirp and a shake of wing the bird lifted his head and stared ever at him.

"Now, Brother Bird," said Antonio, with cheerful laugh, "I pray thee partake likewise of my cake here—it is a good cake, too good for the eating of a poor frate. Since thou hast partaken unasked of our good Brother Water, surely, thou wilt give honor to my request that thou break my cake with me." And with gentle hand he held him some oaten crumbs.

Quite unafraid, Brother Bird hopped right up to him and took his favor. Antonio, wondering and pleased,—for in his heart was a love of all creatures,—broke him more and fed him till at last, with a sharp chirp as of thanksgiving, he preened his delicate wings and flew away.

Then Antonio turned to his writing, and lo, his mind, like the bird, had spread its wings and flew with him to heights afar.

Day after day sat Antonio, writing and praying, till his task was done, for on Easter day the labor of his pen was to yield its generous fruit to the profit of his brethren; and day after day came Brother Bird and, perched upon his shoulder, chirped and sang to him, and plucked at his hand if so for a moment it rested idle, and hopped before him through the wood as he came and went, and at eventide sat on the sill of the window of his cell and sang him good night before departing into the gathering shadows. And Antonio grew to hold him dear.

It was the eve of Holy Thursday. Up in the quiet convent on the hill, all was silence and peace. Down in the valley below where lay the village, lights were beginning to shine, and the cheerful noises of active life came pleasantly up the slopes through the darkening air. Antonio stood at his window looking abroad. All day had he spent there below, visiting the sick, succoring the needy, and even he had healed an enmity of long stand-

ing for the honor of the Lord's Passiontide. He had preached, too, in the market place to the people, as became a frate to do, and had spoken to them of *Gesu Crocefisso* with an energy and abandon that he felt even now to tremble in his weary frame. So all day had he been absent; but with evening he and the other frati had returned, and it was with a happy feeling of duty done and good accomplished that he looked up at the melting heavens and said softly, "How good it is, O Lord, to dwell within Thy house! Bless Thou Thy world this night; bless Thou Thy servant who now gives thanks to Thee, and, yea, O Lord, bless Thou Thy little bird no other hand than Thine could fashion." With that, he looked across within the somber wood where Brother Bird no doubt had long since gone to rest. And in a moment there was Brother Bird upon his shoulder, pouring into his ear his complaint of the long day.

Antonio stroked the downy head and wings gently and gave him order then that he should go, for that it was too late for bird or frate to be stirring about the world—and with a last chirp, he was off to his tree, singing for happiness as he flew.

Antonio smiled to watch—Then he turned to kneel before the crucifix that hung upon his wall. An hour had gone, and still he knelt, his heart all filled with thought of Him who hung thereon. "What hast Thou done for me, my Lord!" he cried, out of the fervor of his soul. "And what shall I render unto Thee? Naught have I of mine own—all that I have is still Thy gift to me—had I but something of mine own alone to give Thee in return!"

He paused; then in a lower tone, as if half-doubting of his thought—"My Lord, I do love Thy little bird that Thou hast sent to hearten me. I am but a poor frate—I have no other gift—but all for Thee, in memory of Thy love for me, I offer sacrifice—take from me sight and sound of him until Thy Easter day. Small is the sacrifice indeed—too small for any but Thee. But Thou wilt see and understand."

With morning came Brother Bird on his usual round. He found no kind friend to welcome him, or feed. All day long he circled about the empty cloister, singing and trying to tell his trouble, but Antonio he saw not. Evening found his window closed—morning again, and evening, and still no sight or sound. Brother Bird's little heart was like to break for unhappiness. The song died down in his throbbing throat, and he flew away and next day, the cloister and the wood were lonely for him. Fra Antonio, in spite of himself, found his ear sharp for the familiar chirp, but he heard it no more, nor caught glimpse, as he stepped abroad, of the tender thing. His heart, too, was sad; it was indeed a little sacrifice,

as a man might see it, but he knew that the Master understood.

Easter Sunday. The morning world ran all aflame with the Resurrection sun. The air throbbed and stirred as if the wings of passing angels were setting it aflutter. Joy, joy—Life, life! rang from every tree, for the birds of morning lifted up their voices and sang their "Alleluia!" and all creation hailed the Risen Lord.

Out from the church came Fra Antonio, praising and thanking God that his brethren had said to him, "The words thou hast written are indeed of God!" and lo! into his outstretched hands flew Brother Bird, and sang his heart out with happiness!

And never was song so sweet, thought Fra Antonio, and said, "O Lord, how good it is to dwell within Thy House!"

### THREE WAYS TO JERICO

Three ways lead down to Jericho;  
And one way is the way men go  
Who stop their ears and close their eyes  
And never see or hear the cries  
Of poor, or sick, or maimed or blind,  
But leave them on the road behind.  
Without a thought, without a care,  
They pass them by and leave them there.

Three ways lead down to Jericho;  
And one way is the way men go  
Who hear the cry and stop and see  
The wounded man in misery,  
Yet turn their backs and walk away.  
"I did not cause his grief," they say,  
"So why should I his troubles share?  
I'll pass him by and leave him there."

Three ways lead down to Jericho;  
And one way is the way men go  
Whose ears can hear and eyes can see,  
Whose feet refuse to turn and flee  
Until the cry for help he heeds.  
When he beholds a brother's needs,  
His heart beats fast. He does not dare  
To pass him by and leave him there.

Three ways lead down to Jericho;  
The third way is the way men go  
Who follow Christ and His great plan  
And aid and help their fellow man.  
To such an one there is a goal,  
On down the road. A ransomed soul,  
The prize he wins. God will not care  
To pass him by and leave him there.

—Thos. G. Andrews.





## A VETERAN MISSIONARY ON MISSION NEEDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**S**OME years ago, the entire southwestern section of Arizona—a vast desert and mountainous region, sparsely settled by Indian tribes—was entrusted to the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province for evangelization. It was a heroic undertaking to evangelize this country, where Satan still ruled almost undisturbed among the natives; but the friars sent by their superiors to take charge of the missions were men inured to work and privations; and before many years had elapsed,

True to the missionary traditions of our Order, the Fathers in Arizona, built, not only churches, but also schools, knowing full well that if their labors were to yield lasting fruit, they must give their neophytes a thorough Christian education from childhood on. At present, in the San Solano district, there are five day schools and a sixth is building. They are the following: Our Lady of Lourdes at Little Tucson, Our Lady of the Angels at San Miguel, St. Antony at Topawa, Our Lady of



Santa Clara Mission, Church and School

little chapels and schools dotted the wastes. Where once resounded the superstitious incantations of paganism, now are heard the sweet praises of the true God, and the darkness of heathenism is fast vanishing before the bright light of the Gospel.

One of the most recent mission centers established in this section is that of San Solano, near the Mexican border. It comprises about forty mission stations, and the success attending the untiring labor of the Fathers and Brothers in this center is very consoling. The Indians—descendants of the neophytes of the early Spanish padres, for want of a shepherd to guide and guard them, strayed from the Fold, taking many of their Catholic ceremonies with them and embodying them in their pagan rites. Now that the missionaries are again among them and they behold their sacred ceremonies carried out with all the solemnity due the service of the true God, they feel themselves attracted to our holy religion and are thus more easily led to embrace the faith of their fathers.

Guadalupe at Cowlic, St. Clare at Anegam, and St. Joseph at Pisinimo.

"These schools are the joy and the hope of the missionary," writes Rev. Fr. Justin, O. F. M., superior of the San Solano mission center and veteran missionary of southern Arizona. "They are the surest and quickest means of making practical Catholics, not only of the children, but also of their parents and, in fact, of the entire villages where the schools are located. The teachers in these day schools are native Indians, educated for the most part in our excellent Indian boarding school at St. John's Mission, Komatke, near Phoenix. Their monthly salary of \$30, hardly enough in these days of high prices to pay for their board and clothing. Even for this paltry sum we have no fixed income to draw on. I don't know today (February 22), where I shall get the money to pay my teachers at the end of this month. We should have long since increased their salary by five or ten dollars a month, which would assure us their continued hearty co

operation. But, as our finances stand at the present time, this is altogether out of the question. I have often wondered whether some good people blessed with this world's goods would not be willing to take over the support of such an Indian day school by paying the teacher's monthly salary, if this noble work of true Christian charity were only brought to their notice.

"As we have school nine months of the year, \$270 will cover one teacher's expenses for a whole season—surely not an exorbitant sum for a wealthy Catholic to donate.

"Only eight of our forty mission stations have a chapel worthy of the name. All the others have a poor Indian hut, covered with a mud and grass roof, with no floor or ceiling. During the past years, kind benefactors donated \$1,000 each for four mission chapels. As each of these missions is from sixty to one hundred miles distant from Tucson, where we must get our building material, it is impossible, with the present high prices on transportation, to build them at this price, though they are

to begin the work, but we deem it rash to start a new church with so little money on hand. Here again is a grand opportunity for some generous friend of the missions to hasten the completion of these two houses of God in the wilds of Arizona by kindly adding the necessary \$500 or \$1,000 to these chapel funds.

"As our mission field covers a vast territory, it is an absolute necessity, if we wish to have any success in our work, of Christianizing the natives, to have automobiles at our disposal. At present, our center has four cars two of which cover from 1,500 to

2,000 miles of desert and mountain roads every month. As these roads are very rough, the expense of keeping our cars in running order is naturally not the least of our worries. Our monthly bill for the four machines, including gas, oil, tires, tubes, and general repairs, runs regularly from \$150 to \$200 the month. To meet this expense, we must again depend on the charity of our friends. Two of the automobiles are so worn out that they are rather an expense to us than an asset. When one of the two



Indian Girls Coming to Church



First Communicants at Mescalero, N. M.

only twenty-four feet by fifty or sixty feet in size. We are, nevertheless, hard at work on two of these chapels, trusting that a benevolent Providence, which has never yet failed us, will help us make ends meet. At the other two missions, the good Indians are urging us

left the garage recently laden with a heavy repair bill of \$90, the man in charge said: 'Father, she's about ready for the graveyard.' All this would not be so bad if the poor condition of our cars were not a constant menace to the life and limbs of the missionary. And

God knows, each and every one of the Fathers and Brothers are far too precious to be needlessly sacrificed."

Dear mission associates, these are a few items gleaned from a recent letter sent to the HERALD office by good Fr. Justin. The letter was penned late at night, after a hard day's work, although Father had to rise at 2 o'clock the next morning to drive 140 miles on a missionary trip, and be back at night to begin his annual retreat. And, indeed, it must be a relief for these hard-pressed Indian missionaries to steal a little time from the daily grind

of duty to devote to their own soul's sanctification. For what will it avail them if they, after preaching to others, should suffer the loss of their own souls? Fr. Justin's appeal, therefore, comes to you directly from the firing line, so to say, and I am sure that it will not fall on deaf ears. The school question is with them, as with us, the burning question of the hour. Can you not, perhaps, to some extent at least, assist them in solving it? What a pity and what a loss to the Faith it would be if the missionaries through lack of funds should be compelled to close even one school, or leave a proposed school unbuilt.

## FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

### CHAPTER XVII

*Don Vicente de Zaldivar's Efforts for his Uncle—Proceeds to Spain—The King Confirms Don Juan de Onate in Office—The Royal Decree—New Missionaries Arrive at San Gabriel—Fathers Escalona, Escobar, and Velasco—Sketch of Brother Pedro—Penitential Works and Penitents—Catholic Belief and Sectarian Superstitions—Onate Prepares to Search for the South Sea—Escobar's Narrative and Fr. Salmeron's Relaciones.*

WHEN Don Juan de Oñate became aware that Fr. Commissary De Escalona had made charges against him to the viceroy, he despatched his nephew, Don Vicente de Zaldivar, the hero of Acoma, to the Capital in order to plead his case before the viceroy, and, if necessary, to approach the king of Spain himself. On the way down, by means of threats, Don Vicente induced a number of the colonists at Santa Barbara to return to San Gabriel. Then he hastened to the City of Mexico. Arriving there early in 1602, he presented the claims of Don Juan. Viceroy Monterey, after studying the reports received from the Franciscans, manifested no disposition to spend more money on a country that was now known to be poor. Zaldivar, accordingly, proceeded to lay the matter before King Philip III. He presented the case so ably that, notwithstanding the viceroy's adverse counsel, the king issued the following decree, which speaks for itself:

"Don Felipe, by the grace of God, King of Castile, of Leon, etc. Whereas the viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco, in virtue of a decree of the King, my Lord (may he be in glory), made a contract and capitulation with Don Juan de Oñate, concerning the discovery, pacification of the people of New Mexico, which lies in New Spain; and, among other things, granted him what is contained in one of the

chapters of the instructions about New Discoveries and Settlements of the Indies, which is of the following tenor: 'To those who bound themselves to make the settlements, and had it peopled, and fulfilled their contract.' In order to honor their persons and their descendants so that from them, as first settlers, laudable remembrance may remain, we make them hidalgos of well known mansion, and their legitimate descendants, in order that in the pueblo they may settle and in any other part of the Indies, they be hidalgos and persons of noble lineage and well known mansion; and as such they may be known, had, and held, and may enjoy all honors and pre-eminence; and that they may do all things that all hidalgos and knights of the kingdoms of Castile may and should do, etc., in accordance with the statutes, laws, and customs of Spain. I wish, and it is my will, that it have the force of law as though it were done and promulgated in the courts. . . . Given at San Lorenzo on the 8th day of July in the year 1602.—I, the King."<sup>1</sup>

Hence Don Vicente de Zaldivar's efforts in behalf of his uncle were successful, in the main. Oñate was confirmed in his office, secured certain prerogatives for himself and family, and obtained some aid from the king, though not, as Bancroft points out, on a scale commensurate with his ambitious plans.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Read, *Illustrated History*, 243.

<sup>2</sup> Bancroft, 153-154.

From Torquemada and Vetancurt we learn that six new friars were selected to take the places of those who had found themselves obliged to withdraw from the country along with the colonists. But both authors have failed to transmit the names of these religious, or to relate anything about their activities. With them came a new commissary or superior in the person of Fr. Alonso de Escobar, an able linguist and true religious, as Torquemada observes. Before these newcomers arrived, the disheartened Fr. Commissary Juan de Escalona resigned his office to Fr. Francisco de Velasco, who with Brother Juan de San Buenaventura seems to have been the only other missionary that remained at San Gabriel with Juan de Oñate. Fr. de Escalona thereafter devoted himself to the conversion of the Indians of Santo Domingo, and died there three years later, on June 22, 1607. Fr. Velasco turned over his office to Fr. Alonso de Escobar, and then likewise labored as simple missionary among some unnamed pueblos until he returned to Mexico at an unknown date. A Fr. Francisco de Velasco, *Lector Jubilado*, became provincial of the Province of the Holy Gospel at the Capital, in 1629, and governed for five years. He is apparently identical with the cousin of Don Juan de Oñate.<sup>3</sup>

Brothers Pedro de Vergara and Juan de San Buenaventura were the lay brothers who came to New Mexico with the first band of missionaries under Oñate. Of the former Vetancurt furnishes some interesting details. He writes: "Brother de Vergara, the son of Lorenzo de la Harraga and Juana de Vergara, was a native of the town of Vergara in Cantabria, Spain. He came to America and, on July 2, 1595, received the habit of St. Francis at the Capital of Mexico. From the day of his investment, he observed the Rule most perfectly. Devoting himself to mortification and penance, he kept all the fasts of forty days which St. Francis was accustomed to observe. His abstinence was such that he was never seen to eat meat, a dish of porridge being all he took during the twenty-four hours of the day. Even this, to mortify himself, he mixed with such an amount of ground red pepper that tears would flow from his eyes while he was eating. He was much given to prayer and contemplation. Although Matins and Lauds did not begin till twelve o'clock midnight, he was in choir at ten o'clock and did not leave until four in the morning, when he assisted at the holy Masses and rang the Angelus bell. Remaining in the choir after the other friars had returned to their beds for the rest of the night, he would scourge himself until the blood flowed, the marks of which the novices could observe on the floor when they entered early

in the morning. In return, Almighty God bestowed many favors on Brother Vergara, one of which was that he gained complete mastery over the flesh that wars against the spirit. Thus fortified, he accompanied the missionary Fathers to New Mexico, in 1598; but he did not stay there long, apparently, leaving with Fr. Alonzo Martinez, after the battle of Acoma. On his return to the Capital, he was appointed porter of the *Gran Convento de San Francisco*, as the motherhouse of the Province of the Holy Gospel was called. This gave him abundant opportunity to exercise his ardent charity for the needy. Sometimes he appears to have overdone the good work; for not infrequently the cook had not a crumb of bread in the chest, as all had been given away. But, says Vetancurt, when in such cases Brother Pedro would open the chest to get bread for the poor, it was always found to contain enough for them and the community.

One day a gentleman came to the convent to see the Fr. Provincial. Later, when he was about to leave, Brother Pedro detained him by locking the door. On being asked to explain his action, the brother replied that it would be well for the visitor to sleep in the friary that night. The latter obeyed, knowing the sanctity for which the servant of God was esteemed. Next day, it was discovered that wicked men had intended to waylay the visitor that night and to take his life.

Brother Pedro was singularly meek and patient in time of illness. In his last years, he suffered from a cancer which attacked the whole face. What astonished the physicians was the fact that the good brother passed more than forty days without taking food, and that he bore his sufferings so calmly. He closed his beautiful life on May 19, 1646. Great multitudes came to do honor to the memory of the simple brother, whom people regarded as a saint. One of his admirers, who suffered many years from very sore eyes, secured a piece of the deceased brother's habit. He applied it, and, to the marvel of all present at the funeral, he was immediately cured.<sup>4</sup>

Owing to the peculiar customs and conditions among a certain class of people in New Mexico, some things in the foregoing sketch call for explanation. Catholics know that such extraordinary mortifications as were practiced by Brother Pedro, are not prescribed; that they are not even permitted, neither in private nor much less in public, without the approval of the ecclesiastical authorities, whose duty it is to decide whether the Holy Spirit or some bad spirit prompts such singular penances; and that of *themselves* such penitential works of this nature forgive no sin, and are without value for eternity. Here is the essential differ-

<sup>3</sup> Torquemada, I, 678; III, 598; Vetancurt, *Teatro*, 95; *Menologio*, 65, 151; Bancroft, 153-154; Mrs. Edw. E. Ayer. *Benavides*, 199, 243; Read, 242, 244.

<sup>4</sup> Vetancurt, *Menologio*, May 19, pp. 48-49.

ence between the mortifications practiced by the saints of God or those who aspire to Christian perfection, and the tortures inflicted upon themselves by the fakirs of East India, the fanatical Mussulmen, or the scarcely less fanatical and ignorant Penitentes or degenerate Tertiaries of New Mexico. These misguided people imagine themselves sanctified after undergoing various unapproved, self-imposed corporal castigations. The true servants of God, on the other hand, put their sole trust in the Precious Blood of Christ, and, in imitation of the same Christ, then practice ordinary penances, physical or moral—as in Lent, for instance—to show their affection for the suffering Savior, in sorrow for their own sins or those of others, and to fortify themselves against the attacks of the flesh, the world, and the devil. They believe in subjugating, not in gratifying, the passions, after the manner of St. Paul, who chastised his body, in order to secure the mastery of the spirit over the flesh.

Vetancurt also mentions some remarkable incidents, even a sudden cure by the application of a piece of habit of the holy brother. He refrains from calling them miracles, because Catholics do not accept any occurrence as a miracle until Mother Church, after thorough investigation, has so declared. Sectarians and unbelievers pretend not to believe in divine interposition of this kind, as though the power of God were subject to the whims of creatures! It is amusing to observe, however, that such people, who smile or sneer at what they call the "superstition" of Catholics, are the best customers of fortune tellers, spiritist mediums, divine healers, lay healers, etc., with whom Catholics have nothing to do. Then witness the mortal dread of such people for the innocent number 13. As evidence of wholesale terror for those two figures take the action of former civil authorities of Los Angeles, Cal. Beginning with number 1, the streets running east and west were named in regular order; but when the thoroughfare was reached that would have to bear the number 13, the officials decided to choose another appellation. Unwittingly they happened on the most unlucky name in all California history, the one borne by the last Mexico-Californian governor, by the very man who confiscated, ruined, and sold the famous Indian Missions of California—Pio Pico. Hence, the thoroughfare running east and west between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, is now called Pico Street.

Returning to the main subject, we have to relate that, when the new band of Franciscan friars arrived at San Gabriel, Don Juan de Oñate resolved to go in search of the South

Sea, or Pacific Ocean, a plan he had formed as early as the year 1601. He approached Fr. Francisco de Escobar on the subject and asked his cooperation. Forgetting the treatment the friars had received at the hands of the captain-general, the Fr. Commissary readily acceded to his request, and declared moreover he would himself go along. Brother Juan de San Buenaventura was chosen to accompany Fr. Escobar on the perilous trip.<sup>5</sup>

Fr. Escobar kept the diary of the expedition, which, according to Bolton, "attests that he was an interesting person."<sup>6</sup> From him we now have all the facts known about the memorable journey to the far West. "Hitherto," writes Bolton, "our principal source of information regarding the event has been Fr. Zarate Salmeron's *Relaciones*. Though Zarate's account bears on its face evidence that it was based on first-hand information, the discovery of an original narrative adds to our satisfaction to learn that Zarate's account is founded directly on the diary by Escobar, and that our anchor heretofore has been more secure than we knew. It is only fair to say, moreover, that Zarate adds numerous details not given by Escobar, which must have been obtained from eye-witnesses."<sup>7</sup>

The narrative of Fr. Commissary Escobar, though highly interesting, is much too long to be reproduced entire. We shall have to content ourselves with a mere sketch of the route, and with relating the most important incidents and discoveries presented by both Fr. Escobar and Fr. Salmeron; but this must be reserved for the next chapter.

## A SPRING SONG

I HEARD the robin sing—  
 'Twas like a magic flute—  
 I watched the bluebells swinging  
 When the west wind touched his lute.  
 The cuckoo's voice went calling  
 Through the wood and on the hill;  
 The haunting echoes falling,  
 Faint and far, beyond the rill  
 The warm green earth lay sleeping  
 Beneath the rainbow gleams  
 Of sun and waters leaping.  
 No picture seen in dreams  
 Seemed half so fair—the trilling  
 Of larks lost in the blue  
 Like heavenly harp-strings thrilling.  
 O Saint, so sweet and true,  
 Francis, who knew not sadness,  
 Bestow on us a share  
 Of thy pure-hearted gladness  
 That saw God everywhere.

MARIAN NESBITT, *Tertiary*.

<sup>5</sup> Bancroft, 154; Read, 245.

<sup>6</sup> *Catholic Historical Review*, Washington, April, 1919, p. 22.

<sup>7</sup> *Father Escobar's Relation of the Oñate Expedition to California*, in *The Catholic Hist. Review*, April, 1919, p. 19.



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## THE RENEWAL OF LIFE

**W**INTER is past. The bluebird singing on the post announces it; so do the lambs bleating in the fold, and the grass-greening hill and dale. It is good to be alive on a spring morning when April begins her dance across the earth, setting violets and daffodils wherever her feet fall; good to go abroad and witness the miracle daily wrought by nature in her rejuvenation of seemingly dead things.

"Who would think that tree would ever again become the thing of beauty it was for us last spring," said one to me on a January day, indicating a gnarled old apple tree. "How sad it is that we, too, cannot renew our youth, cannot emerge, whether from sorrow or time!"

Well, why not? What brought us to this winter of the heart but our thought or acceptance of the thought of others? Our thought can take us out of it. After Easter a Catholic, if Lent is well observed, ought to be that man born again as Christ decreed we must be. If the practice of prayer and fasting for those forty days gives us this sense of well-being, is it not wisdom to continue it in proper measure throughout the year?

We eat too much; we think we need three plentiful meals a day. The abstinence and denial of the Lenten season show us we not only do not require so much food, but are better off, physically and mentally as well as spiritually, with less. We think we cannot spare the time for attendance at Mass every morning, for a visit to the Church during the day. During Lent we found that we could do so easily, and that our affairs did not suffer in consequence. On the contrary, that time of prayer and meditation exercised a beneficial effect on our physical being as well as on the soul; we found ourselves better fitted to bear the burden of our daily tasks.

"They will win because they think they can," says the poet. Approach with a proper attitude of mind the things you should do, the things it is best for you to do, and they are half done.

What good, pray, do your morose, discontented thoughts do you? They only age you, carve the lines of care on your brow and eventually clothe you and all you do with their somber cloak. They drive old friends from you and frighten away those who would become your friends. We flee from those whose

outward mien indicates a continued depression of spirit. But, you remonstrate, what can I do, I simply cannot endure life; it is crushing everything out of me—how can I be other than unhappy and discontented? That attitude of mind is tightening the bands of melancholia around you.

Aren't you merely making a calamity of the rebuffs and knocks of daily life? Have you not become blinded to the agreeable and magnified the disagreeable. Suppose in some quiet hour you have it out with yourself. Analyze your state of mind from the outside, impersonally. How many of your troubles are due to your own fault, how many to the fault of others? It may be that your discontent is not self-pity but a condition growing out of your work and your surroundings. If that is true, you should strive for a change in environment.

But a good fighter does not leave a field until he has conquered. Much of life's zest comes from the knowledge of difficulties that must be overcome. The straight road to victory is that of work, peace, and loving kindness. Suppose you try to forget the disagreeable things that are harassing you, suppose you try to turn a smiling face to those who have been driven from your friendship by the gruffness and unsociability your unhealthful introspection has made to seem your real disposition. Try to change your mental attitude about yourself, about your acquaintances. Turning the mind into unaccustomed channels is no easy task, but it becomes always easier with effort until happiness becomes a habit, and the things in life that really count assume the ascendancy over the nonessentials that so often lead to brooding, unhappiness, and discontent.

### THE VISITING NURSE TELLS A STORY

"Yes, I am tired," wearily answered the little visiting nurse, taking the chair opposite mine in a quiet corner of the restaurant. "I suspected you would ask the question, so forestalled it." She withdrew her gloves slowly and sighed comfortably at the prospect of a few moments of leisure stolen from her exhausting round of duties to the ill.

The nurse and I had become acquainted in this very spot a few years before, just after she had proudly donned her blue cloak and hat

and begun her mission of mercy among the sick poor. When the war came, she was one of the first volunteers and served as valiantly in the hospitals overseas as did her brother in the trenches. The nurse had had varied experiences since she received her diploma eight years before, and many there were who called her blessed. There are babes in Heaven, because she obtained Baptism for them or baptized them herself. There are other children well and happy, because of her care and service; and there are mothers and fathers who have returned from the valley of the shadow because of her ability and devoted labor.

"Are you tired or downcast?" I asked.

"There is no deceiving you writer-folk," she replied, with a smile. "But that is the trouble this morning. I am downcast—a patient I have, or had, rather, is dead. She had four children, the eldest only eight years. The father is a good, industrious man, and the family was getting on fairly well and was happy. They were saving for a little home in the suburbs where they could have a garden and chickens and a dog for the children. I often smiled at the way they talked about the dog they were to have.

"I like to have a dog jumping up against me when I come home from work," the man would say. The wife's only idea was that the pet would be a protector and companion for the little ones. I was always asked to help plan their longed-for home. We would spend hours reading real estate advertisements in search of a place the family could afford to purchase.

"A few weeks ago, one after another fell ill with the influenza. The mother was the last. She had been worn out caring for the husband and the children and was past resistance. She was buried yesterday. All their little savings are gone. There will be no home in the country, no garden and chickens, no dog for the children. There will be, indeed, not even a home for them. They will have to go to an orphan asylum."

The nurse pushed away the half-consumed grapefruit.

"Just a little coffee, nothing more," she told the waiter.

"Is there no one the father could get to keep house for him and look after the children?" I inquired, for my sympathy had been roused.

"There might be," she replied hopelessly, "but he is in debt to the doctor and to the undertaker. It will be some time before he has even a little money to spare again. He is not strong, and this disaster has crushed him. I should not be surprised if he loses courage entirely, with the children gone, and become one more piece of human driftwood in the city's dismal byways. The children's hearts are breaking. They are pleading with

their father not to send them away from him; but I fear nothing can be done to prevent it."

The nurse silently stirred the coffee that had been set before her, and after a moment looked up with tears brimming in her eyes.

"What adds to the tragedy is that it might have been averted," she remarked much to my surprise. "How often the father lamented that he and not his wife had been spared, for his death would have brought to the family \$3,000 in life insurance from a Catholic fraternal order established in the parish. I enquired if such organizations existed for Catholic women, and he told me of one that had been organized only the year before, providing both sick and death benefits. If his wife had only listened to his urgings, she would have become a member; but she then was well and strong and refused because of the additional expense. You see, she gambled on life—and lost.

"Had she taken this opportunity her husband would have been able to engage a housekeeper, keep his children with him and later possibly achieve his great desire for a real home.

"I wish I could reach people to preach insurance," continued the nurse. "I have been investigating fraternal societies and I find that they are not only cheaper than the so-called old-line companies but, where the rates are proper, equally as safe. I do not wish to seem to oppose those many non-Catholic fraternal societies which are not condemned by the church, for I know their worth, but when we have our own, equally reliable, Catholics certainly should affiliate with them. It is singular that the wife and mother seems to think she has no obligation in this respect; yet may she not be carried away as suddenly as others? May she not also become ill and need the steady income derived from a policy against illness?"

The nurse was in tears at the sorrowful reflection on this family's troubles.

"He has asked me to go with them—when he takes the children to the asylum—and I, I could almost wish I had stayed in France!"

Possessed herself with such a burning desire to help others, she could not comprehend why friends of the dead woman, who had been associated with her in the parish for years, continued about their own affairs as though tragedy was not stalking through their midst.

"They would be mortally offended if you hinted they were not good and pious people," said she, "yet with Christ's poor and needy around them they do nothing. Now, how easily one of these women, who is practically idle, could look after that little home. What a wonderful thing it would mean to them to keep this family together, and what gratitude from that stricken father and those lonely children would such devoted service evoke.

"But not only these could help. There are the many husbands and wives whom God has not blessed with children. If I were such a wife, I would fill my lonely house and empty heart with the laughter and love of children. Ah, but such folk would call me visionary."

"They have not your vision," I said.

"Yes," she responded after a pause, "it is better to believe their eyes are holden."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

INVALID, Chicago—Yes, it is a trial to be ill, but the trial is shared by your family. Remember that, when you feel blue over some fancied lack of attention. Suppose after a hard day's work you were compelled to go home each night and assume the duties of a nurse. Might you not sometimes show evidence of nerves on edge and muscles aching? Take no notice of these things; an unkind word inflicts on those loving ones who are serving you a pain far beyond what you conceive. Try not to grow selfish and exacting. With a little effort you can make your sick-room a place, pleasant for both you and those of your family, a place they will want to visit rather than avoid. Don't talk of your illness. The best way to suffer less is to endeavor to forget your miseries. Be always hopeful. Your life is in God's hands, and you must face the ills that beset you as a soldier faces a difficult and dangerous duty, ever courageous, ever cheerful. Rejoice in the Lord. Those about you will catch your spirit of content, and you will escape that dreaded fate of becoming an affliction to the rest of your family.

A. L., Fort Worth, Tex.—Perhaps the nuns you have in mind are the Helpers of the Poor Souls, a French Congregation of women which has several houses in the United States. One is in St. Louis. They nurse the sick poor in their homes, give religious instruction to poor children, and perform other works of charity.

Miss Berry R., Cleveland—The Catholic War Council of Washington, D. C., has opened a school for the training of girls and women for social work. If you have the qualifications, you will do well to engage in such work.

G. L., Omaha—Suppose you are three years older than the young man. He loves you for yourself and not for your beauty, which must fade as the years pass. As you are otherwise well adapted to each other, do not let your three years' seniority separate you. A life's happiness for a man and woman is a solemn thing; a trifle should not be considered. Besides, there is no reason to fear that your good looks are going to vanish next month or next year. Proper food, exercise, a happy heart, and a good conscience, are the best beauty preservers. Beautiful old age is as attractive, you know, in its season, as beautiful youth.

CLARA W. (Cincinnati) writes—Do you believe in a union for servant girls? Several of us were discussing the question the other evening, and we decided to ask you what you thought of it.

One day, Miss Clara, in my rounds as a reporter, I came upon a young, poorly clad girl, crying in a hallway. I asked her the cause of her grief, and she showed me her hands, red, swollen, the skin rubbed off in places, and told me, in the silken accents of Tipperary, how her hard-hearted mistress had kept her washing and scrubbing from sun-up till late at night, and then, when the girl could no longer stand the hard work, had discharged her, holding back a week's pay of two dollars and fifty cents. Then and there, though no union at that time was talked about, I got on the side of the servant girl, and I am there yet. Union has helped other workers to obtain their rights, and the girl who works in the home has rights just as well as any other worker, and should have them. I believe it would be a good thing for those engaging home workers, too. They would know what was expected of them as employers, what they could expect of their employees. Many a girl would prefer to work in the home than in the shop or the factory; but she is withheld from selecting it by the long hours, unfair treatment, inadequate pay, and lack of respect that accompany the position. I do not know your particular brand of Union, but if it helps solve this big question, it is worth considering.

Let the question be, not what is popular or expedient, but what is honest; let that be done though the heavens fall.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

He that has light within his own clear breast,  
May sit 't' th' centre and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself in his own dungeon.

—MILTON.

## PUT JOY INTO LIFE

It may be said that in the soul's life alone there never need be waste. When, not superstitiously, but in the spirit of faith, you believe that God has called you to a state of life, and directs you therein conformably to its organization, it is not suicide, nor self crippling, but logical and decent, and in fine joyous to put yourself sincerely and wholly into His hands even in detail, and so go forward.—Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.





# Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

Conducted by *ELIZABETH ROSE*

## EASTER DAY

**T**HEY say the sun doth dancing rise  
On Easter Day,  
Though never seen of mortal eyes:  
And well it may!

They say the seeds deep down in earth,  
On Easter Day  
Burst from their sleep and come to birth:  
And well they may!

They say that every heart that's sad,  
On Easter Day  
Sudden grows comforted and glad:  
And well it may!

For in the Resurrection morn  
New faith, new hope, new joy are born.  
In mortal fray,  
Life hath slain Death, its sting, its gloom,  
Before the Savior's empty tomb  
On Easter Day!

## THE SAINT WHO ALWAYS SAID "THANK YOU!"

**A** QUEER thing in this world is how very anxious people are to get something they want, and how very slow sometimes to say "thank you" when they get it. If you stop to think about it, what more natural than to thank the person who has done us a favor? But take notice a bit, and see how few do it, including you and me, perhaps. And fewer still, I am afraid, think of going further and thanking the good God from whom everything good and pleasant comes to us, sometimes directly, sometimes through his creatures. "Thank God!—for the smallest as well as for the greatest of His favors, these words should be always on our lips," says a fine Catholic novelist, Christian Reid, in one of her stories. Felix of Cantalice, a good Franciscan friar who lived in the sixteenth century, never forgot this. He was always saying "Deo gratias!" (the Latin for "Thank God," you know). He said it so often, that after a while he was never called anything but Brother Deo Gratias, instead of Brother Felix. No matter whether he met with a big piece of luck or just a small everyday pleasure, like your new dress or pleasant picnic or enjoyable excursion,—so small, indeed, that one would hardly think of such a thing as gratitude in connection with

it—the first thought of Felix was to be polite to God and say "Thank You!" at once. It was the same when any trouble came upon him. "Dear Lord," he would say, "this trouble must be a good thing for me, else Your kindness would not let it come; so thank You!" This constant thankfulness made him so happy in his mind that the very sight of him became a pleasure to people. Everybody liked to see him coming; the children would run after him on the street crying "Good Brother Deo Gratias!" The last words he ever spoke as he lay on his deathbed were to ask those standing round him to say his favorite words for him, because he had no longer the strength to do so—but he must certainly have said them out clear and strong again when he opened his eyes in heaven.

## THE PIGEON AND THE FLAG

**D**O our Young Folks remember Cher Ami, the wonderful carrier-pigeon who brought news of a lost legion into camp in the late war, and so saved the lives of many brave men? He was a great fellow, and a very charitable one, too, when you come to think of it, for did he not do his neighbor good? Here is another pigeon story for you, although in this case the little hero did not get Cher Ami's certificate of bravery, as he only saved himself. But to do so, he made use of the flag of the United States, which shows there was nothing the matter with his bird brain. Sergeant Zimmerman, in charge of San José Recruiting Station, California, tells the tale. He says that one day recently the soldiers saw a war carrier-pigeon (flying with a message from Los Angeles to the Presidio, or military headquarters at San Francisco, as they afterwards found out), struggling in the telegraph wires that ran in front of the station. He had evidently been wounded somehow in his flight, and had fallen, weak and exhausted, into the wires. He was trying his best to get loose again, but it was a hard fight, and it was pitiful to see him when he finally extricated himself crawling, almost spent, along the wires until he reached the spot where the big flag hung from its staff above the station. This was a familiar thing. All his training had been done in sight of that flag, and he seemed to know it at once, and to feel that here was help. With a feeble little jump, he got right into its loosely fluttering folds, digging his

claws into them and nestling close, in a miserable attempt to hold, that sent the boys after him at "double-quick." They had him down in safety in no time, and took him to the head surgeon at Letterman Hospital, San Francisco, not far off, to see what could be done for him. Poor little chap, one leg had to come off, but he is now all right otherwise, and has still the beautiful wings to rely upon that carried him to safety in the heart of his country's flag. When one comes to think of it, he is much better off than any of us would be in his place, isn't he? For if *we* lost a leg, there would be no wings to make up for it.

### "WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA?"

GET out your umbrella—This is April, the month of showers. Two hundred years ago, you would have gone out in the rain and taken your wetting without a grumble, for you couldn't have helped yourselves. At that time, umbrellas were unheard of in Europe and America, although the people of India and the Eastern countries were well acquainted with them. But with them, our useful friends were not only protections against sun and storm; they were used, even more, for marks of honor, being raised over the head of a "high-up" to show that he was very high up, indeed. And they were not to be seen everyday. They were something too great for either everyday use or everyday people. Somewhere in the early part of the eighteenth century, an Englishman who had just come home from India appeared one day in the streets of London with an umbrella raised above his head. The people around him behaved exactly as the people of these days do when something strange is seen. They crowded about him and mocked and jeered him for not being more of a man than to carry such a thing to keep the rain off. They went further. They pelted him with mud, and I am pretty sure some Young Folks of the crowd (masculine, of course), must have added a few stones. He made a sensation. But he didn't mind in the least, satisfied that he had a good thing in his possession. His umbrella was broken, but his feelings weren't hurt. He was out again as soon as he could have another one made by its pattern; and again the crowd was out with him. But this time, they began to admire his pluck and to look on his umbrella with a more respectful eye. After a while, the novelty was gone, and then, as usually happens, some of the very people who had made fun of him thought they would try the new idea and have umbrellas of their own. Big coarse pieces of oiled cotton were they, on sticks of rattan, nothing like those of silk, with handles of gold and silver, of which our First Umbrella has been great-

great ever so many times great-grandfather. An old journal of 1772 says:

"These umbrellas, as they were called, were at first looked on as ridiculous and unmanly things for a man to carry; but of a sudden the physicians took the matter up, saying they were most valuable to keep away the stroke of the sun, to prevent sore eyes from the glare of the same, for the curing of fevers and such things; therefore they should be adopted by all." Think of our plain, everyday, common umbrellas being given as a prescription! Doubtless, they proved a much more agreeable one than some others given by these wise doctors; and doubtless, too, many people still preferred for a long time after, to keep to their heavy caps and oiled cloth capes on rainy days, and took chances on sunstrokes, just like some cranky people nowadays. Did anybody ever know a *boy* to stay in out of rain or sun just because he hadn't an umbrella to hold over his head?

### OUT OF THE SHELL

A CHIPPER little Easter chick  
From prison shell stepped out,  
And wondered as he stared around  
At the great world about.

"Looks like it's good enough,"  
Said the ball of yellow fluff.

Now came a crowd of beings strange,  
All noise and arms and legs;  
And still, as rapidly they passed,  
Their cry was—"Who's got eggs?"  
"The plot begins to thicken,"  
Said the little yellow chicken.

He watched, with curious eye and bright,  
And shivered at each shell  
That broke beneath a well aimed blow.  
"Were I inside now—well,  
What luck!" cried, good and hearty,  
The interested party.

"Here, sure, should be some lessons fine  
To chickens—could they know them—  
Never to stay within their shells,  
But come outside and show them,  
Lest Fortune on them pick,"  
Remarked the little chick.

Just then a hand reached out and tried  
To pluck him from the ground,  
But unsuccessful was the act—  
The youngster was not found!  
"Perhaps it is as well  
To keep within one's shell—

At least to leave a place for flight  
When one gets too much in the light—  
I find this world quite rough!"  
Said our chicken in a huff.

**THOMAS JEFFERSON'S DECALOGUE**

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money, before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap—it will be dear to you in the end.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils that never happened have cost us!
9. Always take things by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, a hundred.

**WHAT THE BRIGHT PEOPLE  
TELL US**

**I**T is never too late to mend—but don't put it off till you forget how.

Nothing that is wrong can last—  
Nothing's immortal but the Right.

Do well the little things now; so shall great things come to thee by and by, asking to be done.

—A PERSIAN PROVERB.

He is most powerful who has himself in his power.

—SENECA.

In jumping to conclusions people often leap over facts.

If we sit down at set of sun  
And count the things that we have done,  
And counting find  
One self-denying act, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance, most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then we may count the day well spent.

It is not the spurt at the start, but the continued, unresting, unshaking advance that wins the day.

There is so much bad in the best of us,  
There is so much good in the worst of us,  
That it ill becomes any of us  
To rail or mock at the rest of us.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little pleasure to those who listen to us.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

—POPE.

**POOR LITTLE VIRGINIA DARE—**

**I**T was on the island of Roanoke that the first white baby ever born in the United States opened her eyes, in the year 1587. She was named Virginia, after the place in which she was born, was the granddaughter of Governor Whyte, head of the colony that was the first to settle in that state, and nowadays there is a make of candy called by her name—that is all that anybody knows about Virginia Dare. Poor baby! The colonists whose number she increased by one after the long voyage from England that landed them on the shores of Roanoke Island, did not get on well at all in their new settlement. They had left behind them many things that were really necessary—their stock of provisions began to give out, they knew nothing of the country, and finally, in their distress, they insisted that Governor Whyte should return to England for fresh supplies and more people. The poor man went very unwillingly, for he had to leave behind his daughter Eleanor and her dear little Virginia; but what could he do? So he set out with a heavy heart. When he got back to England, he could get no one to do anything for him except Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of the colony. He sent two ships to Roanoke, laden with stores; but they went astray and never reached those who were watching and waiting for them. There was such delay, too, that it was a year before the anxious Governor returned to the colony again. A terrible return it was—not one soul did he find there of the number he had left—eighty-nine men, two women, and two children, whose names have been preserved to the present day. And to this day no one knows what ever became of them! On a tree in the settlement was found the word "Croatan," scratched in the bark. This was the name of another island, occupied by a friendly tribe of Indians; but they declared to the frantic Governor and his searching party that they knew nothing

of the missing settlers, and though they were sought in every direction, the mystery of their complete disappearance is as great to-day as ever. Poor little Virginia Dare! What became of her?

### BE A CHUM TO YOUR BROTHER

Any young woman who would render her brother a real service, must learn to take an interest in him and the things that appeal to him. She should give him a cheering smile and a word of encouragement occasionally, ask him about his work, what progress he is attaining at it and so on. Appreciation makes life sweet to us all, and helps us to forget the day's long hours, and the toil we must put into them. Indeed, if sisters (and mothers, as well) would take the time and pains to encourage and buoy up the "men folks" of the family, many a young man (and older ones, too) who to-day are dubbed failures, would to-morrow get started on that road which spells success.

Home should be to every girl the one, dear spot in all the world, and she should do her utmost to make it bright and inviting. Any man, young or old, appreciates the right kind of home, where nagging and complaining are given a wide berth, and where neatness and good humor go hand in hand. But if disorder and its first cousin, discontent, abound in that domicile, it is against all reasoning to conclude that he will take the right kind of interest in life or in himself.

Therefore, we should, each one of us, be our brother's chum, and if we take the pains to do so we can make him happier and braver.

### IRISH WOMEN START LEAGUE FOR MODEST DRESS

Dublin cable reports state that war has been declared on the "Gladneck" by Irish women and a League of St. Brigid has been established, with the warm approval of the authorities of the Church, to combat immodest fashions. The convents and boarding schools are to be constituted headquarters for the new league, and thousands of young women missionaries are annually to carry on the fight in their home districts. All members of the new league will be required to sign the following pledge:

"For the glory of God and the honor of Erin, I promise to avoid in my own person all

impropriety in the manner of dress, and to maintain and hand down the traditional and proverbial purity and modesty of Irish womanhood."

### SUCH A KIND SAINT

HE was a Franciscan friar, called John Joseph of the Cross, who lived in Italy about 300 years ago, but the virtue for which he was noted will never grow old, and it is just as much needed today as in his far-off times. This special virtue was kindness to every living thing. His heart was so big that it felt for everybody's troubles before his own. Nothing pleased him better than to do kind acts for those around him, and this was even before he became a friar. When he was living at home, he was as good and kind to the members of his family as he was to outsiders, and this is something to be remembered; for, sad to say, there are many of us who are ready enough to do something for people who are only acquaintances and not at all ready to make a sacrifice for those at home! St. John Joseph knew better than that. Nothing was either too great or too little for him to do in the way of kindness to well and happy, to sick and sorrowful. It is told of him that one day a poor sick woman begged him to get her a peach—she had such a longing for one. It was the middle of winter, and St. John knew he could not possibly get her one, so he felt very sorry about it. Going out in his little garden, he passed a chestnut tree, bare and leafless; and there, hanging on one of its boughs was a lovely peach! You can imagine how glad he was and how thankful to the good God who had worked this miracle for him and the poor sick woman, and you can guess, too, which of them was the happier!

### FROM DAY TO DAY

Let this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others,—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day and strength to strength, you shall build up, by art, by thought, and by just will, an Ecclesia of which it shall not be said, "See what manner of stones are here!" but, "See what manner of men!"—  
JOHN RUSKIN.

# Miscellaneous

## RESURREXIT

**D**AWN winds are whispering through Cedron's vale,  
A waking bird salutes advancing day;  
Pearl-mantled morning, golden fingered, lifts  
The sable curtain of the night away.

Out in the dawn-lit garden whitely gleams  
A tomb fast-sealed; a hush expectant thrills  
The fragrant gloom; the waiting lilies sigh;  
A roseal glow illumes Judea's hills.

Half hid in odorous dusk, beneath the trees  
A path winds to a humble dwelling place;  
Within, a kneeling form in reverence bowed,  
A woman fair, replete with peerless grace.

Sorrow hath left its kiss upon her brow,  
Hath crowned her Queen of all earth's tears and woe;  
That gentle heart hath sounded deeps of pain  
As only one untouched by sin could know.

Deep as the surging sea thy grieving, so  
Thy joy shall be, O Virgin Mother fair;—  
This is the day the Lord hath made for thee,  
E'en now glad alleluias fill the air.

A drift of gleaming pinions—once again  
As in the starlit hush one winter's night,  
A mother-heart thrills to the angels' song:  
"Rejoice! be glad, O Queen of Heaven bright!"

The Voice of her Beloved is in her ear,  
Soft as the murmurous waves that lap the shore  
Of far-off Galilee; her soul upheaps  
To hear His footfall as in days of yore.

He comes—death's Conqueror in might arrayed,  
A vision fairer than the dawning's glow;  
Before her yearning eyes His beauteous Face—  
Once she beheld It veiled in matchless woe.

Throbs all the universe with joy untold,  
"Mother!" "My Son!" From out the darksome gloom  
Glad morning springs; day flames on Calvary's hill,  
And gilds with golden glow an empty tomb.

—Catherine M. Hayes, *Tertiary*.



## POOR MAN OF ASSISI

**F**RANCIS OF ASSISI was not only a great saint, but also, in a unique way, a great social reformer. No doubt this is one reason for the remarkable interest in his life and work manifested in recent times by non-Catholics as well as Catholics. It is notable that Leo XIII in one of his encyclicals declared that the spirit of "the Poor Man of Assisi" is eminently suited to our times. Those familiar with the life of the Seraphic Saint know what an eloquent message that life has both for those laboring for social reform and for those devoted to the welfare of the poor, the afflicted, or the wayward.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, when Francis of Assisi took up his apostolate, faith was by no means dead; for was it not the age of the Crusades? Charity, however, had grown cold, honors and wealth were madly sought, and a great number had no higher aim than luxury and self-gratification. It was also a time of discord, strife and innumerable petty feuds. Power and wealth were centered in a few, and were made instruments of oppression for those whom we now call the masses. In that day, as in ours, the wealthy by their ostracism of the poor made poverty a dishonor.

It was the special vocation of Francis of Assisi to regenerate society of his day by recalling men to the actual practice of the Gospel of Christ. It is a matter of history that his movement succeeded in effecting what almost amounted to a transformation in European society. It has been said of him that "he gave the deathblow to the feudal system of the Middle Ages; that he consecrated with a religious sanctification the democratic awakening of his time; and that he anticipated by six centuries the aspiration for social justice which we are apt to regard as a special attribute of our own age."

The son of a well-to-do merchant, Francis was born at Assisi in 1182. He died in 1226, so that his life was a comparatively short one. His early years and the years of his youth gave no presage of what he was to be. Handsome, gay,

gallant, and courteous, he lived the life of a votary of pleasure, until a providential illness arrested his course and became the beginning of his conversion. A short time after he recovered his health, he was crossing the Umbrian Plain one day when he unexpectedly found himself face to face with a leper who stretched out his hands toward him and begged for help. Leprosy, so common in that day, had always been to Francis an object of peculiar aversion. The sudden appearance of the diseased beggar filled him with such disgust that he instinctively drew back and turned away; but almost as quickly he was seized with remorse, he controlled his natural aversion, and turning back, he not only gave all the money he had to the leper, but even insisted on kissing his loathsome hand. From that time Francis' heart was fully changed, and he thenceforth devoted his life absolutely to laboring for God and his fellow-men.

He gave up all he possessed, and clad in the coarsest and meanest apparel, he went forth with a new-born spiritual joy in his heart on the mission that was to regenerate his age. He went on foot from place to place, preaching the love of God and of one's fellow-men in great cities and along country roads, in market places and from church steps, to rich and poor, to prince and peasant, to saint and sinner. Once his apostolate was well started, crowds flocked to hear him everywhere. His simple, intensely earnest exhortations and especially his saintly, winning personality with its fascinating combination of gentleness and strength wrought a seemingly miraculous change in his hearers. The poor and lowly loved to gather about him; for by reason of his absolute though voluntary poverty, he appeared as one of themselves. No one who came in contact with him seemed able to resist his sweet and winning persuasion. The keynote of his life was love—love of God and of human souls. So penetrated was he with love of his Divine Model and Master that it was given to him to bear in his own body the stigmata, the wondrous marks of the Crucified.

Disciples joined him in ever-growing numbers and formed the original nucleus of the great Franciscan Order. His rules for them were few and simple: "to give up all to others, to possess nothing themselves, to love all their fellow-creatures, to be devoted to charity and humility, and to look on themselves as the servants of all."

As a result of the new movement, carried far and wide by Francis and his followers, an era of religious fervor began, people ceased to run madly after riches, poverty was no longer looked upon as dishonorable, and wealth was no longer held in the heartless grasp of avarice and selfishness. The movement effected a social reformation by bringing individuals to an actual, sincere practice of the simple Gospel principles of justice, charity, and humility. A genuine rebirth of the same principles in the hearts of men to-day would go far in hastening the advent of social peace.

It is true that Francis came before men not directly as a social reformer but as a religious reformer. He took the established form of society for granted and had no idea of changing it. He aimed rather to change men's hearts. But although he conceived of his mission as a religious one, it had remarkable social effects. "In rectifying men's outlook on life he necessarily brought about a large measure of social reform, in as much as many, if not most, of the evils of the existing order were due to a distorted moral vision."

A study of his apostolate indicates that it embraced the highest, purest spirit of reform. For he strove to correct abuses by holding up an ideal, the practical ideal of Christ's teaching and example. He made his direct appeal to duties rather than to injured rights. He was in no sense an agitator urging the poor to rise and demand a share of the world's goods. But with simple, winning eloquence, he effectively urged the rich and strong to respect the poor and the weak, to give them their due, and when necessary to stretch forth their hands to help them, not as inferiors, but as brothers entitled to sympathy and assistance.

In considering St. Francis as a social reformer, it should be understood that he and his followers embraced the state of poverty not as a measure of social reform, but as a means of personal sanctification in view of the counsel and example of Christ. Yet this devotion to poverty necessarily set

them in moral opposition to the avarice and oppression which were the crying social evils of the time. St. Francis did not urge all men to poverty, but only to a spirit of detachment of heart. He did not condemn the possessors of wealth, but insisted that they regard its possession as a trust and a stewardship to be held not merely for selfish ends but also for the benefit of others who are in need.

He loved the poor with the same ardor with which he loved his spiritual "Lady Poverty." He inculcated on his followers and on all to whom he spoke the principle of active sympathy for the poor, the weak, the afflicted and the erring. His own relations with these classes exhibited several striking qualities which we of the present need to imitate, namely respect, sympathy, joy, and courtesy.

By making poverty an integral part of his own life and of the life of his disciples, he effected a change in the attitude of a people who worshipped power and wealth and who looked upon the poor as inferior beings of little account. Moreover, he considered it a duty to bring joy into human lives. "We Friars Minor," he exclaimed to his disciples, "what are we other than God's singers and players who seek to draw hearts upwards and fill them with spiritual joy?" Again, by reason of his own deep human sympathy, "in his heart the whole world found refuge, the poor, the sick, and the fallen being objects of his special solicitude." His devotion to the afflicted knew no fastidiousness. He did not shrink from abiding in loathsome leprosy-houses and eating with lepers. Lastly, courtesy was one of his most winning characteristics. He humbly respected the opinions of others and wounded the feelings of none.

In our day the tendency is toward systematic, business-like methods in dealing with the poor and the unfortunate. While Catholic workers in the field of charity should undoubtedly make use of modern methods which make for efficient accomplishment, they should also see to it that they bring forth to their work the Franciscan qualities of respect, sympathy, joy and courtesy. Otherwise their work, although it may be very up-to-date social service, will not be Christian charity.

REV. JOHN J. LYNCH, S. T. L.,  
In *The Catholic Charities Review*.

# THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF PENITENCE

By MARIAN NESBITT, Tertiary

RECORDS of the time show with what rapidity the Brothers and Sisters of Penitence, as they were called, spread over Europe. They constituted, as we know, a distinct Order, whose members took the name of Tertiaries, and for them Our Seraphic Father Saint Francis, prepared a Rule of Life which, if followed, would enable them to combine in a wonderful manner, the ideal with the practical, for "the world was their cloister," and therein they must work out their salvation, aiming, as far as in them lay, to preserve the beautiful spirit of their Founder amid the temptations and difficulties of their respective positions. For the Third Order, let it be remembered, embraced all grades and classes of society—from the King on his throne down to the very humblest of his subjects. It has been well said by a non-Catholic writer, that the Tertiary—always supposing that he lived up to his profession—"was freed from the temptations that surround the acquisition of wealth, in that he reserved for his needs, according to his rank or station in life, no more than a strictly necessary portion of his own personal fortune. The yearly surplus he was bound to yield to the claims of charity, and so he longed for the realization of the ideals that every Christian civilization in Europe has striven after in vain."

It is impossible to speak with any degree of certitude of the Tertiary "fraternities," or congregations, either in England or Scotland, for no definite particulars of their organizations have come down to us, but we are justified in concluding that, as the progress and popularity of the First Order were so great, that of the Third must have been in much the same proportion. Certain it is that, wherever the Friars settled, Brothers and Sisters of Penitence gathered quickly around them. We know, too, that in those early days, when the Friars Minor went forth from their convents, either on business connected with the Order, or on their missionary journeys, "they wandered in pairs from town to town," finding hospitality and shelter in the houses of devout persons, both lay and clerical, as we see from two cases recorded

in Brechin (Scotland), where two priests—William Ogilvy, Chancellor, and John Leis, Chaplain of the Tertiary Congregation there, acted as "hosts to the Friars," to whom they were besides generous benefactors. The former left many books to the Order, and the latter gave money. Both these were the recipients of that great privilege so immensely prized by all devoted to the Franciscans, viz., "Letters of Affiliation," or "Letters of Confraternity." Lord William Seton, another benefactor, is believed to have been a member of the Third Order. He increased to three pounds—"for the ornaments and vestments of the Church"—the annual rent of twenty shillings, which had been granted to the Friars of Haddington by Sir Alexander Seton, and also confirmed the privilege received by the same Friars from Sir David de Ammand, of removing as many coals as they could use from his town and barony of Trancut.

Duchess Isabella of Brittany, daughter of James I (of Scotland), was a member of the Third Order, and it is interesting to find that she received as a wedding present from her husband, Duke Francis I, a Book of Hours, illustrated with numerous miniatures in which she herself is frequently depicted as the central figure. Her sister Marguerite, Dauphine of France, was also a Tertiary, and in an illuminated copy of paraphrase of the Book of Job, by Pierre Nesson, the frontispiece represents her wearing the Franciscan cord. Again, the Duchess Isabella, already alluded to, "ordered Friar Jean Hubert to write for her a copy of a book known as *La Somme des Vices et des Vertus*," and in the first full-page and most quaint miniature, we see her kneeling at a prie-Dieu, which is covered with some sort of rich material. She herself is wearing a long ermine-trimmed court gown, whereon we note the arms of Brittany and Scotland, whilst encircling her waist is the thick, long, and knotted Franciscan cord. Behind, slightly to the left, with his right hand just resting upon her shoulder, is the figure of a Friar, which if not exactly beautiful—for Briton art in the fifteenth century could scarcely be called so—has yet a curious sort of relig-



ious dignity about it; we detect at a glance, moreover, it is intended for our Seraphic Father Saint Francis. Immediately behind the Duchess, kneels Marguerite of Brittany, who married Francis II, Duke of Brittany, and behind her Marie, daughter of Isabelle, and wife to Jean, Vicomte de Rohan.

Pictures and miniatures, representing royal and other personages girt with what is often called in old books, the Cordelière, are very frequently to be met with; and they were proudly sculptured by the Tertiary over a door or window of his house, intertwined with his own coat of arms, while his furniture, hangings, and books were often ornamented with it. We find the crowned F of Francis I, encircled with the cord, on the walls of the chateau of Blois; also the monogram of his first wife, Claude, a Crown, with three branches of lilies, their stems bound by the cord, and underneath, the wing of cygnet. Here, too, on the walls of the same castle, is the crowned A of Anne of Brittany, who married Charles VIII of France, thus uniting the Duchy in the French Crown. These few examples must suffice to prove how earnest was the desire of devout persons to join the ranks of that great Christian Brotherhood founded by Saint Francis. It must be remembered, too, that the names just mentioned belong to only one class; while the Third Order—as has been already said—included all social grades; a fact which doubtless went far to increase its influence, for the strict and upright lives of its members were a “perpetual reminder that holiness was not of necessity connected with the membership of a class,” any more than the cloister was essential to sanctity. It proved, in cases where the Rule was rigidly followed, that the humblest Tertiary—though he could not hope to realize the high ideal attained by the Brethren of the First Order—might nevertheless in his own sphere, emulate the cheerful yet mortified spirit of the Friar amid the world cares of the layman.

As time went on, the longing for a more perfect detachment from all things earthly, resulted in the inauguration of Regular Houses for the Tertiaries of each sex. Thus we have the “Third Order Regular” springing up first in Italy, and thence spreading into the different countries, “as if,” says a non-Catholic writer, “to supple-

ment the Observant-revival in which it had its origin.”

Under Angela of Foligno, the establishment of convents for women “was attended with immediate success,” and the “Grey Sisters” appeared in Scotland about the year 1486. The first foundation was made at Aberdour, in Fife, where, “with his own consent and that of his Superior, the Augustinian Abbot of Inchcolm, the Sisters superseded the Vicar of the parish” in the management of a certain hospice, the gift of James, first Earl of Morton, who had offered “to God and St. Martha, an acre of land whereon to build it.” Five years later, he gave another three acres of his land to the same charitable institution, which was founded “for the support, maintenance, and entertainment of poor pilgrims and wayfarers, who visited a holy well situated south of the village of Gaster Aberdour.” It is interesting to find that the Earl made it a condition that the pilgrims “should assemble daily in the said Hospital of St. Martha, and there say on bended knee after the stroke of noon, five Pater Nosters and five Ave Marias.”

The Hospital was placed under the charge of four Sisters of the Regular Third Order of Saint Francis, by a Charter dated October 16, 1486, and the Convent “with its church and buildings, stood on a piece of ground lying on the north side of the main street of Gaster Aberdour.” All that remains to-day to tell of its existence are some stones still to be seen in the garden wall of what is now known as the Old Manse, and the name of “sisterlands,” which yet clings to the district. In one “Bull of Erection,” granted by Pope Innocent VIII, we read, that “of all the works most agreeable to the Divine Will, we esteem not the least, the founding of a convent in which circumspect virgins with kindled lamps, go forth to meet their Bridegroom, Christ, and present to Him their dutiful and thankful service, wherein, moreover, the Most High may be adored with heavenly praises, and by the merits of a sinless life, the glory of everlasting felicity may be acquired.”

The document then goes on to say, that John Scot, Augustinian Canon of the monastery of Inchcolm, has given the Hospice to “our beloved daughters in Christ, Isabella and Jean Wight, Frances Innes, and Jean

Dirse, Sisters of the Third Order of Blessed Francis, called of Penitence . . . wisely considering that if Sisters of the said Third Order were introduced into the Kingdom of Scotland, where hitherto they have not been, then the women of the said kingdom would be able, under the regulations and institutions of the said Third Order, to devote themselves to works well-pleasing to Heaven, and would find opportunity and convenience for consulting the salvation of their souls."

It would seem, too, that this Convent was also a boarding-school for girls of good family, for the same Bull adds, that "it shall be lawful . . . to retain and instruct therein young maidens of honorable parentage, and willing to be instructed in literature and good arts."

Another convent of Grey Sisters of Penitence was founded at Dundee by James Fotheringham, in the year 1502, who gave to "the Religious Sisters, Janet Blare and Marista Oliphant, his chapel, founded in honor of St. James the Apostle, and his adjacent croft beside the Argyllgate," known

for many long years after as "The Grey Sisters' Acre." Of their life and work no definite information now remains, but it seems evident then, as in our own day, Church embroidery and the making of vestments, etc., for the service of the altar was included in their many duties; for in the Records of the Hammermen of Gelis-Curgh, under date 1512, we find among such items as, "one pr. of Bruges satin  $\frac{3}{6}$ , Red silk 16d., one hand of gold  $\frac{3}{4}$ , etc., etc.," the following entry: "Given to the Grey Sisters, in part payment for their labors in making of a corpalain."

The so-called Reformation, sweeping like a tidal wave over Scotland, as it did over England, carried with it nearly all the landmarks of the ancient Faith, and the pious practices of those who professed it. Not alone were "the Friars Ornamentis and chalisses" wantonly destroyed, or sacrilegiously confiscated, but even the old chronicles and histories were made fuel for flames lighted by an insensate bigotry and lust for pillage.

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By Fr. CANDIDE CHALIPPE, O. F. M.

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FRANCISCAN HERALD, Teutopolis, Ill.



# Franciscan News

**Spain.**—It was in the Franciscan convent of La Rabida, Spain, that Christopher Columbus received encouragement and advice from Fr. Juan Perez. In 1835, this convent was confiscated by the Government and turned into a national museum. It will be of interest to all friends of the Franciscan Order to learn that this convent is to be restored again to the Franciscans, and that the Rev. Provincial, Bernardine Puig, O. F. M., has already taken active steps to start a community of friars there.

Very Rev. Francis Martinez, O. F. M., of the Custody of the Holy Land, has recently been made a Knight of the Order of Isabel the Catholic, for his untiring services as spiritual director of the Spanish colony at Alexandria.

The "Association of Franciscan Charity" of Madrid is doing noble work in helping poor parishes and churches. So far the association has been able to supply ninety-eight parishes with sacred vestments.

Rev. Dominic Lazaro, O. F. M., of the province of Andalusia, has been named "Director of Music" in the Royal Academy.

The Third Order in Madrid is in a very flourishing condition both at this church (San Fermin) and at the church of *San Francisco el Grande*, which was formerly a Franciscan church, but which since 1836 is a "National Monument." This church is built in the style of a rotunda, with magnificent chapels, statues and paintings. The adjoining convent serves as the residence of a dozen priests attached to the church and to several institutions, and as a barracks for soldiers. This was formerly the residence of the Vicar-General, or if he was a Spaniard, of the Minister General of the Order. Hopes are entertained that the church and convent will, in the near future, be returned to the Order. The National Convention of the Third Order will be held here in June, 1921.

The Third Order maintains its own hospital, with one hundred beds, for the needy members, and also an elementary school. The teachers are paid by the Tertiaries; two Fathers teach the Catechism. The general Communion and the meetings of the Tertiaries are inspiring; all wear the scapular and a heavy cord. The men take part in the processions bearing candles, and serve at the altar. Among the Tertiaries are to be found members of the Cortes, state officials, nobles of all grades, men of national fame in all spheres of public life. They are active members, and from their ranks the officers are generally taken.

The various fraternities are well organized. The ministro (prefect) is usually a man of great prominence. The elections are held in accordance with the regulations of Canon Law. Each of the eight Spanish Provinces appoints a Commissary Provincial of the Third Order; the Commissary General (*i. e.*, National) of the Third Order, who supervises and guides the Order in the whole country, resides in Madrid. This office is at present held by Fr. Lucius Nuñez.

**Seville, Spain.**—In the ecclesiastical seminary of Seville, where practically all the students and professors are members of the Third Order, a Tertiary congress was recently held under the presidency of the Apostolic Nuncio. All the city papers dealt at length with Third Order activity. Archbishop.

**Dietfurt, Germany.**—Prince Alban has been admitted as a novice to the Franciscan convent at Dietfurt, where he will make his studies for the priesthood. The prince is the son of Prince Wilhelm of Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenburg, a Protestant branch of the house of Loewenstein. During the war, Prince Alban held a commission in the Royal Hanoverian Uhlans, and it was during his service in the army that he came into contact with Catholics. Deeply impressed by their holy religion, he finally abandoned Protestantism to embrace the true Faith.

**Toronto, Canada.**—In St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, quite a large number of students were received into the novitiate of the Third Order on the feast of St. Francis. Rev. Father Carroll, director of the Fraternity, preached for the occasion. At present, 125 seminarians are enrolled under the Tertiary banner of St. Francis to the great joy of the Most Rev.

**Cairo, Egypt.**—A beautiful statue of St. Francis of Assisi has been erected at this place to commemorate the seventh centenary of the landing of the Saint in the Holy Land. Cardinal Giustini, protector of the Franciscan Order, unveiled the statue while on his journey from Palestine, where he had been sent by the Holy Father to preside over the centenary celebrations held in Jerusalem.

**Canada, Montreal.**—This city can be truly styled the Tertiary City. Within its precincts it contains twelve flourishing Fraternities, directed by the Franciscan Fathers, as also two other Fraternities attached to parish churches under the directorship of respective pastors.

The following figures will give an idea of the standing of these Fraternities: St. Francis Fraternity (men), 1,000 members and over; St. Louis (men), 400; St. Joseph (men), 230; St. Patrick (men), 200; St. Francis, Mile End (men), 85; St. Elizabeth (women), 2,100; St. Antony (women), 1,575; Our Lady of the Angels (women), 600; Immaculate Conception (women), 600; St. Francis, Mile End (women), 600. In all, Montreal can boast of more than 2,000 men and 5,500 women belonging to the Third Order. The chief magistrate of the city, Mederic Martin, is a member of St. Francis Fraternity.—Franciscan Review.

A glorious record indeed! May our holy Father St. Francis continue to bless this noble and successful work!

**Chicago, Ill., St. Augustine's Church.**—From February 9-15, a retreat was held for the members of the Third Order. The retreat was preached by the local pastor, Fr. Timothy, O. F. M., and the Director, Fr. Hilarion, O. F.

M. The purpose was to awaken new interest amongst the German speaking members and to introduce an English branch for the convenience of the people living in the southern and western sections of the city. The lectures were well attended, and at the close, we are happy to state, about forty-four new members were enrolled in the new English branch. The beginning has been made and we venture to say that, in a short time, the Third Order at St. Augustine's Church will be in a flourishing condition. The meetings for the English section will be held regularly in St. Augustine's Church, 51st and Lafin streets, on every third Sunday of the month. May God bless and prosper this youngest member of St. Francis' large family.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—Under the auspices of the English Branches of the Third Order, a very enthusiastic meeting was held for men only, Sunday evening, February 29. The purpose of the meeting was to arouse interest in the men of Chicago for the Third Order. The Director, Fr. Ulric, O. F. M., presided. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Samuel Macke, O. F. M., and five Fathers of the local residence were present. After the opening prayer, Fr. Ulric introduced the principal speaker of the evening, Mr. Antony Matre, Knight of St. Gregory. Mr. Matre, a loyal Tertiary, spoke to the men on: *The Third Order in Its Relation to Men*. After a brief resumé of the life of St. Francis and the brilliant achievements of his Orders in the various fields of learning, science and missionary activity, the speaker went on in his usual forcible and convincing way to depict the Third Order as a powerful means of social reform. If ever a body of representative men of all walks of life were convinced of the wonderful power of the Third Order, of its ability to make of them loyal, pious, socially active members of Church and State, these men gathered at St. Peter's hall that night were. When, as a beautiful finale to a most convincing address, Mr. Matre read the names of twelve influential men of Chicago, whom he had gained for the Third Order, a storm of applause broke forth, and the men present all pledged themselves not only to join the Third Order, but also to get others to join, so that when, in 1921, the Tertiary Congress is held here in Chicago, St. Peter's Church may show up with a quota of at least 1,000 men. God speed the day! Very Rev. Fr. Provincial then spoke a few words of encouragement to the men, urging them to redeem the pledges they had made, assuring them, that in the Third Order they would find all advantages and means of leading edifying, devout lives.

Thanks are also due to a number of young men who enhanced the evening with beautiful vocal and musical selections. After the closing prayer, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial called the Blessing of God upon the meeting, praying that their efforts may be recorded in heaven and blessed with success.

Thursday evening, March 11, Mr. Matre again entertained a large gathering at St. Peter's hall, this time with his instructive lec-

ture on "The Passion Play of Oberammergau." The lecture was illustrated with about 150 slides. It was held under the auspices of St. Francis' Fraternity of the Third Order for the Benefit of the Missions. A more appropriate time than Lent could not be had for this lecture, and many who were present were heard to say at their departure, "That was better than a sermon." The same lecture was repeated March 25, under the auspices of the St. Louis Fraternity.

**Providence, R. I.**—Plans for the headquarters in this country of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, to be situated in Fruit street, North Providence, have been submitted and accepted, and the actual work on the buildings will be begun as soon as weather conditions permit.

When completed, the establishment will be the largest of its kind in America, it is said, and second only to the one in Rome. The land covers a considerable portion of Fruit Hill, and while handy to the main line of travel, Smith street is far enough back to insure the desired seclusion.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Franciscan Herald, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April, 1920, State of Illinois, County of Effingham, ss: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Maximus Poppy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Franciscan Herald, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province; Editor, Reverend Ferdinand Gruen, Teutopolis, Ill.; Managing Editor, Reverend Faustín Hack, 816 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Business Manager, Reverend Maximus Poppy, Teutopolis, Ill. 2. That the owners are: Franciscan Fathers of the State of Missouri, Religious, charitable corporation. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: No bondholders or mortgagees. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Maximus Poppy, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1920. John L. Ründe, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 6th, 1920.) (Seal.)



# Franciscan Kerala

*A monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.*

Volume VIII

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## THE MESSAGE OF ST. FRANCIS

Poverty is so marked a characteristic of St. Francis that he is known as "Il Poverello" or the Little Poor Man. "No man," says his biographer, "was ever so covetous of gold as he was of poverty, nor did any man ever so carefully guard a treasure as he this pearl of the Gospel." Such was St. Francis' love and esteem for what he, in the language of chivalry, called his Lady Poverty. That his love for the most neglected and despised Christian virtues was divinely inspired, is evident to all who have studied the career and the mission of this man of God. Luxury, extravagance, avarice, and rapacity were among the chief evils of his day. He felt more keenly than any of his contemporaries the truth of the saying, that "the root of all evil is the love of money." Hence, in order to draw the minds and hearts of men from the love of gain, he gave the world an example of absolute poverty. Himself extremely poor in fact and in spirit, he demanded of his followers individual and corporate renunciation of all possessions. He practiced this virtue, not for its own sake, but for the love of Him who became poor for us. The ideal that Francis worshipped was, not squalid poverty, but the poor Christ.

Never perhaps in the history of the world has the human race been so rich in earthly goods as at present. To possess in order to enjoy seems to be the only reason the generality of mankind have for their existence. Pelf and pleasure are the two things that people the world over are planning and scheming and toiling and moiling and fighting and suffering and living and dying for. Poverty they regard as an unmitigated evil, as a shame and a curse.

Poverty may be a physical evil, and as such undesirable. Yet it is far from being either a shame or a curse. Else why did Christ honor it by espousing it? The world has been made richer and happier by the example of the poor Christ and His poverty-loving disciple St. Francis than by all the schemes of wise economists for the enrichment of humankind.



# Editorials

## PEACE NOT YET

**W**HEN a year ago the contents of the peace treaty were first given to the world, we did not hesitate to characterize it as a peace of the *vae victis* brand, a peace of undisguised vengeance, a peace of autocracy, capitalism, and imperialism. We were promptly brought to book at the time for our pro-German views. We have since found that our only fault was that we dared to express our convictions some months before most of our editors and public men felt safe to do so. What the critics of the Government, now that they have recovered the use of their organs of speech, have said about the treaty of late, makes our own criticism sound tame and innocent, indeed.

Addressing the City Club of Saint Louis, Mo., on April 9, Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts went so far as to denounce the treaty as a crime. He said in part:

When I began to study the instrument. I found that its critics were right, and that the treaty was fatally defective and subversive of the best interests of the United States. . . . The treaty violates every principle of international justice, and attempts to establish a status quo, which, if it had existed in revolutionary days, would have sent our revolutionary forefathers to the block. I hate to say it—but it is a fact—that there is not a foot of fertile soil, or countries of great natural resources, which were held by weak peoples, that our recent allies did not seize. They took over lands occupied by 900,000,000, while their own population is but 3,000,000. One government alone, an ally, added to its possessions one-fourth of the entire world. This peace treaty is a crime.

Senator Walsh is a Democrat and a Catholic, and we take it for granted that in attacking the treaty he is acting from principle. We should like to think that all his colleagues were actuated by the same high motives in rejecting the treaty of peace as submitted by the President. It

is all too apparent, however, that politics played an important part in preventing ratification. But, whether the treaty has been killed through politics or principles, we rejoice that for the present at least it is dead, and we hope it will remain dead as a door nail for all time to come. An attempt is to be made to resurrect it at the coming national elections. But if it is an unjust treaty, it deserves no better fate than it met with in the United States Senate; and we hope that the Catholic voters will have the courage of their brethren in Italy who have denounced the pact as essentially unjust, and who are demanding not revision but rejection of the treaty of Versailles.

## GODS VERSUS THE MOTHER OF GOD

**A**S with the pagans," says Orestes A. Brownson, one of America's greatest thinkers and writers, "the worship of the impure gods of their mythologies could not fail to corrupt worshippers, so with Christians the worship of the purity and the sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to purify and render holy those who, in sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart, were careful to practice it."

In the religious systems of the ancient peoples—in the cults of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phenicians, in the Greek and Roman worship of Aphrodite, the mother of the gods, in the veneration of the Lydian Omphale, the Erycinian Venus, the Persian Anahita, in the religious mysteries and processions, in the stories and representations of the gods and goddesses, which met the eye at every turn in private dwellings and public places—temples, theaters, baths, parks, streets—nowhere was there found anything inspiring or elevating, but everything cal-

culated to undermine virtue and to glorify vice. We need only recall the shameful rites and customs surrounding even the most sacred acts in these pagan religions to understand what a demoralizing influence the cult of the gods must have had on the ancient peoples. Men like Plato, Euripides, Isocrates, Antisthenes, and Propertius, who were anything but squeamish, freely admit that the myths and the pictures of the gods had the worst possible effect on the morals of their contemporaries. How could it be otherwise when the worshippers found so ready an excuse for their own vicious habits in the example of the gods; yes, even encouragement to imitate and venerate them by similar deeds?

It is reserved for Christianity to effect a radical change in the morals as in the beliefs of men. For the worship of the impure gods it substituted the adoration of the one all-holy God; for the cult of the immoral goddesses, the veneration of the immaculate Mother of God. To her as the purest and holiest creature that ever issued from the hands of God the Christian heart has from the beginning of the Church accorded all but divine honors. After that of her divine Son, her name is the most honored, her image the most respected, her memory the most cherished, her virtues the most admired. From busy mart and quiet countryside, from lowly cot and gilded palace, from humble chapel and marble dome, the sound of her praises daily rises. Heavenward like the voice of many waters.

Devotion to Mary has done more for the purifying of morals and the refining of manners in the Christian era than any other influence outside of the direct operation of the Holy Ghost in the Church. The example of her chaste and holy life has always been a vital force in the Church, inspiring, attracting her clients to the practice of even heroic chastity. All generations have called her blessed, and all generations have derived from her shining example inspiration and strength to emulate even the angels in purity of heart and holiness of life.

## A BISHOP ON FEMALE ATTIRE

**I**N a ringing pastoral letter, the Most Rev. J. W. Shaw, Archbishop of New Orleans, has recently issued a solemn protest against immodesty of female attire. With true apostolic freedom and manly courage he scores the modern styles of woman's dress; nor does he mince his words in endeavoring to bring the women of his diocese to a sense of their duty in this matter. We are glad to note that prominent members of the hierarchy are lending their name and authority to the crusade against indecent female attire; for, unless the Bishops raise their voice against this crying abuse, private efforts must remain unavailing. The evil is too deep-rooted and universal to be combated successfully by the haphazard and spasmodic, if well meant, efforts of individual members of the clergy and the laity. The latter, however, will feel heartened to keep up the fight by the outspoken pastoral of Archbishop Shaw. It contains so much that is timely and noteworthy that we shall take the liberty to quote therefrom at some length:

While we are neither presumptuous nor foolish enough to discuss "colors, forms and fashions," yet we are deeply concerned with the morals of dress in the interest of Christian purity and modesty. The present shocking disregard in modern female attire for the elementary principles of ordinary decency is simply appalling. It is a question whether the licentious woman of the degenerate Roman Empire surpassed her modern society sister in her immodesty of dress. To say nothing from an economic viewpoint of the large sums expended foolishly for the gratification of female vanity, "to be dressed up and built up and masqueraded" only to be looked at, the disgusting realism of the modern fashions is fast extinguishing in the hearts of all noble-minded men that spirit of reverence and chivalry which regarded women of other days as something almost mystic and divine. How humiliating it must have been to the painted and wanton beauties of modern society to read not long ago in a daily paper that their grotesque and shameless fashions originate in the minds of their fallen sisters in a prominent European capital!

Oh, the pity and the shame of it that so many of our ordinarily good Catholic women of all classes and of nearly every age, married as well as single, mothers as well as daughters, are the servile imitators of the immodest fashions of the day! To such an extent have some of them lost the natural modesty and shrinking delicacy of their sex that they hesitate not to come before the Holy of Holies and approach the sacred table in such scant apparel as must needs make the angels veil their faces with their wings. We have seriously debated with ourselves whether we are not bound in conscience to exclude such women from the House of God Whose Vicar on Earth would not tolerate their presence for a moment. Our patient forbearance and wish to spare them a painful humiliation must not be considered as a weak connivance of their scandalous violation of the sanctity of God's House.

In this connection we wish also to remind parents of their grave obligation to dress their young daughters, from the tenderest years, according to the laws of Christian modesty. Our Catholic women would save themselves and others the guilt of many sins and would win the respect and esteem of all right-minded persons if they would follow the example of the God-fearing women of other days, who, in the matter of dress, took counsel of their good sense and attired themselves according to their station in life. These truly Christian mothers and modest maidens know how to avoid the extreme of singularity of plainness, which may be only the affectation of vanity, and the extreme of servile imitation of fashions which reflect the corrupt spirit of the world. If the daughters of the Church will be her glory in the chaste generation so highly praised by the Holy Spirit, Christian mothers, by word and example, in season and out of season, must endeavor to eradicate the soul-destroying evil of the modern immodest fashions.

These words have a manly ring, and we hope they will have the desired effect. His Grace deserves the hearty thanks of all who are trying to avert what they regard as one of the gravest dangers threatening the morals of this country. Reform in matters of woman's dress is imperative, and the sooner the movement for reform is nationalized, the better for the country. The Third Order of St. Francis is a national organization, and the members thereof are bound by their Rule

of life to observe moderation in dress. What society, therefore, could be better adapted to undertake this campaign against indecent fashions than the Third Order? In fact, we think that for these reasons it is incumbent on them to do so. We have at various times appealed to the Directors and members of Third Order fraternities to take up this most laudable reform work; but our appeals have gone unheeded. Can it be that the Directors and their charges are indifferent to the widespread immorality superinduced by the wanton and audacious styles displayed by so many women? We refuse to believe it. But, if they are really concerned about the spiritual welfare of their neighbor, had they not better start something to counteract the evil influence of the prevailing fashions? The only thing for all good Christian women to do, is to set their faces resolutely against all extravagance and indecency in dress by refusing to wear any piece of clothing that does not conform to the postulates of the Christian modesty and by inducing others to do the same. In this way, the shameless women will be driven under cover and made to feel the impropriety of their conduct. There are decent women enough in every parish and community to make their numbers felt, and it is their plain duty to assert themselves.

Almost a year ago FRANCISCAN HERALD established what it regarded as a proper standard for woman's dress and embodied this standard in four points or principles. We have since had these principles, together with the Holy Father's late appeal for modesty of dress, printed on cards, which we shall mail, for purposes of distribution, to all who are interested in the matter of dress reform. We have gone to considerable expense in having these pledge cards printed, and we hope there will be a sufficient demand for them to justify the outlay on our part. Let our readers remember that we shall be glad to send these cards to anybody that is willing to distribute them and encourage others to sign them.





## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**T**HE Third Order Question Box is still being liberally patronized, and I only regret that the space allotted to me is not sufficient for answering all the questions that have been sent in.

There are still doubts in the minds of some Tertiaries regarding the Third Order cord. Thus, one asks whether there is any particular way of fastening the cord. No, there is no particular way of fastening the cord, so long as a portion of it encircles the waist, and the remaining portion with the knots hangs at one's right side, just as the large cord is worn by the members of the First and Second Orders of St. Francis. It is not permitted to wear the cord snugly tucked away in one's pocket or fastened "all in a bunch"—as some one has expressed it—to one's clothing. By its very nature, it is a girdle or cincture, and it must be worn as such. This is evident from the prayer the priest says when investing a Tertiary novice with the cord: "May the Lord gird thee with the cincture of purity, and extinguish in thy veins the passion of lust, that the virtue of continency and chastity may dwell in thee. Amen."

Another reader wishes to know whether a Tertiary penitent must ask the Confessor for the General Absolution. As the General Absolution, or Indulged Blessing, is a special spiritual favor, granted by Holy Church on certain great feasts, it is evident that there is no obligation to receive it or to ask for it. Since, however, a plenary indulgence is attached to this Absolution, it would be foolish for a Tertiary wilfully to neglect to receive it. In this connection, I may reply to another query, viz.: Can the plenary indulgence attached to the General Absolution be applied to the souls departed? Yes. I may add that all the indulgences granted to Tertiaries, with the exception of the plenary indulgence for the hour of

death, are applicable to the souls in purgatory.

"Is a plenary indulgence attached to the wearing of the large habit at the hour of death?" asks a Tertiary who is doubtless anxious to depart this life as heavily laden as possible with spiritual riches. I am sorry that I can not answer this question in the affirmative. For, while it is certainly a great blessing and privilege to die clothed in the large habit of St. Francis and to appear thus, as it were, before the judgment seat of God, still I can not find that Holy Church has ever enriched this pious practice with a plenary indulgence. —

But now for a chat on the purpose of the Third Order.

When St. Francis of Assisi was asked by Bl. Luchesius, a rich merchant of Poggibonsi, in Italy, for a rule of life by which to guide his conduct and reach a higher degree of sanctity, our Seraphic Father replied, "I have been thinking for some time to establish a third order in which persons living in the world may serve God in a perfect manner." These words, my friends, contain in brief the main purpose of the Third Order of St. Francis. Pope Pius X declared in a letter to the superiors of the three branches of the First Order that, as far as the nature of the Third Order is concerned, it does not differ from the First and Second Orders. Now the nature of the First and Second Orders of St. Francis is spiritual, and their prime purpose is the personal sanctification of the members. Men and women enter the First and Second Orders that by the observance of the Rule and of the evangelical counsels they may attain a higher degree of holiness. Similarly, people join the Third Order of St. Francis, that thereby they may the more easily attain to true Christian perfection and reach a degree of holiness in keeping with their station in life.

But is not the Church sufficient of herself to lead men to Christian perfection? Why then establish a special Order? To this objection I can answer that our Lord when asked by the rich young man what he should do to obtain eternal life, after

telling him to observe the commandments, said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; and come, follow Me." These words show plainly that there are various ways of working out one's salvation, one more perfect than the other. Hence, we find that from the earliest ages of the Church many Christians, desirous of obtaining a greater degree of sanctity and of the more certainly working out their eternal salvation, adopted various Rules of life that went more or less beyond the strict demands of the commandments of God and of the Church. Even St. Paul exalted the spiritual advantages of the virginal state. This is the reason for the existence of the great religious Orders of Benedictines, Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and others. The same

reason that has brought these wonderful institutions into being, can be assigned for the existence of the Third Order of St. Francis. It is not something apart from the Church, but an institution existing within the Church for the sanctification of her children. The Rule of the Third Order does not differ from the Gospel, but is the perfection of the Gospel, as far as the laity are concerned. It is, to

quote St. Francis himself, "the marrow of the Gospel."

It is very consoling for all Tertiaries to know that from among all the societies instituted by Holy Church for the spiritual advancement of the laity, she herself has chosen the Third Order of St. Francis as the one best suited for this purpose, and she has never ceased from the time it was established to urge those whom force of circumstances or free choice compels to live in the world, to band themselves together under the Tertiary banner of St. Francis. More than forty Popes have raised their voices in behalf of this wonderful institution, praising, recommending, defending it, and lavishing countless favors and privileges on its members. A number of them, to mention only the last four Popes, Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, and our present gloriously reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV, have donned the Third Order habit, and have deemed it an honor to be numbered among the Tertiary children of St. Francis.

Addressing the archconfraternities of

Rome in December, 1883, Pope Leo XIII said: "We should like to persuade you all, whoever you may be, young ladies as well as elderly dames, to seek admission into the Third Order of St. Francis." And writing to the Congress of the French Catholic Association of Young Men, the same Pope says: "Let all confessors occupy themselves in gathering into the Third Order principally the men, and



St. Ferdinand, King  
Third Order

especially the young men; for I am profoundly convinced that by it and by the diffusion of Franciscan ideas, we shall save the world." Remarkable words, you say. Remarkable indeed, the more so since they come from the vicegerent of Jesus Christ Himself, from the supreme head of the Church. Pope Leo also points out why he is so anxious to see all of his lay children enter the Third Order of St. Francis. He says: "The Third Order of its very nature draws men to the love of Jesus Christ. Tertiaries learn in the Third Order to love our Lord with a real solid love. The Third Order will draw men to the practice of Christian perfection and to a love for Holy Church."

But this is just what I have been contending is the real and primary purpose of the Third Order, namely, to lead those living in the world to the heights of true Christian perfection, or, as a certain Fran-

ciscan Father has aptly put it, to make men "one hundred per cent Catholic." Truly, those of you, my dear readers, who are Tertiaries have every reason to rejoice over the fact that God has called you to so wonderful an institution. And those of you who are not yet members of the Third Order will lose no time, I trust, in enrolling yourselves, if possible, under the Tertiary banner of our Seraphic Father St. Francis. I should like to continue this chat, but my space has already been more than filled. Next month, I propose to speak to you about the secondary purpose of the Third Order, which is expressed in the words of Pope Pius X: "The purpose of the Third Order is that the members put into daily practice the precepts of evangelical perfection and be an example of Christian life for the imitation of others."

## A TERTIARY NOVELIST

By MARY J. MALLOY

**G**EORGIANA CHARLOTTE LEVE-  
SON GOWER, novelist and Ter-  
tiary, was born September 23, 1812.  
She was the youngest daughter of Gran-  
ville Leveson Gower, the Lord Granville,  
who was so prominent a figure in English  
political life in the early part of the last  
century, and of Lady Harriet Cavendish,  
daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.  
Her brother, the second Earl Granville, was  
one of the leading statesmen of Victoria's  
reign, and there was scarcely a noble house  
in England which was not connected by ties  
of relationship with the family of the fu-  
ture novelist.

"It was in the midst of rank and afflu-  
ence that one of the simplest and humblest  
souls ever seen, perhaps, outside the walls  
of a cloister, was trained and formed," says  
Mrs. Craven, the friend and biographer of  
the subject of our sketch.

She was born at Tixall Hall, Stafford-  
shire, an ancient Catholic home, rented by  
her father, at the time of his marriage,  
from Sir Clifford Constable. He was the  
first Protestant that ever dwelt under its  
roof as master, and his daughter Georgi-

ana the first baby, not Catholic, to open its  
eyes there. She often wondered in later  
life if the associations that lingered about  
the old walls of Tixall had not formed an  
unconscious influence in her conversion to  
the Faith of her forefathers.

She and her sister Susan were brought  
up very strictly, in the fashion of the day,  
for young ladies of rank. Until their debut,  
the nursery and the schoolroom were their  
boundaries, and in a house renowned for  
its brilliant gatherings and the eminence of  
its guests, the two were veritable little nuns.

The monotony of their daily life was  
almost too much for Georgiana. Imagina-  
tive and full of life, she got along very  
poorly with a stern and unimpressible  
governess, Mlle. Eward, of whom she saw  
more at that period of her life than of her  
own mother. In a lively account of these  
early years, written to please an intimate  
friend, Georgiana says, "I had occasional  
fits of piety in which I wanted to die and  
go to Heaven, when a child, simply as a  
change, I think!" She loved books, but few  
were allowed her, and even these were care-  
fully looked over by her Mentor, who ruth-

lessly cut out pages or sewed them up, to the intense silent wrath of her small pupil. And yet, strange to say, she was presented at the mature age of *ten* with the "Genius of Christianity"! The eager young mind caught at the big book and its bigger title, but with unanticipated results. Her appalled governess was informed that "as the Apostles had founded the Catholic Church—the book said so!—it must be the real one." We are not told whether she was allowed to continue her study of Chateaubriand, but the astonishment and anger of Mlle. Eward are faithfully chronicled.

Georgiana's early religious influences were vague and slight. The use of holly at Christmas and the carol, "Hark, the herald angels sing!" were her most vivid impressions on the subject. Along with these two bits of remembrance were those of her sister and herself being forbidden to lift Bible or prayer-book carelessly, and that one day spelling out some words in the room where her mother was seated and saying, "G-o-d—God!" Lady Granville at once called her to account for an irreverent pronunciation of the name of the Deity.

Georgiana's childish mind, however, was not so starved as her poor little soul. She lived in a world of her own making, and whenever the rare happiness of a "story" was allowed her, she immediately imagined herself her favorite character therein, to her own great satisfaction. She even tried her hand at little French verses, and wrote a "Tragedy on John and Prince Arthur, Imitated After Shakespeare" (her own title). This seems to show that if her reading was limited, it was at least not commonplace.

In 1824, her father was made Minister to France, and it was in France that Georgiana resided for the greater part of her youth. Now everything was changed, and most pleasantly. Lady Granville was celebrated for her social successes, and her two young daughters, much more with her, and kept no longer so rigorously under the rule of their governess, made acquaintance with many distinguished people of the day. Among these was the Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Georgiana does not seem to have altogether cared for the honor, however, as she says, "My English feelings were quite hurt at what I have no doubt she meant

most kindly. She said to my mother, 'Your daughters are so polite; one would take them for little French girls!' " At a juvenile party given by the Duchess of Berri, she met Montalembert for the first time. He was about fifteen, her own age, and asked her to dance with him a certain French dance with which she was not familiar. "It was a very active one. I got tired and wanted to stop. He said, 'No, no; I shouldn't get another partner if you did!' My first impression of the dear holy friend of later years was that he was a very selfish boy!"

About this time, a friend sent her a book, "Father Clement," still surviving on our public library shelves, and thought by many to be a Catholic story. Strange to say, this book, written in the most partisan of spirits, gave Georgiana her first Catholic leanings, through her admiration of the young priest, its hero, made the finest of characters by the author, for the insidious purpose of emphasizing his final renouncing of the Faith at the end of the story. Instead of prejudicing her against the Catholic religion, "Father Clement" was my apostle," she said. "He was the first to attract me towards it." A wonderful instance, indeed, of how good can spring from evil.

Just about this time, also, she was sent to Liszt, then commencing his career, for music lessons. He found her a very unsatisfactory pupil, and she would always laugh heartily when telling how he would sometimes run around the room stopping his ears while she was playing. When, long afterwards, some one questioned him as to her musical talent, Liszt's sole reply was—"Ah, she was so amiable!"

Now, too, her budding literary powers began to show forth. She wrote a romantic poem of the days of chivalry, much to the disgust of Mlle. Eward. "That a pupil of mine should write a romance at fifteen!" she lamented. But this same lady did not hesitate to claim her as such when her novels made her the talk of the day.

In due time, the Ladies Susan and Georgiana were introduced to society, and life became exceedingly pleasant to them. Georgiana's nature expanded like a flower in sunshine. "The more I go into the world, the more I like it!" she said, with fresh enjoyment. The sisters were inseparable. They were married at the same time,

Susan to Lord Rivers, Georgiana to Capt. Alexander Fullerton, an officer of excellent family and of the highest character. The union was a singularly happy one. "I suppose he is not perfect," the young bride said naively, "for nobody is perfect in this world, but he is certainly very nearly so." The marriage took place in 1833, and the birth of a son the following year completed their happiness. Some years after, Capt. Fullerton's health became seriously impaired, and he was advised to try the Italian climate for a while. In Italy, he and his wife had the entrée to the best Catholic society of the day, and Lady Fullerton's former attraction to the Faith rapidly grew to proportions that finally made it the prominent object of her secret thoughts. Her husband heard the calling of the same inward voice; he listened, and entered the Church in 1842. His wife did not follow his example for some time; it was not until 1846 that she became at last a Catholic. "As soon as she entered the Church she began to mount to the heights," says Mrs. Craven. Capt. Fullerton was a sincere and fervent convert, and the union of two such choice souls produced the most ideal of homes. Out of the fullness of her generous heart, Lady Fullerton now began to share its treasures with others. Her talent for writing had grown and developed; two works of hers had been published before her marriage, while she was still a Protestant. One was the translation of a French poem, the other her first novel, "Ellen Middleton." Written under the influence of the "High Church" agitation, a burning issue of the day in the English Church, this book is of a morbid tone that renders it unattractive to Catholics, and leaves on the reader an unpleasing sensation of gloom and sadness—a singular thing, for the authoress was the embodiment of cheerfulness. It produced a sensation in English society, however, not only from the position of the writer, but from its fine character drawing and its literary excellence of style. These two productions of her pen proved quite remunerative, and the money received by Lady Fullerton was given entirely to charity. After her conversion, she wrote a large number of novels, essays, and poems. In fact, her versatile pen seemed at home in almost every field. The proceeds of these works

of hers went entirely, as those of her first efforts, to charity. Among the best are "A Stormy Life," which has been pronounced one of the best historical novels ever written, both for matter and manner; "Too Strange Not to Be True," "Laurentia," "Constance Sherwood," a tale of Elizabeth's reign, "A Will and a Way," numerous short stories, "Mrs. Gerald's Niece," "Lady Bird" and "Grantley Manor," two novels of modern life. Apropos of the latter, Fanny Kemble, the English actress and niece of the great Mrs. Siddons, said to a friend, "I got so lost in Lady Fullerton's charming 'Grantley Manor,' that, having it propped before me at the dining table, and meaning to carry a glass of port to my lips while I read, I found the mustard cruet there instead!"

To devote the proceeds of all these works to the poor did not satisfy the zeal of Lady Fullerton. In every one of them, she endeavored, besides, to benefit the minds and hearts of her readers. Full of this purpose, she allowed nothing but extreme cases to interfere with her hours of literary work, but neither did she allow herself to neglect other interests for the pen. She had social duties to perform which, with many women, would have filled the larger portion of the day; she never failed in her personal attention to the poor, the sick, or the suffering. The pleasure and interests of her husband were never neglected, nor those of her own family and friends.

By all of these she was deservedly beloved, and the cross so many converts are forced to carry—the alienation of those they love on account of their change of religion—was never hers. Her only son and child, Granville, died in 1855, just as he came of age. This was a blow from which her heart never entirely recovered; but even in the first days of her sorrow, her own feelings were put aside that she might better comfort the stricken father. After the death of this beloved son, Lady Fullerton and her husband threw themselves with a veritable passion into a life of devotion to the poor. These were now their heirs instead of the boy God had taken from them. It was at this time that Lady Georgiana became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. In a notebook found after her death this touching entry appears:

"I am about to become a daughter of St.

Francis of Assisi, the apostle of poverty. O Blessed Lord, help me to practise it in every little way I can. Above all, by fighting against every wish to be esteemed or thought highly of. I make a firm resolution to consider my money as not belonging to myself, but to God and the poor, only taking for myself what is necessary for dress and the things I have to pay for. Not to spend anything that is not, directly or indirectly, for the glory of God, little presents of affection and kindness being, I consider, included in the latter class."

A Protestant niece, a favorite of hers who was often with her, said, "Aunt Georgy's religion was never morose—she enjoyed living." This cheerful piety was a striking feature of her life. She kept her sorrows in her own heart and was ever ready to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings that were daily hers. It would be impossible to speak here in detail of the great deal of good she did among the sick and suffering. "Georgiana never visits anybody now but the three 'S's'—the Sick, the Sinful, and the Sorrowful," complained a

friend, with affectionate exaggeration. Hospitals, asylums, free schools for the poor, needy churches, the work of the missionaries abroad, what we now call Red Cross work, in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1 (she headed a band of ladies of rank who brought over to England and provided for a large number of French victims of the war)—these are but some of the good works made possible by a generous fortune and an incomparably more generous heart.

This true daughter of St. Francis lost none of the elevation and cheerfulness of her Father's spirit when at last there crept upon her a gradual decline that caused the pen to fall from her busy hand, and forbade any more the round of daily charities, the spending of energies seemingly unconquerable. Unafraid of death, she passed away, quietly and peacefully in January, 1885, her hand in his who for more than fifty years had been the loving and faithful companion of her life.

—"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates."  
—Prov. xxxi, 10.

## APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

*Dear Sisters in St. Francis:*

There are two "extra special" reasons why I am glad to be writing to you this time. First, because it is always a joy to write on the subject of modesty during the month of our Blessed Lady. It is to her we turn as a flower to the light when the thought of the incomparable virtue of purity in all its phases comes before our minds. I sometimes wonder how one can look for a real love of that virtue in those who do not know and love our *Mater purissima*. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the lovely Queen of May should grant a smile of great tenderness to those who are making a concerted effort to be more worthy of her love by striving for modesty in dress.

Besides that great reason, I'm simply bubbling over with excitement, because this month is the one just preceding next month.

"How absurd!" I can hear you say, "as if that were any sensible reason for wanting to write." But listen!

It is only natural for Catholics to love next month, because June is the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is only natural for Tertiaries to have a little added love for it on account of the Feast of St. Antony; and it is more than natural that the readers of this department should think of June with quickened pulses (especially the young women readers), because, forsooth, it is the month when some of them will be likely to embrace the holy state of matrimony.

"That is perfectly true, but why not wait till June to talk about it?" This from some of my sisters who are not brides-to-be.

For the simple reason that there is, besides the other big questions that precede the day of marriage, one that I am quite sure looms gigantic in the minds of nearly every June 1920 bride, *right now*. Yes, the first guess is correct. It's clothes!

Margaret Randolph, who came in to-day

to talk over her own trousseau with me, said that it is because a bride can look prettier in June than almost any other time. That sounds plausible, though as Margaret has chosen the thirteenth of the month for her wedding day, we members of the family of St. Francis are free to put our own construction on her choice.

"It comes on Sunday this year, too," she said, "so I expect to begin my life as Mrs. John Farrel in the most perfect manner possible."

Their little dove-cot of a home is completed; Margaret is spending every spare moment decking it out as a real home, that is when she isn't studying household economy, cooking, menu planning, and everything else that goes with it; or else entertaining John "between gasps" as she puts it, or swooping down on her "Agnes darling" to inveigle her into laying aside her "notes on modesty" and going with her to see a perfectly gorgeous, yet amazingly Modesta-like pattern that Mrs. Lyon has designed for a house dress. I sigh, but go with her gladly, for though Margaret deals in superlatives these days, her ideas are always worthwhile. I wish I might tell you all about the house and Margaret's plans for housekeeping; but alas, that is hardly within the scope of "Apparel Talk." So, we'll try to confine our chat to bridal garments this time.

Margaret had decided to have her trousseau simple and practical as well as charming and dainty.

"It's so foolish to load oneself down with clothes, as if one never expected to get anything else to wear as long as life lasts—a downright reflection on the man, I should say," Margaret had declared, when the matter of bridal apparel had first come up for discussion. So it was with that understanding we had taken up the problem in earnest.

Of course, it is the wedding gown itself that is of paramount importance. We decided on pussy-willow taffeta, as that silk combines the soft grace of satin with the simplicity of taffeta, while in wearing qualities it outranks both. The gown is cut on empire lines with long close-fitting sleeves, in the quaint becoming style of 1830. The veil of real lace that Margaret's mother and grandmother wore before her, will lend richness to the costume. The definite note

of quaintness will be achieved by one of those exquisite colonial bouquets of pink, lavender, yellow, blue, and cream, all cunningly combined within the limits of a lacy paper frill, which will constitute the bride's bouquet. Margaret will look like an old-fashioned picture in this outfit.

Her traveling suit is of dark taupe Jersey, a one-piece dress, and a graceful circular cape taking the place of the regulation suit.

"Taupe is the only color," she decided. "It simply refuses to become travel-stained, and from experience I know that Jersey cloth almost will not wear out. Oh, I can see myself in my taupe costume in various forms for a year or so. Then I can have it dyed a rich brown, and behold, I'll have a brand new dress for any number of years more."

With this suit she will wear a chic little hat of dark brown straw braid, faced under the brim with shell pink, for the taupe and brown unrelieved, would be a bit too somber for a bride. Brown pumps and stockings exactly matching the brown of the hat, and gloves of the same shade will complete this outfit. She will carry a bag of taupe silk with a brown and pink shell top, however; for, though a brown bag could be substituted, it was from the colors in this bag that the scheme of the costume was built.

If some of my readers, who are prospective brides, like the idea of this costume, but think that a complete wool dress is too warm for constant wear, they might have the dress made with a detachable overblouse. Then by providing one or two blouses in crepe de chine or taffeta in the same or a harmonizing color, according to taste, the result would be practically the same.

Margaret is providing several pretty washable dresses for afternoon and evening wear at home, and six simple morning dresses (also washable) each with an apron to match. The average bride could get on with fewer, but as Margaret says, "When a person starts anything like that, it's hard to stop."

These things, with a couple of taffeta dresses for more formal occasions, and two evening gowns, carefully conforming to the "four points," an evening wrap and hat, two white sport skirts, a sports jacket with

a little hat to match, a complete array of underthings, all made by Margaret herself, and several pairs of shoes and gloves with, of course, the usual supply of stockings and negligées, will complete the outfit. In spite of the resolutions to make it simple, I am sure that nine out of ten June brides can do with much less—I am equally sure, however, that nine out of ten June brides will have much more.

\* \* \* \* \*

An interesting article has come to my desk on the subject of women's attire, by no less eminent an authority than the medical examiner of Wellesley College, Dr. Edith Hale Swift. The article is syndicated, and so has made its appearance in our leading newspapers throughout the country. It is particularly interesting to us who are striving for the things Dr. Swift commends.

She takes up the subject of young women who think it necessary to adopt the extreme styles of the day in order to attract men. The purpose being, we assume, to attract them for marriage. She admits that girls who wear diaphanous and flesh-colored blouses, short and tight skirts, and extreme décolleté, seem to have the best of it in the way of partners and escorts—yes, even in proposals of marriage; but a systematized investigation showed that the men thus enmeshed were not in any way the most desirable members of their sex, in any one of the ways in which we judge a man.

Now, of course, all this, while interesting, should not be necessary for Catholic young women to consider. Nevertheless, it is a sad fact that some Catholic girls as well as those outside the Church are frequently prone to follow like sheep where others lead. It may be that they are all too often leaders themselves. So for that reason, it seems well to mention Dr. Swift's findings on the subject. I feel safe in saying that it is extremely unlikely that members of the Third Order should stoop to seeking to attract by appealing to the passions, as those do who deliberately garb themselves in some of the modern styles; and I hope I am right in saying that Catholic girls in general hold themselves above the kind of men who will be attracted by questionable attire. So much for "sermonizing."

Dr. Swift says that "the right attire emphasizes the personality, wrong attire the person." Much in a sentence. She makes a further statement which must arrest the attention and approval of a Catholic:

"The best example of dress that avoids any emphasis of the person is the garb of the nun. Full, straight dresses, the weight and fullness of which hang from the shoulders are theirs. Even the hair, which to some has a lure and coquetry, is hidden. You look at, you think only of their faces. It should be so with the secular attire of women. The costume should be as the stem and calyx of the rose, merely a background for the flower. A woman's clothes should serve the two main objects. It should be a sufficient covering and should throw the face into relief."

These words, coming from a source not Catholic, are singularly gratifying. Of course, we should hardly advocate having all of our women dress like nuns—neither does Dr. Swift intend that—but the principles of modest and artistic dressing are exemplified by our Sisters, and expressed tersely by the medical examiner of Wellesley. Each day brings fresh evidence of the fact I have so often insisted upon in these columns—that thinking people of every creed are sensing the danger in our modern fashions; and we Catholics, especially those of the Order of Penance, must look to our laurels if we wish to call the great reform movement our own.

Dr. Swift's words of warning were sounded at the International Conference of Women Physicians, recently held in New York. So you can judge of the importance of the occasion. In her article on the subject, from which the extracts quoted above were taken, she tells of an absorbing quest for satisfactory attire, and the results of the search. I shall try to find space to describe what is, in Dr. Swift's opinion, a splendid type of gown, in the next issue.

I have been asked to say something to the girl or woman who must dress on practically "nothing a year." Very well, that, too, I shall consider next time. I am dropping this hint, because I simply can't resist making you watch for an article which it is going to give me the keenest delight to write.

Sincerely in the friendship of our Seraphic Father.  
AGNES MODESTA.





# Fiction



## A DAY IN THY COURTS

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

I WAS sitting by a window of the Olympus Club in an elegantly upholstered chair, with my feet on another elegantly upholstered chair, and the evening paper to obscure the view, when a yellow envelope on a silver salver appeared just under my nose. I broke the club rules; and Julius, the most perfect servant on earth, and worth breaking any rules for, pocketed his coin and vanished like a puff of black smoke. The yellow envelope being opened, I beheld the following legend set forth in stoically calm type—the story that should have been inscribed in gold and purple on creamy vellum, as the only proper setting for its worth and beauty:

"Mr. James Norton,

"Olympus Club, New York City.

"I take the count. For the love of glory, come home and see me through. "DAD."

Now, I can't say that I was entirely surprised; for I had reason to look for something of the sort. But I hadn't expected so sudden and dramatic an announcement as this, and it did rather stun me for a minute. Then I folded my paper and removed my feet from the upholstered chair.

So the Dad had come round at last! He had been very fierce, at first, about my own conversion, some five years before. He had called me, among other things, an emotional young idiot, and he had been more severely agnostic than ever during the three years following. That is to say, he called himself an agnostic; but it seemed to me that his dogmas were pretty well defined.

Then I began to notice a change. First, there was a phase which I can best describe as a suspicious watchfulness, of which I was the unhappy object. I moved about under it with care and circumspection. To this the controversial phase succeeded; and then came a reaction of fierceness and contempt and a general inclination to quarrel. I hoped that I was not misreading signs and omens, and discreetly departed eastward on important business, leaving him to work things out and pursue his secret studies.

Of course, he was going to be furious with himself. I knew him well enough to know how he would fight, and what his pride would urge upon him; and I felt immensely sorry for him, alone in the old place, with the big trees standing guard and the bell ringing for din-

ner at seven. And yet, I knew that I must go and let him have it out. I had been through a handful of difficulties myself, and I saw that his nerves were as raw as mine had been. I must go and wait the outcome.

So now, here was the telegram. He had struck his colors, and was calling for help, and I took the night train for the west. I thought about him a great deal during the homeward journey. I was wondering just what it all meant to him, and how he would take it, and what he would say. I had rather a dread of meeting him. Should I congratulate him and show a little of what I felt, or would it be better just to pass things over and let him make the first move? If I only knew how he was taking it.

He met me at the station. He was very upright, though he looked, somehow, a bit grayer and older. He gripped my hand and observed that the train was exactly on time.

"Car's over here," he remarked as we emerged from the building. "Drove down myself. Hot, isn't it? Had a beastly trip, eh?"

"Rather," I nodded. "Why—it's new!" I added, as he swung open the door of the big machine.

"Yes. Like it? She rides like a wave. Take the wheel, Jimmy, eh? She's a pleasure."

She was. And it was a pleasure to be sitting beside the Dad and presently to be rolling up in front of the old place and see the dogs come tearing round from the stables.

We sat in the library after dinner, and the Dad lit a hoary old pipe. He smoked it out, reached for the tobacco, and refilled it. Then he looked at me.

"Well Jimmy, well, it's a great business, eh?"

I was carefully vague.

"What d'you think—eh, Jimmy?" he demanded, lighting up.

"I—er—well, naturally, I'm very glad, sir." I said feebly.

"Are you?" He smiled down the pipe stem.

"Why, yes, sir—of course." I felt the absolute fool I am sure I looked. The Dad snorted suddenly.

"Bless me!" he cried. "And can't you join your praises to the voices of the cherubim and seraphim and all that, eh? And what comes next on the program?"

I stared.

"Well, I suppose I've got to be initiated, haven't I?" grunted my parent. "And how am I to go through with it—eh?"

"I—I don't understand, exactly, sir——" I ventured apologetically.

The Dad described circles in the air with both hands and rose. He strode up and down the room and came to a halt before the mantelpiece. "Oh, don't be so dashed formal!" he cried. "I'm in a doubledyed indigo funk, Jimmy! Drop the 'sirs' and give a chap a little human sympathy!"

"Why——" I murmured intelligently. "Why—Dad!"

He regarded me, his head on one side. "Well, that'll do for the present. Now, listen! I'm done for. I give in. With every dashed Papist in the county working spells—well! So I wired for you, you see?"

I felt as a man might feel who suddenly fell heir to a flock of elephants or a summer place in the Arctic Circle or a country drug store.

"Quite so," I said.

"You'll—you'll stand by me, Jimmy, won't you?" pleaded the proud and haughty Mr. Norton. "I—dash it all—I don't know the ropes. What—er—what would be the correct thing—eh?"

I bit my lip hard. "Why, you go under instruction," I said. "And then, when you're ready they baptize you. In your case, I should say that the instruction would be a mere formality. I presume you know what you're doing."

"Er—yes. Exactly. Just so. But—but before that, you know, Jimmy? Before that? Eh?"

"Before——?" I looked in perplexity at the upright figure with the bright gray eyes and the picturesque hair. "I—I really don't understand, sir——"

"Well," said the Dad, meditatively, "I should think one might pay one's respects and acknowledge one's obligations? I—er—I don't know the ropes, of course. Er—I haven't done anything about it as yet."

A light began to dawn on me. I rose hastily and was seized with an attack of coughing that obliged me to retire in search of a glass of water. The blessed, punctilious old boy! I returned to the library with a carefully composed face. The Dad regarded me suspiciously, but my innocent directness disarmed him.

"Feel better?" he enquired.

"Yes, sir—thank you. Beastly thing—summer cold. Excuse me. You were saying——"

"Well, I thought perhaps, Jimmy, that you'd—er—give me a little advice in the matter. Would it—ahem—would it be the proper thing to—drive over to St. Elizabeth's, perhaps, and—ah—er——?"

"And make a thanksgiving, you mean?" I helped him out. He nodded, flushing. He was like a fish out of water.

"I—I don't know the ropes," he said again, helplessly. "And—and perhaps you'd write it out for me, Jimmy. Then I could just read it off, you see, and——"

"Write it out!" I echoed, perilously near another spasm with that summer cold.

"Yes. I—Well, suppose I should say the wrong thing, you know, the very first time? It would be—unpardonable! I—I'm afraid I'll lose my head. Why not write it out?"

I sometimes wonder if there ever was a heart more full of honest prayer than was the heart of James S. Norton, Senior, on that summer evening, five years ago; or whether there was ever a more vivid faith than that which had been given this determined unbeliever. Here, then, was my erstwhile infidel parent, so profoundly convinced of God and His Presence in the Eucharist that he had felt it necessary to seek the advice of a properly trained courtier, before venturing to approach the King's Throne! It was something rather new in psychology, and it interested me. He did not know at all that he was praying now, as he stood there facing me, his bright gray eyes fixed anxiously upon mine.

"I—er—I thought it better to postpone it," he was explaining. "I—I supposed you'd know what to do."

"Why don't you write it out yourself?" I suggested. He looked panic-stricken.

"Is it necessary? I thought——"

"But you know, better than I, what you want to say; you know what is in your—your mind. Just say what you feel."

"But—but it mightn't be correct," he objected. "What do I know about it, Jimmy?"

True, he didn't know much "about it" yet. Bless his simplicity!

"Just—just say what you feel," I repeated. "You won't offend Him."

"But—but Jimmy. I don't like to—er—to take advantage of Him, you know, just because He is so—so——" He broke off, rumpling up the beautiful iron-gray hair. "I must give Him my best," he aded after a silence, as if to himself. "A whole life gone! Sixty-two years! I must prove—I must *prove* to Him——"

It was growing dark in the library, but there were other reasons why the tall old figure by the mantel blurred before my vision. A phrase was running through my head like a strain of music: "Too late have I loved Thee——"

"Don't you think you could manage to write it out yourself?" I asked presently. "I believe He would like it better——"

I thought I heard him moving about his

rooms, which were across the hall from mine, when I woke out of my first sleep, about two o'clock. I opened my door softly. A light showed under his door. I listened. Through the stillness I caught the characteristic loud scratching of a big stub pen, and then a pause. Then the sound of crumpling and tearing of paper. Then a longer pause, and more scratching—and I inferred that he was in difficulties with his court speech.

He appeared at breakfast looking magnificent, and not at all like a man who has sat up three-fourths of the night struggling with a troublesome problem. He was attired in an immaculate Panama suit, a spotless white stock, a modest but elegant gold scarf pin, and white buck shoes that seemed profaned by contact with the floors. He was shaved and brushed and combed up to the last notch.

"Good morning, Jimmy," he said. "Did you order the car? Or do we breakfast first?"

"We may as well eat," was my opinion. "Did you intend to go fasting?"

"Well—I didn't know. I got it all fixed up," he beamed, patting his breast pocket. "Took me pretty nearly all night, but it's done!"

I looked at him.

"Don't be an ass," he growled, and attacked his dish of sliced peaches violently.

He parked the car before St. Elizabeth's an hour later and sat in silence, slowly drawing off his driving-gloves. "You—you go in first," he said, abruptly. "Wait! What do I do?"

I elaborated a bit on instructions delivered last night. He was so lost. "Well, you just dip your finger in the holy water by the door and make the Sign of the—"

"Eh?"

"—of the Cross; because you're a Catholic now; by intention, though you've never been baptized."

He showed alarm. "You didn't put that in last night," he said. "I—I don't think I can do that. Not yet. It—it doesn't seem—er—correct, to me. Of course, I suppose you know best, but—it's like stealing a password. And, anyway, I don't know how—"

"Well, never mind," I soothed him. "Just walk in, you know, and follow me down the aisle. Then, before you enter the pew, you must genuflect—kneel on one knee—and get up again; and then you go into the pew, and—"

"And which knee do I go down on when I—er—genuflect—?"

"The right one. And then we'll stay as long as you like, you know. And when you want to go, tell me."

"And—and then—"

"Well, then get up and genuflect again and walk out."

"Walk out?"

"Certainly—how else?"

"Backwards, you mean?"

"Backw—?"

"But how can I turn my back on—?"

I bit my lip, but not for laughter. The color surged up to his temples. He was stuffing his gloves down behind the seat, and I saw that his hands were shaking.

"Jimmy," he whispered. "I—I don't believe I can do it—"

It was not, I think, until that moment, that I began to realize just what this conversion meant. This man had never set foot in a Catholic church. He had never, to my knowledge, met a priest. He had worked it all out alone. And, though, as he had suspected, I had had "every dashed Papist in the county" praying for him during a considerable period, it did seem to me that he deserved a large share of personal credit in the matter! But now, I was afraid that he might bolt and run. He looked quite equal to it.

"Now, Dad," I soothed him down again, "you come along after me, and it'll be all right. Why, it's awfully simple—"

He climbed out of the machine. "Very well," he submitted. "I'm under orders, Jimmy!" And he followed me head up, gallantly.

Father Celestine took him on for instruction the next day but one. He was still disturbed over his visit to the King, but I insisted that he begin his lessons; for I thought that his strangeness would wear off more quickly under the gentle and normal influence of the rosy, placid little man who always said and did exactly the right thing at the right time and in the right place. Nor was I wrong. The Dad returned from his hour at the friary, beaming.

"It's all right, Jimmy," he said. "It's perfectly all right."

"Did you know your lesson?" I asked, smiling. The idea of the Dad studying the catechism tickled my fancy.

"Didn't make a mistake," he declared, very much pleased with the entire affair. He had accepted Father Celestine wholeheartedly, and I could see that the little friar's word would henceforth be law and gospel.

The gossip and criticism of his business and social acquaintances didn't appear to disturb him in the least. I heard a good deal of it, from time to time, and I was made sore and angry more than once, but when these matters reached the ears of the Dad, he took them up with a mild interest, turned them about, examined them, rather after the manner of a naturalist collecting curious insects, and dropped them into peaceful oblivion. His attitude amazed and delighted me. He was quieter, too,—less hasty of temper in every way. I

felt that he bade fair to be a splendid convert; but, bless me, how little I knew of what was going on inside that handsome old head. How little did I dream of what, as Young America would phrase it, I was to be "let in for"!

He finished his instructions, was baptized, and made his First Communion. He came through the various ordeals very well, though he confided to me some days later that he had not slept at all the night before his first reception of our Lord. Still, Father Celestine did wonders with him. He was getting his balance.

## II

It was a very wonderful thing to me to think of all that had taken place in the soul of this convert. I had been baptized in infancy, in accordance with my mother's wishes; but the Dad's entrance into the Faith was through unconditional Baptism. We talk of these things easily, even as we talk easily of the miracles of birth and death; and the melodrama of our human life slides by, and our eyes are held, and our ears deadened—

"Lest we should hear too clear—too clear,  
And unto madness see!"

Well,—the Dad made his First Communion, and settled down to the new and interesting occupation of being a Christian. He was confirmed a few months later; and spring was upon us again before I began to notice the first signs of a restlessness which I could not trace to any definite cause, and which troubled me a little. It seemed to me that he was brooding over something; but when I tried to push inquiries, he evaded my questions and retired into his shell. I wondered whether it was "first fervors" wearing off, or whether it might not be an attack of that unlovely and vexing disease which theology labels the "scruples." He received Holy Communion every Sunday, and generally visited a church two or three times a week. His reading seemed to be pretty equally divided between the daily papers, the current magazines, and correct spiritual books. He was what we call normal, as far as I could see, both in his conduct and in his outlook.

Then one day he ordered out the car and invited me for a drive. He wanted, he explained, to show me some property. He would like my opinion on it. He drove me out into the suburbs through a little scattered settlement of small, but very charming homes. There was a tiny brown church on a small hill and a small brown rectory (I judged it to be the rectory) beside it. A quarter of a mile or so from the church, the Dad brought up with a flourish at a solid looking little gray stone house, set in about half an acre of land and surrounded by a gray stone wall. There

was a lawn, but it was overgrown with dandelions, and the place looked rather forlorn and deserted.

"What's this?" I demanded, amazed.

"Well," drawled the Dad, with a twinkle, as he used to do when I was a boy and asked absurd questions, "it's a house."

"Humph!" I grunted.

"It's a very nice house," he added. "Come and see it."

We pushed open the gate, and I followed him up the graveled path.

"There seems to be nobody home," I remarked.

"Your deductions, Jimmy, are, as usual, correct," returned my parent, vastly pleased with something which, as yet, was not evident to me.

"How do you expect to get in, then?" I queried.

"If you keep your eye on the professor," chuckled the satisfied Mr. Norton, "you will presently behold his entrance, effected without violence, in the time-honored manner." He thereupon produced a key, and the door—which was a sort of mediæval affair with a small window high up—swung open.

We found ourselves in a little oblong hallway, from which we passed into a long room running across the house from side to side. There was a beautiful fireplace. There were built-in bookcases and window seats. A small dining room with a nicely arranged buffet was the next discovery; and beyond that a tiled kitchen that did much credit to its designer. Two bedrooms also revealed themselves, and the commodious back yard was obviously intended for the convenience of poultry. There was also a garage, and a big tree with a rustic seat built around it. I absorbed all these fascinating details, and looked to the Dad for light.

"Like it?" he grinned.

"Why, yes, sir. It's well built and well planned enough. If it were properly furnished it might be very—"

"Oh, you wouldn't need much furniture," said the showman airily. "Clutters up a place the size of this. A few rugs—a few chairs—books—pots, and kettles. Get settled in a day or two."

"Er—excuse me, sir," I ventured. "Have you by any chance developed into a real estate agent? Because I don't know that I'm interested. Love in a cottage hasn't yet entered my calculations. Or perhaps you've picked out the lady? May I be allowed to respectfully decline the matrimonial state?"

He twinkled at me again. "I hadn't thought of a lady as necessary to our plans," he murmured. "We might worry along, don't you think, without—"

"Our plans——!" I wheeled round upon him. "Dad! What——"

"You can have your choice of the bedrooms," he interrupted. "It's a matter of no moment to me——"

"Choice of—— Dad! What——? For the love of——"

"There's no room for a man in the house, but we could put a Jap or a Chink in the garage, I suppose. I figured that perhaps we might get on——"

"Dad!" I cried. "Are you crazy?"

He took me by the arm, and led me back into the living room. "Sit down," he said, pushing me into a window seat. "I ought to beg your pardon, Jimmy. But it was such fun to see your face." He began to laugh. Then he laid a hand on my knee and grew sober all at once.

The shadows were lying in long streaks across the weed-grown lawn, and inside the little low house the day was beginning to fade; and still I sat there trying to argue with that blessed parent of mine. He had, it appeared, made arrangements to turn over the old home to the Franciscan Sisters. They needed a bigger place. Their present quarters were utterly inadequate. He proposed to keep the new car, dismiss the servants, take the dogs and a few selected pieces of furniture, and move out here into the wilderness, where, as far as I could gather, he planned to pass the rest of his days. And no two people needed a house any larger than this one, anyhow. He was perfectly simple about it and entirely pleased with the scheme. He explained that I needn't come, of course, unless I wanted to; but he couldn't see that it could make much difference to me where I spent my income. The trouble with me was that I had too much loose money and too little responsibility. I might as well be here as anywhere. As for him, he could look after his interests as well when residing in a five-room house as when occupying one of twenty rooms—better, in fact. He was going to get rid of some of his stuff, too. It was too much for one man to bother with. What did we want with so much? There would still be plenty. We could take a trip occasionally. And we had the car. And what was I fussing about? It was a perfectly good house.

"But——"

"If you insist on a Jap in the garage, Jimmy, I've told you I'm willing. I thought—well, you know, I thought it might be rather fun to cook, and all that, you know—eh?"

I was nearly paralyzed. I gulped and sat silent.

"There really won't be much work, you know. Between the two of us. And we can have the car washed in town," he added, as a

still further concession to human weakness.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," I managed, presently, "but—may I ask—are you—er—going into training for a Carthusian? Because I don't think——"

He reached over and grasped me firmly by the ear. "No," he said. "I'm training for a Trappist, and I expect to practice grave-digging in the garden."

"Ouch!" I remonstrated.

"You're a pup," said the Dad.

"But—Dad! Please! Honestly, what's the idea? Can't you live like other people——"

"Jimmy," said my father, solemnly, "I cannot. I want a quiet and retired spot, where I can let my beard grow and wear a hair shirt and live on raw turnips and cabbage. This magnificent dwelling, my dear boy, is, in fact, intended for my only and beloved son—stop wriggling. For my part, I expect to reside in the chicken house, which is unusually spacious and far too good for a sinner like me——"

So the Sisters, nearly weeping with gratitude, moved into the old place, and set up their school; and the various details of the Dad's program were carried out without a hitch, and with no further protests on my part. After all, our residence was, as he had said, a perfectly good house. I did hold out for a Jap in the garage, for I couldn't picture myself in the exalted rôle of cook and chambermaid, and I drew a firm, broad, straight line at the Dad in that capacity. He revenged himself upon me (I think he had been rather keen on the cooking) by eliminating about a third of what he had intended to keep in the way of furniture and selling my favorite Persian rug. I succeeded in reserving a fair proportion of my own personal possessions, and my bedroom wasn't so bad when all was in place. The living room and dining room were quite possible, but the Dad's bedrom was—awful! He had a bed, a dresser, a chair, and a crucifix; and he fairly radiated contentment. I besought him, almost with tears, to remember that he wasn't really a Trappist, but he laughed and rubbed his hands for pure enjoyment.

"Why, Jimmy," he said, "you go to the mountains or the seashore, and live in a tent and have sand in your bed and ants in your food and think you're having a grand time! And here's a comfortable bed with no sand in it——"

"But I wouldn't eat ants forever and appreciate it," I objected. "Your argument is——"

"Well, I don't expect to live forever in this room," he retorted. To which I could find no very brilliant response.

"Hot water when desired, and three meals a day," he went on, "a fireplace to dream by in winter, and a garden to play in when sum-

mer comes—and yet you think you're being abused."

"I don't," I contradicted, rudely enough. "And that's got nothing to do with a rug on the floor of this particular room and a harmless rocker, may be, and a few innocent pictures and—"

"Jimmy," he cut in, "I've lived some sixty-odd years in the society of rugs and rockers. Where have the glad gods led? Get thee—er—out of my way, and go and check up the weekly accounts."

What was the use? I gave it up. When I sat down to think it all over, I couldn't, to be quite honest with myself, see that we were existing under such dreadful hardships. And yet—from the world's point of view it was a bit sensational. I hated to think of all that would be said, of the jesting and the scoffing. Yes, it was really these things that were hurting me. I could not but feel a certain contempt for my own attitude. Out of this grew contrition, and after a month or so of the new life, I was quite reconciled and holy.

Then the Dad sprung more surprises. He had made up his mind, he said, to receive Communion every day now (the little priest in the little brown rectory on the hill was a zealous soul) and he could see no very good reason why I shouldn't do likewise. Mass was at seven. We would rise at six, and that would give us plenty of time to dress and walk up the hill. Also, we were going to do some definite amount of systematic spiritual reading every day. And didn't I think that a few hours of silence would be helpful?

I used to feel, in those days, a good deal like a man following an expert hurdle jumper. The athlete sailed along serenely, and I scrambled after him, losing my temper and skinning my hands and knees. And he kept the pace. At first I hoped he wouldn't. Then I was afraid he mightn't. It was too gorgeous. He was a whole procession of graces. But—well, he had been generous, and God will never be outdone. What interior trials he may have had, I know not. I saw, I thought, the shadows of them fall upon him sometimes; but he stood up gallantly under assault and took orders from his Captain with unflinching obedience. I was inordinately proud of him. I was determined to skim my hands and knees with enthusiasm.

We went out very little, except to drive. The car, the Dad said, was a necessity, not a luxury. We drove a good deal in the mornings and often took our lunch and ate in the woods—with the ants. Then we came home and put the machine in the garage and climbed the hill to the church, perching there on its atom of a lawn, among its flower beds. It was a quaint thing, picked bodily out of a story

book. The Dad used to wish that he had built it.

I was surprised at my growing contentment with this life; but the Dad was a never-failing source of wonder to me in the way he seemed to have left his previous existence behind him. I suggested once that we have some of his club friends in for an evening of bridge; but he said the "grand Napoleon" with me in consultation suited him better. He liked chess, too. I hunted up a fine old ivory and ebony set of men we had, and when the evenings grew cool, we sat by the fire and discussed gambits and problems and attacks and positions.

"Jimmy," he said to me one evening, as we set up our pieces, "what a difference it makes—being a Christian!"

I looked at him enquiringly. He was smiling to himself as he placed the pawns.

"It's so much fun," he elucidated. "I—I like a game that takes brains. There's good playing, you know, and stupid playing—like chess—and your Guardian Angel to shout 'Check!' if you're in danger. It really is fun, Jimmy!"

"And—if you lose—" I hinted. "That's not so much fun—"

"But that's the point!" he cried. "That's the point of the game! Not to lose!"

He continued to find an all-sufficient entertainment in the game of saving his soul; and once more came the "old eternal spring" before I realized that his spirit was outrunning his body, and that he was physically overdoing things. I took him to a doctor, despite his vigorous objections, and we were told that a heart valve was out of order. Was it serious? Well, hem, that depended. He was not to put too great a tax upon himself; he must not walk too much; he must get plenty of sleep.

"Well, Jimmy," he said to me, comfortably, as we drove home, "it's a good thing, you see, that we live on one floor. You might have to carry me upstairs—eh?"

Very reluctantly he gave up daily Mass. Climbing the hill to the church fasting was strictly prohibited. Father Merton would gladly have brought him Holy Communion every morning, but he wouldn't listen to any such plan. Father Merton, he said, and truly, had enough to do already. So he made a meditation at home in the mornings, and, taking it in easy stages, he usually managed his afternoon visit.

I let him go alone very often. He liked to go at dusk, when no one was about; and after half an hour or so I would follow and find him, a solitary figure in the gloom, before the altar, smiling to himself. He would look up as I touched him and nod, and we would go out together, and down the hill to our dinner.

Well, it was all he asked of life; and as the summer wore along, I saw that he was nearing the close of the Game. I understood that, as he had played it in his own way, so he must end it. One evening, seeking him in the dusk, before the Tabernacle, I found the gallant gray head dropped limply upon the folded arms.

As I bent over to lift him, a little book fell with a soft thud on the sanctuary carpet. I have it by me now as I write. It opens under my hand, and I read:

"Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty so ancient,

O Beauty so new, too late have I loved Thee!  
Thou hast called, Thou hast cried out and pierced my deafness,

Thou hast lightened, Thou hast shone forth and dispelled my blindness—

I have tasted Thee, and am hungry for Thee,  
Thou hast touched me—"

But the words are growing blurred, and I can not finish the canticle.

## LAMPS OF FIRE AND FLAMES

By MARIAN NESBITT

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"Jealousy is hard as hell: the lamps thereof are Lamps of fire and flames."

### CHAPTER I

**I** MOLLY DESMOND, aged exactly eighteen years, stood leaning on the balcony of a pleasant room overlooking a small, but beautiful lake. Though my eyes were accustomed to the wide view of shimmering water, solemn mountains, and wooded park-like slopes, the scene never lost for me its singularly irresistible charm; and though, on this brilliant midsummer morning, my thoughts were busy with other things, I still felt acutely conscious of all the brightness and loveliness around. It was the fourteenth of June, and my birthday; but, save for one note, I had received no greetings, no gifts, none of those numerous letters which imagination pictured as so delightful. I was an orphan, and sufficiently alone in the world; but none the less did I know the bitter regret of those who can look back to a home and a happiness gone beyond recall. Both my parents had died in my earliest childhood, when I was too young either to understand or to realize the greatness of my loss. Till my fifteenth year, I led an absolutely unclouded existence. O those golden days, how sweetly their memory lingers in my heart! How sad and time-worn I sometimes feel now—how far removed from the simple soul-reposing, glad belief in everything that was mine then! And yet, as I have just remarked, I was only eighteen.

I had been brought up in Ireland; my mother's only brother, the parish priest of a small place on the southwest coast, gladly received me into his house, notwithstanding the fact that a three-year-old child was likely to be far from an agreeable inmate. Dear, dearest Uncle Neil! What a world of love and

reverence he awoke within me. No mother could have been more tender, no brother a more delightful good comrade than he. I simply worshipped him, and fully concurred in Biddy's statement—Biddy was our house-keeper, of whom, despite her earnest desire for our welfare, we both stood a little in awe—that "his Riverence was the powerfulest preacher in the whole diocese"; and "the handsomest," I always took care to add. Nor would I allow for a moment that he could ever have been more good to look upon—no, not even in the days when his now silver-white hair was as dark as the thick black, upcurling lashes that fringed his clear grey eyes—eyes that reflected their owner's pure and child-like soul, and seemed positively to shine with faith in God and kindness to man.

Never, never shall I forget the awful dumb agony that wrung my heart and froze my tears before they fell, when I saw those same beloved eyes close forever in their last long sleep, and knew that he, who had been dear as even the best parents rarely are, my friend, my spiritual father, my idolized companion—had gone from me, to return, no more. Like one in a dream, I bade farewell to poor, weeping Biddy and my passionately loved Irish home. My Guardian, they said, had arranged for me to go abroad and complete my education.

That was three years ago. I had been in several countries and visited many places since then. Madame de St. Richard, the lady under whose charge I was placed, treated me with unvarying kindness. I had, as she often reminded me, "numerous advantages: youth, health, ample means, good birth, and a pleasing exterior," to quote her own words; and yet my untamed spirit sighed for the soft, moist air of the land I loved the best; for the happy

freedom of my childhood's home; and the selfless love that never changed and never failed. Ah, well! "God keeps a niche in Heaven to hold our idols," and as I turned to go indoors at the sound of Madame's rather shrill voice, I told myself that surely somehow and somewhere Uncle Neil was remembering me and wishing me to be glad.

"Marie, *ma chère*, I have but now received a letter from your guardian, who desires that you rejoin him almost immediately in England. *Quel bonheur pour vous! Mais pour moi!*"—raising hands and eyebrows dramatically—"Helas, *je suis desolée!*"

Madame de St. Richard was a small, vivacious person, with the courtly manners, simple dignity, and piquant charm of the highborn French woman.

"Why does Lord Rossall want me?" I asked.

"Because, *mon enfant*, he wishes you to go and live in his house now your education is complete. Madame, his mother, is an invalid, is she not?"

"I believe so," I returned, indifferently, "but I really know scarcely anything about either of them, except that Lord Rossall's father was my father's greatest friend."

"Well, *chérie*, it will, without doubt, prove a charming home for you."

"Home!" I echoed dubiously. "Ah, no madame, my home is in Ireland."

"*Fi donc*, Marie. You speak like a foolish child. Lord and Lady Rossall stand now as parents in your regard; and, believe me, it would be wiser to try to be happy with them, rather than to displease them and depress yourself by vain regrets."

"But why may I not remain here with you?"

"*Tiens!* What an impossible child it is! You are grown up, *ma chère*, the time has arrived for you to take your proper place in the world. Everything is arranging itself perfectly; your circumstances are all that is of the most desirable, yet you would stay on here in retirement. No, no, that is not to be permitted for a moment. But"—abruptly changing the subject—"where shall we spend your birthday, Marie? In the house or on the lake?"

"Oh, on the lake, please; and may we go to Grünenberg, dear Madame?"

"*Mais oui, certainement.* You wish to visit your favorite spot, *la petite chapelle sur la montagne*, once again. *Bien*, we will start immediately."

In truth, Madame enjoyed these water excursions as much as I did, though for a different reason. She liked to sit under an awning on the upper deck of a little lake steamer and read a novel; or to rest in the window of some pleasant mountain hostelry; whilst I, accompanied by my faithful Irish terrier, Rory, climbed and explored to my heart's content.

I needed no other protection than my dog. It was early at present for tourists; and, in any case, Grünenberg, beautiful as it was, lay too far out of the beaten track to tempt the genus sightseer.

On that particular afternoon, I remember, I arranged with Madame de St. Richard to rejoin her on the small wooden landing-stage at the foot of the mountain in time for the boat due at four o'clock. The moments seemed to fly as last moments invariably do. I bade a reluctant farewell to my favorite haunts—to the tiny chapel, and familiar woodland ways, and at length turned down the steep path.

Far below the smooth waters of the lake gleamed like silver; the air was hot, and fragrant with the scent of pines; the ground was green with dainty mosses and brilliant with many flowers. I lingered, gathering first one and then another, till the unexpected sound of a steambell effectually quickened my steps. I glanced at my watch; it had stopped. I believed I was early, nevertheless there was the little steamer rapidly approaching the pier! Calling Rory, I ran with all speed to the landing-stage. Madame was not there, yet unless my eyes strangely deceived me, I descried her trim, upright figure a few yards ahead. It crossed the gangway; a minute later I, too, had reached the deck, and we were off.

I made my way above, never dreaming that I should not see my companion comfortably established in some shady corner. What was my surprise to find no trace of her, and still worse, to discover that I had come on board the wrong boat! A feeling of dismay almost amounting to despair took possession of me. How I inwardly railed at the imbecility and absentmindedness that had been the cause of such a catastrophe; for, knowing the light in which Madame would regard the occurrence, I could call it by no other name. How fruitlessly I sought some means of escape from this provoking dilemma—yet all to no purpose. The boat sped merrily on, taking me every moment further and further from Madame, whose horrified astonishment at my non-appearance I dared not allow myself to contemplate. Little though I am addicted to tears, I could have cried with mortification and annoyance. Perhaps something of this inward perplexity must have showed itself outwardly upon my face. As a matter of fact, it must have done so, for a voice near at hand said: "Excuse me, but are you in any difficulty?"

I started, and, turning from my gloomy survey of the familiar scene, fixed my gaze upon the speaker, who proved to be a young man of seven or eight and twenty, tall, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a charm of voice and personality that no words can describe. Lonely and unprotected as I felt, acutely conscious also of the extreme awkwardness of my



position, I was, nevertheless, seized with an irresistible desire to trust him. The courteous deference of his manner would have inspired confidence in the most timid; and what was more, Rory—to my mind an infallible judge of character—evidently regarded him with marked approval.

Second thoughts suggested that a perfect stranger is not usually made the recipient of one's confidences. But second thoughts are by no means the best—quite the reverse in my humble opinion, and I determined to abide by my first impression; for, even in those days, I had a pet theory that instinct, intuition—call it what you will—is a far safer guide than many people would have us believe.

"I am in a terrible difficulty," I explained impulsively; "and all through my own stupidity." I then proceeded to explain while my companion listened in attentive silence—a silence which was far more encouraging than any number of questions or commiserating comments.

When I had finished, he said, "Your friend, I understand, will be waiting for you at Grünenberg?"

"Yes, we were to leave there by the four o'clock boat."

"And it is now just three. We are due at Altensee at 3:15. Why not land there and let me row you back to Grünenberg. I could do it, I think, by four o'clock."

"Oh, but I could not dream of taking up your time and putting you to such inconvenience."

"My time is my own; and it will not cause me the slightest inconvenience; therefore, you have only to please yourself in the matter."

"You are very kind. I should be more than grateful," I began, and then paused in some embarrassment. Truth to tell, I was torn between an intense desire to give myself up to the pleasure of this, the first approach to a real adventure which had ever fallen to my lot and the fear of shocking Madame de St. Richard's rigid sense of propriety beyond all forgiveness. A whimsical smile gleamed for a moment across the seriousness of my would-be benefactor's face.

"You are afraid, perhaps. It is quite natural; but I assure you I am used to rowing in an open boat on these mountain lakes. Otherwise, I should not have asked you."

"I am not afraid—not in the very least," I protested eagerly. The idea of danger had, in point of fact, never even entered my mind. It was the other side of the question only that presented itself—the conventional idea of the fitness of things, which ruled all Madame's actions, and which had been carefully instilled into me by her. But inclination, combined with the conviction that a refusal would be little short of an insult to the man beside me,

eventually gained the day, and I turned to him in grateful assent.

A few minutes later, we reached Altensee. My companion took me to a charming old-fashioned inn by the lakeside, and in less time than I could have supposed possible, reappeared with the intelligence that he had succeeded in obtaining a boat which was ready waiting at the end of the garden.

"Can you steer?" he asked, as we walked down the sloping path to the shore.

"Yes, but I wish you would let me help you to row."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind; you would find this very different from an English river."

"I have never been on an English river," I returned quickly; "the only river I know is an Irish one—I am Irish myself," I added with a touch of proud defiance. Why, I wondered half petulantly, did he take my nationality so entirely for granted.

"So am I—on my mother's side," my companion answered, as he arranged the cushions more comfortably for me, and then seated himself opposite.

"Are you?" I cried with my usual impulsiveness, while the boat, thrilling responsive to the touch of a practiced oarsman, skimmed lightly over the water. "Then that accounts for it."

"For what, if I may venture to enquire?"

"Oh, for your kindness and readiness to help me, and—other things," I finished rather lamely, having remembered only just in time that it would hardly do to particularize. Otherwise, I might have added that his eyes with their delicately marked level brows, not to speak of the singular beauty and pathos of his voice, were equally characteristic of a Celt.

"So you consider kindness the special prerogative of Irishmen?"

"Well, I don't know that I meant that exactly. Still I think that, ten chances to one, if you had not been Irish, you would have passed by, like the Levite, on the other side."

"That would have been too bad, when it requires so little effort to help you out of the difficulty."

"Ah, you make light of the matter; but I am more grateful to you than I can say."

"There is not the slightest need for gratitude, I assure you. Indeed, I am spending the afternoon in a manner far more agreeable to myself than if I had been merely endeavoring to kill time on the deck of a lake steamer."

"Do you try to kill time?" I asked. "I should never have thought it." In truth his face bore the unmistakable stamp of strenuous thought, and its intellectuality was further confirmed by the sadness of both mouth and eyes. That sadness interested and fascinated me. Was it simply the outcome of deep and pro-

longed reflection, or had some bitter heart sorrow passed and left its ineffaceable impress there?

"Well," my companion remarked after a slight pause, "may I be told why you think it is not my habit to indulge in that particular form of sport generally known as 'killing time'?"

"I think so," I returned, "because I feel sure you would always find something better to do."

He laughed, and that laugh seemed to cement the rapidly growing friendship between us. Could it be possible, I asked myself wondering, that scarcely more than an hour ago we had never met? I wished that the moments would not fly so fast; that the boat would go slower, or that Madame might grow tired of waiting and—most improbable contingency—leave me to find my way home alone. In short, I desired every likely and unlikely thing that might prolong an experience so novel and so interesting.

But all too soon the familiar promontory and richly wooded slopes of Grünenberg came in sight, and I knew that my pleasant journey was almost over.

"It is strange, is it not," my companion remarked, "to think that perhaps we two may never meet again. Our paths have crossed, and for a little while we, who a short time ago were utter strangers to one another, have talked together as friends. Now we are going to separate once more."

"Yes; but, whatever happens, nothing will ever make me forget your kindness. I have not thanked you as I ought. Still—"

"I understand," he answered, as I hesitated trying to find words less cold and ineffectual, "you are far too grateful for a trifling service which, believe me, it has been a pleasure to perform. Well, here is Grünenberg, and there is your friend."

Yes, there was Madame, gesticulating wildly as we approached.

My companion moored the boat to an upright post at the end of the small wooden pier, and, springing out, handed me up the rather slippery steps. "Whoever he may be, he is a gentleman in the fullest acceptation of the word," I said to myself as I watched him standing bareheaded before Madame de St. Richard, explaining matters in fluent French, and with an accent not less pure than her own.

"*Mille remerciements, Monsieur.*" she responded with frigid politeness; "I am deeply indebted to you for your care of my dear young friend; you have saved me much painful anxiety; the four o'clock boat is late to-day, and, if I mistake not, I see it even now approaching. Accept, *Monsieur*, the expression of my sincerest gratitude. Marie, *mon enfant*, we must hasten. *Monsieur*, I wish you a very good day." Passing by him with the stateliest inclination, she crossed to the other side of the pier and beckoned me to follow.

"Good-bye," I said turning to my new friend, wishing I could think of some gracious appropriate little speech. Instead I remarked irrelevantly. "You are not going all the way back to Altensee, surely?"

"Yes; that is my intention. Good-bye. I ought to have told you my name. It is Rex Fortescue."

"And mine," I said, "is Molly Desmond. Good-bye again, Mr. Fortescue. You have been very kind to me, and Rory and I—neither of us forget."

A few minutes later, as I stood on the deck of the steamer, I saw the little boat put off from the pier, and Rex Fortescue rowing with swift, strong strokes towards the sunset. Was he rowing out of my life forever, or were we destined by the mysterious laws of circumstance to meet again? I wondered; but wondering will not forecast the years; and no voice, no whisper stole from out the future to tell me what the coming years might bring.

*To Be Continued*

## THE LITTLE UN

By L. M. WALLACE

FAR up in the cañon head two rugged spires pierced the western glory. The long rays quivering between them flamed from point to crag, from crest to waterfall; but below the darkness purpled. Under a cliff, almost hidden by its shadows, a man worked, driving his pick home heavily, wearily. From across the creek came a voice:

"Joe! Aer yo ever comin' to supper? O-o-Joe!"

"Reckon yo'll yap till I do!" The pick scraped the stones as he plunged it home.

But the woman at the edge of the corn patch still held her long bony hand against her withered mouth screaming, "Joe! Aer yo ever—"

"Yo'll jaw the head off a locoed horse, if I don't. Reckon I might as well."

"When would yo meander home if I didn't? If supper ain't over some time the cows won't be milked till it's plumb dark!"

"Well, an' my work don't matter none."

The long rays caught in the foam and turned the drops to jewels as he splashed across the stream, but he neither looked at the cañon head nor saw the diamonds around his feet. Joe paused half-way up the bank. "If yo aer in sich an all-fired hurry, whut aer yo stoppin' to pick corn fer?" he questioned testily.

"The chickens kain't have no feed, kin they?" she snapped.

"Well now, Sarie, I told Jim ter git yo in some; I told him this very mornin'. Didn't do it, eh?—Lazy perp! takin' his head mighty fast since he's taller ner his dad. Reckon he'll learn the ole man's on top yit; eighteen ain't twenty-one!"

"Keep yore jowlin' off Jim! What do yo think the boy's made of? Been rastlin' the bronks all day. That thur renegade pie-facer roan kicked a hole in the corral an' let the hull bunch out. Might growl at yore own self some, foolin' time in that consarned wo'thless ole mine of yorn. Why don't yo tend ter the ranch? An' that ain't all the crows I got ter pick with yo nuther! Andy came up from the fort a while back. He says thur'll be mass thur this Sunday; an' Jim, I wants him ter go down an' see if the priest won't let him make his first Communion. Reckon he'd do it? Naw! If yo don't go in fer religion didn't see why he had ter. Said he could be as white a man as his dad without it. Thur, see the way yo does? Starts fer hell yoreself an' drags Jim along with yo."

"Is that all yo got ter say, Sarie? Might as well shut up. Reckoned yo knowed long time ago it ain't no use jawin' me over religion. Gi'me that corn, it's morn an' yo kin pack. I'll—what the?—some critter's been up yon!" The corn fell in the pathway. Terror blanched their hard old faces. Joe bounded across the narrow strip of tilled land and up the cañon side. Sarah followed, running with the stiff uncertain step of age.

Half-way up the bluff the aspens reared their white limbs against the shadowy ledges of the cliff. Long sunbeams quivered through the russet leaves carressing a narrow mound of stones, but the pioneer was there now straightening the tiny oblong fence that surrounded it.

"Thur, Sarie, don't fret none; it wasn't the coyotes this time." Joe's voice was huskily tender. "That's the renegade's track; reckon the bronks done it. It's all fixed now."

Sarah was reweaving about the stones the long frail tendrils of a vine. Swiftly she worked with lean red fingers, scarred and stained and loving.

"I was a fool thinkin' of coyotes," Joe muttered. "Thinkin' of coyotes; they wouldn't dig now. Ain't nothin' thur, mebbe a bone er so, a little dust an' hair. Sarie, do you reckon her hair is yaller yit, curlin' all around like it uster be, yaller an' curlin' 'round the bones an' dust that uster be her? Ole woman, do yo mind the night she kep' Jim from cryin', crouchin' fer back in the corner under the bunk, pettin' him, braver ner we were? An' the 'Paches out thur howlin'; yo loadin' the ole shotgun an' I fightin' through the hole in the door? Well, we held out, didn't we, Sarie, though twict I thought it was all up an' dassent look back an' dassent even think of yo ner of the little un, baby herself, keepin' tother baby from cryin'. Dassent look ner think, but, God! I did pray that night, an' I did shoot to kill!"

"Then come the summer an' the mountain fever, both of 'em tossin' on the bunk. Nothin' but beans ter feed 'em on when they orter had milk. Yo tried flour biled an' strained through a rag. Queer; Jim, he was the youngest an' the puniest, yit he lived, though he shor was runty fer a year er two. But the little girlie, she couldn't no wise pull it through.

"Then I turned agin God fer takin' the one perty thing I had when all in life was hard, durned hard. Queer how the little un's been in my mind all day. An' the creek's been jawin' at the mountain all day. I cussed an' picked an' blasted, but I couldn't drown it out. They seemed all of 'em a-sayin' how the water's been diggin' out the cañon since Adam was a yearlin' an' men's been a-comin' an' men's been a-goin', Joe along with 'em. When the creek has wore the mountain down, men'll be comin' an' goin' yit but Joe, he'll be down thur in the everlastin' burnin' blackness with the 'Paches he sent afore him. Leastwise, he will unles he gives in an' says God was right, an' Joe a durn selfish fool, wantin' the little un left in a world of misery jist because she was a perty thing fer him ter see. But I'm heady. I allers was that heady. Yit when I was straightenin' the pickets now the little un was twistin' the heart out of me.

"Yo ain't cryin', aer yo, Sarie?" He drew her head down on his shoulder. The hand that stroked her coarse gray hair was thick and hairy, powder-blackened, tender. From the glory of the cañon head the dying sun caressed them. "Thur, darlie," he whispered, "yo ain't cryin', aer yo? Shor I'm goin' with yo. An' Jim—I reckon I can git him ter go. Thur, thur now, pore little load-draggin' weary ole woman, that's been waitin' an' prayin' an' jawin' so long!"



And when He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up; and a cloud of dust received Him out of their sight. And while they were beholding Him going up to Heaven, behold two men stood before them in white garments. Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to Heaven? This JESUS who is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into Heaven.—The Acts, I, 9-11.



And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place: And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them: And they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with diverse tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.—The Acts, II, 1-4.



# Missions

## NEW MISSION CHURCH DEDICATED

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

PERHAPS many of you, my dear mission associates, after listening to my mission talk and reading good Fr. Justin's touching appeal in the April issue of the HERALD, got the idea that the lot of our Arizona missionaries is a sorry one, indeed, with hardly a ray of sunshine to brighten their weary way. Happily, this is not the case. They have, it is true, their trials and troubles; and too often must they face bitter disappointment when their hopes are brightest. But God is to them, as He is to us, a kind and loving Father, and every now and then He fills their hearts with a measure of joy and happiness that fully repays them for any difficulties they may have met with in their apostolic labors and encourages them to tread with firmer foot the thorny and stony way of a missionary's life.

It has been my good fortune to come into possession of a recent letter from one of our Arizona missionaries, Fr. Augustine, to some friends "out East," in which he describes just such an occasion—the dedication ceremonies of his new mission church at Pisinemo—that came off without a mishap to mar the happiness of the day. He writes under date of March 26, 1920:

"At last, the great day has come and gone. Thank God that everything came off so well. On the Monday and Tuesday preceding the ceremony, it rained hard, so that I finally gave up all hope of seeing any visiting Fathers present; as I thought it would be impossible for them to get through the mud with their cars. But we never ceased to pray for favorable weather; and on Wednesday, the clouds were driven away by a strong wind, which also aided not a little in drying the rain-soaked roads.

Indians from the neighboring villages began to arrive already Wednesday afternoon—the

day before the feast—and for lack of better quarters they were forced to camp on the cold damp ground. Toward evening, my anxiety about my invited guests from among the clergy was greatly relieved, when Fr. Bonaventur arrived, together with Fr. John Berchman and brought the welcome news that our good Bishop was at San Solano Mission and would surely be with us on the morrow. Then came the opening of the box with the various articles you sent for my mission. Although I knew the box was being sent, I was most

agreeably surprised at the contents. Sister A's splendid gift was greatly admired and placed in the tabernacle that very night at eleven o'clock—after the evening services. It certainly surpasses my highest expectations, and I am most grateful to her for making it. Then too, the neat ciborium—luckily, of the same style as my chalice—and the ciborium vessels are both very beautiful and of fine workmanship. The new vestment contained in the box was used the following morning at



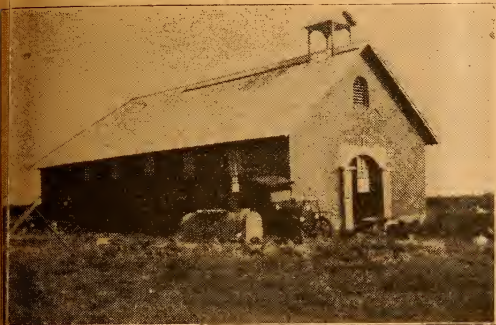
High Altar in the New St. Joseph's Mission

the first Mass, when the Indians went to Holy Communion; likewise the large white and purple stole, which we so much needed. Indeed, I used it that very evening at services and during the Baptism of nine adults, while the Bishop wore it the following morning at Confirmation. Seventy-five Indians approached the Holy Table on the morning of the dedication, during the early Mass, which was said by Fr. John.

The Bishop arrived with Fr. Justin and Bro. Fulgence at half-past ten. A few minutes later, a second automobile arrived, bringing Fr. Vincent and Fr. Stephen from St. John's Mission. They were accompanied by my interpreter and teacher from Anegam, John Joseph, and, what was of prime importance for the solemnization of the feast, they brought my

...ding organ. I was just decorating the altar when they came. This was a simple operation, and I had nothing but the four vases of flowers I sent me and six candles.

On the arrival of his Lordship, all the peo-



St. Joseph's Mission, Pisinemo, Arizona, Recently Dedicated by Bishop Granjon, of Tucson

... gathered to shake hands with him. The Bishop was in excellent spirits and performed this part of the ceremony most graciously. When he proceeded to bless the church, according to the ritual. All during the ceremony, our church bell pealed loud and merrily — its full rich tone being very pleasing to hear. Fr. Bonaventure then sang the High Mass, while I presided at the organ with the visiting Fathers as my choir. Mass over, the Bishop preached a short sermon, which John Joseph interpreted very fluently. Then followed the solemn ceremony of confirmation. Although the inclement weather of the preceding days had kept a number of Indians from distant villages away, nevertheless the large class of confirmands surprised all. The total number was ninety-two — sixty-eight from my district and the remaining twenty-four from one of Fr. Bonaventure's villages, about thirty miles away. Pontifical Benediction with the Most Holy Sacrament brought the services to a most worthy close. It was then that the Bishop used the beautiful benediction veil that I found among the other treasures in my box. As it

bore no name, I am at a loss to know who the kind donor is. To judge from the exquisite painting, I am of the opinion that it is also the work of good Sister A—.

After satiating our souls with the impressive ceremonies of the dedication and Confirmation, we felt the need of replenishing our bodily strength. It was then that genial Bro. Fulgence came to our assistance by serving a tasty dinner, which was heartily enjoyed, and during which a most pleasant spirit prevailed. Of course, I came in for my share of compliments regarding the beautiful altar, the framed pictures, splendid vestments, etc. But I thought of you and of all the good people who had done their bit to increase the glory of God out here in the heart of the desert. For without your generous gifts, it would have been a sorry celebration indeed. May the good God reward you and them. The poor Indians were certainly happy, and I trust that God was pleased with our efforts to make the day an occasion for His greater honor and glory and for the good of souls. Many of the Indians had made their first Holy Communion during the preceding two weeks, twenty adults had been



Fr. Augustine, an Arizona Indian Missionary, and His Ill-Starred Ford Sadly in Need of Repairs

baptized, and nineteen children had received special instructions for six days in the school. I did all the teaching myself, with the help of an interpreter. It is too bad that I have no teacher at present. I am living in hopes that I shall succeed in getting a teacher by next September, and that some kind benefactor will be found to pay his salary.

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XVIII

*Onate's Expedition to the South Sea—Route—Rivers Discovered and Named—The Cruzados—On the Colorado—Habits of the Natives Along the Stream—The Yumas—At Tidewater—At the Gulf of California—First Holy Mass There—Possession Taken for Spain—Custody of the Conversion of St. Paul—Monstrous Tales of the Bahacechas—Fr. Escobar's Credulity—Return March—At El Morro—Home—Fr. Escobar Before the Viceroy.*

THE expedition in search of the South Sea started out from San Gabriel on Thursday, October 7, 1604. Don Juan de Oñate's company, besides the two Franciscans, Escobar and San Buenaventura, consisted of thirty soldiers. They went by way of Zuñi to the pueblos of the Moqui, from where they continued in a westerly direction, and after a march of ten leagues arrived at the Rio San José, otherwise known as the Little Colorado. The latter name was given to the stream on account of the reddish color of the water. Proceeding seventeen leagues westward, the explorers reached the Agua del Valle, or San Antonio River, a branch of the Rio Verde. Five leagues farther to the west, they came upon the Rio Sacramento, another tributary of the Rio Verde or Rio de la Asuncion, in the region north of Prescott, where Espejo had been twenty-three years before.<sup>1</sup>

In this region dwelt the Cruzados Indians, so called by the Spaniards, because, on this occasion, old and young wore a small cross made of cane and suspended from the lock of hair that fell over their forehead. "The origin of this custom," says Fr. Salmeron, "was not known at that time: but subsequently it was learned that many years before a religious of my Father San Francisco traveled through that country, and he told them that, if at any time they should see white men with beards, in order not to be molested or injured by them, they should put on those crosses, because this is a thing esteemed by them."<sup>2</sup> "These Cruzados live in separate houses, which are made of straw. They plant no crops, but maintain themselves by means of the game which they kill, deer and mountain sheep, of which there are many. With the hides both men and women cover their loins. All go barefooted,<sup>3</sup> old and young. They also use as food *mescal*,

which is a preserve of the root of the guey."<sup>4</sup>

The expedition left the Rio Sacramento going between west and southwest fifty leagues, arrived at the Rio San Andrés. Was so named because the Spaniards reached the stream on that Apostle's feast, November 30, 1604. It is the main current of the Williams' Fork, which Fr. Garcés later called Santa Maria.<sup>5</sup> Along this river the expedition wended its way for twenty-four leagues, then arrived at its junction with a much larger stream "which was called Rio de Buena Esperanza, because we reached it on the feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our Lady," December 18, 1604.<sup>6</sup> This was Rio Colorado which empties in the Gulf of California.

The first Indians encountered on its banks were the Amacava, now widely known as Mojaves (Mohaves) for whom the Mohave Desert in Southern California is named. "I found them very friendly," Fr. Escobar writes, "They gave us corn, beans, and pumpkin which is the ordinary food of all the people of their river, and which they plant in all bottom lands. . . . These Indians also obtain food from the mesquite,<sup>7</sup> with which the tire bottom land is covered, and from the seed of grass, which they gather in great quantity. Adjacent to this tribe, Fr. Escobar tells me was another on this same river called Bahacecha, who spoke a slightly different language. They were as friendly and hospitable as the kin, the Mojaves. The people of these tribes and all of their river were fine looking of good disposition, tall and well built as Escobar observes. "The custom among all these people who live along this river in regard to clothing is to wear none," he relates, "for they go naked from the sole of the foot to the top of the head, the women merely covering their loins with two handfuls of grass or with twigs

<sup>1</sup> Bolton, *Exploration*, 260, 270; Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, 476, 466.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. Zarate Salmeron, O. S. A.

<sup>3</sup> Bolton, p. 270, has "all go shod." Not having the original Spanish at hand, we accept Lummis' translation as more probable.

<sup>4</sup> Salmeron, No. 46. Bolton, 242, 270, identifies the Cruzados with the Yavapai Indians.

<sup>5</sup> Coues, 422, 477.

<sup>6</sup> Fr. Escobar in *Cath. Hist. Review*, April, 1904, p. 23.

<sup>7</sup> Tree similar to the locust, but the pods are the size of bean pods.

<sup>8</sup> Escobar, ut supra 23-29.



grass ready at hand. All wear their hair loose, and reaching only to the shoulders. This seltzerless costume is possible, because the country is not cold."<sup>9</sup>

"Having passed this nation of Bahacecha, whose rancherias extend seven or eight leagues along the river bottom on both banks," Fr. Escobar continues, "we arrived at another large river, which, though smaller than the Buena Esperanza (Colorado), reached the saddle-pad of the horses. It was called Nombre de Jesus (Gila). This river joins the Buena Esperanza from the southeast twenty leagues above the sea (California Gulf). Near this river, were four or five rancherias of people of different language, . . . who planted corn, beans, and calabashes like the Amacavas and Bahacecha."<sup>10</sup> The expedition, coming down the east side of the Colorado, clearly had reached the mouth of Gila opposite what is called Fort Yuma. The Indians seen there, were the Maripapas and Cocomaricopas. Their costume was the same as that of Mohaves, except that the men wore the hair very long, and tied with a agüey cord twisted about the head. Before going farther south, the Spaniards left thirteen horses with these Indians, in order to save the exhausted animals recuperate in the rich pasture; but when Oñate's company later returned, it was found that the Indians had killed and eaten them all. It was deemed wise to "bear the loss in patience."

The first tribe seen below the Gila River, or Nombre de Jesus, were the Hacheldomas, who take all the Indians down to the Gulf, belonged to the Yuman stock. They occupied eight rancherias or settlements. Next came the Cohuana tribe. These were the Cutchans or Yuma proper, who now live in the reservation at Fort Yuma, California. They had nine rancherias. Farther down the Haglli (Agalle), perhaps the Halliquamaya, as Hodge and Bandelier think according to Bolton. These owned six rancherias. Two leagues beyond these, resided the Cocapas in nine rancherias, the last of which extended to the sea, or "to the place reached by the salt water (tide-water), which enters the river from the sea, (Gulf), some or five leagues," as Fr. Escobar relates. "It seemed to me," he writes, that these settlements and rancherias of people whom we saw on the Rio Buena Esperanza would number more than thirty thousand souls, not counting those of the other (California) bank of the river, who were hostile."<sup>11</sup> Fr. Salmeron, on the other hand, always more conservative, says, "In the space between the Nombre de Jesus (Gila) and the arrival at the sea, they saw more than twenty thousand persons on that (Arizona) side of the river

alone."<sup>12</sup> Fr. Escobar leaves out the restriction as to space; he may, therefore, have included all the Indians from the Bill Williams' Fork down.

On the feast of San Ildefonso (Alonso), January 23, 1605, the expedition reached the last stopping place where fresh water could be had, and there the camp was pitched. "On the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25," Salmeron tells us, "a High Mass was sung, and then the adelantado (Oñate), the two friars Escobar and San Buenaventura, and nine soldiers set out and arrived at a wonderful port which port and bay are formed by the Buena Esperanza River as it enters the sea (Gulf). We called it Port of the Conversion of St. Paul. So large is this port that more than a thousand vessels may anchor in it without hindrance to one another."<sup>13</sup> Oñate thus had accomplished the goal of his ambition.

"The Adelantado, Don Juan de Oñate," Fr. Salmeron relates, "took possession of this port in the name of his Majesty, and gave possession in his Majesty's name to the Father Commissary, Fr. Francisco de Escobar, so that our holy Order may settle and people that land and the others next to and round about, and that we may occupy ourselves in the conversion of the natives in the place and places most suited to our mode of life."<sup>14</sup> We took possession on the 25th of the month of January, the day of the Conversion of the Apostle St. Paul, patron of those provinces and of the Custody of New Mexico,<sup>15</sup> in the year of our Lord 1605, for the glory and honor of God, our Lord.<sup>16</sup> This done, the adelantado and those who had gone with him returned to the camp, in order that the rest of the soldiers might go and likewise certify to the existence of the sea."<sup>17</sup>

When the Spaniards on the return march came back to the Bahacecha Indians, who dwelt between the Yumas and the Mohaves, they decided to rest there a while. This was not fortunate for the reputation of Fr. Escobar as a discriminating chronicler. The Bahacechas appear to have noticed that he was a willing listener, and, therefore, being thorough-going rogues, they stuffed him and the equally credulous soldiers with the wildest and most absurd tales imaginable. The chief of this tribe, whose name was Otata, appears to have been the chief story-teller, from whom Muenchausen could have taken lessons.

<sup>9</sup> Salmeron, No. 53.

<sup>10</sup> Salmeron, No. 53.

<sup>11</sup> Vetancurt, *Cronica*, 95-96, says the document at his time was in the Archives of the Franciscan Province.

<sup>12</sup> Up to that date the missionaries formed only a commissariat, and the Superior was called Fr. Commissary. Henceforth New Mexico and Arizona were comprised in a Custody, and the Superior bore the title of Custos.

<sup>13</sup> Salmeron, Nos. 54-55.

<sup>14</sup> Salmeron, No. 56.

<sup>9</sup> Escobar, ut supra 29-30.

<sup>10</sup> Escobar, 31-32.

<sup>11</sup> Escobar, 33-34.

"This Indian Oata," Fr. Escobar begins his relating of the fables, "told us in the presence of many others, who corroborated his story, of a nation of people who had ears so large that they dragged on the ground, and big enough to shelter five or six persons under each one.

"Likewise, we learned from this Indian and the others that, near the foregoing nation, there lived people with only one foot.

"They told us of another nation, not far from the last, who lived on the banks of a lake in which they slept every night entirely under water.

"We learned from all these Indians that near this last nation is another which always sleeps in trees.

"The monstrosities of another nation, which they said was near this one, did not stop here, for they sustained themselves solely on the odor of their food, prepared for this purpose, not eating it at all.

"They told of another nation, not far from this one, which did not lie down to sleep, but always slept standing up, bearing some burden on the head."<sup>18</sup>

Other stories, besides being too absurd, are too vile for repetition. Fr. Escobar should not have penned them at all. They are characteristic of the animal propensities of savages.

Fr. Escobar scarcely improves his standing by offering the following excuse: "It appears to me doubtful that there should be so many monstrosities in so short a distance and so near us; . . . .but, even though there might be still greater doubt of all these things, it seemed yet more doubtful to remain silent about these things which, if discovered, would result, I believe, in glory to God and in service to the King, our Lord; for, although the things in themselves may be so rare and may have never before been seen, to any one who will consider the wonders which God constantly performs in the world, it will be easy to believe that, since He is able to create them, He may have done so."<sup>19</sup>

As a theologian and philosopher the chronicler should have known that Almighty God creates no monstrosities, least of all on so large a scale as those Indian rogues claimed. Monstrosities are the product of secondary causes, and occur but rarely. Hence Fr. Escobar should have concluded *a priori* that those savages were lying outrageously. He might have repeated some of the tales as specimens of the ability of the Indians for telling monstrous lies. Every Indian missionary might corroborate the statements; but to put the least credit in them, argues a simple mind indeed. Of course, no such monstrosities were discovered in the region indicated, twenty to

thirty leagues distant, nor anywhere else. Notwithstanding that the soldiers, who composed the expedition, swore to the truth of Fr. Escobar's narrative, Fr. Zarate Salmeron, an experienced Indian missionary and the other chronicler of the expedition, dispose of the stories in this laconical fashion: "They told of many prodigies of nature. . . . .When we see them, we will affirm them under oath; but in the meantime I refrain from mentioning them, and pass them by in silence."<sup>20</sup>

Don Juan de Oñate led his men back the same way they had come; but on the road they suffered such hardship and hunger that they were driven to slaughter seven or eight of their horses for food. On April 16, 1605, the weary travelers reached what has since become known as Inscription Rock or El Morro; because it bears the inscription that Oñate passed by there on above date, when returning from the discovery of the South Sea. It also records the date of the death of Fr. Francisco Letrado, missionary to Zuñi about the year 1630, of whom we shall have more to say in time. Inscription Rock is thirty-five miles east of Zuñi.<sup>21</sup> Oñate and his company finally returned "all sound and well" to San Gabriel on the Rio Grande, not a man missing, on April 25, 1605.<sup>22</sup> Fr. Escobar reported that from New Mexico to the sea he had observed that ten different languages were spoken.<sup>23</sup>

Fr. Escobar did not stay in New Mexico, but at the request of Oñate he proceeded to the Capital, and there on October 25th, of the same year, 1605, he presented the narrative of the expedition to Viceroy Montesclaros. He also took oath "that what he has said in this Memorial is the truth, and what took place on the expedition, and what he thinks about it, and he signed it with his name. . . . .Immediately, on the said 25th day of October, 1605, His Excellency ordered to appear before him four men, who said their names were Captain Francisco Rascon, Captain Juan Belarde Colodro, Ensign Pedro Sanches Monroy, and Sergeant Francisco Bido. . . . .Having sworn before God and Holy Mary, and with the Sign of the Cross, . . . . .and having promised to tell the truth, and being shown the Memorial and Relation of the said Fr. Francisco de Escobar, . . . . .and having read it through paragraph by paragraph, they declared that its entire contents were true. . . . .And they signed it, except Pedro Sanches Monroy, who said that he did not know how to write" . . . . .<sup>24</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Salmeron, No. 57.

<sup>19</sup> See Coues, 375-381, 479, footnotes.

<sup>20</sup> Salmeron, No. 57.

<sup>21</sup> Salmeron, No. 56.

<sup>22</sup> Bolton in *Catholic Historical Review*, April, 1919, p. 40.

<sup>18</sup> Escobar, ut supra 37.

<sup>19</sup> Escobar, 38.

# CALIFORNIA'S PROTOMARTYR

BY FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

WHETHER I warbled the Litany like a nightingale this afternoon, I don't know. But I do know that this was the happiest feast of St. Francis I ever celebrated," and with a merry twinkle Fr. Luis added the surplice and laid it away.

"Indeed, I feel that way, too," the other missionary returned. "*Gracias a Dios!* We have surely made progress of late. 'Tis good that San Diego was not abandoned."

"For which we have to thank our noble Fr. Juanipero. Many a time I thought of him today. His big heart would have burst for joy had he been with us and seen our little church packed with neophytes."

The speakers were Fr. Luis Jaime and Fr. Gregorio Amurrio, worthy members of that heroic band of self-sacrificing Franciscans to whom California owes her Christianity and civilization.

"What a charming spectacle!" Fr. Gregorio exclaimed, when they left the sacristy and stepped out into the courtyard. Like innocent children, the Indians were pressing round Fr. Fermin and Fr. Vicente and stretching out their hands for the glass beads and other trinkets which the Fathers were distributing among them.

"Go and join the company," Fr. Luis smiled, anticipating his companion's wish. "I'll see that Miguel and Pedro get the *atole* ready; it's about time for supper, and I'm sure our little ones are hungry."

Little ones—how tenderly these men of God loved and cared for their neophytes, those precious plants they had but lately rescued from the desolate wilds of paganism and carried into the fertile garden of Christianity. It was not until the bell rang and the happy Indians dashed off toward the *pozolero* that the three Fathers succeeded in reaching their usual habitation.

That evening, after the missionaries had taken their frugal meal, the conversation naturally centered on the events of the past few days.

"How many natives have received Baptism since last Sunday?" asked Fr. Fermin Francisco de Lasuen.

"Yesterday there were sixty in the class," Fr. Luis replied: "and if we add those of Sunday and Monday and of this morning," he continued joyfully, "the number will surely reach the hundred mark."

"A hundred in four days," Fr. Gregorio chuckled.

"Well," observed Fr. Fermin, "the removal of the mission from the presidio to this hill

was after all a step in the right direction."

"As far as it goes," Fr. Vicente Fuster objected. "You all must admit that it is poor policy to let the neophytes live in their native rancherias instead of keeping them here at the mission under our immediate supervision."

"True, carissime," Fr. Luis acknowledged. "But are we not doing the best we can? They are with us at intervals, anyhow; and what is more," he added with warmth, "we've no longer any military rakes to keep our eyes on. You know what I mean."

Indeed they knew what he meant, and a hush fell on the little community at the mention of it. Just this it was that Fr. Luis had advanced more than two years before as one of the reasons why he thought the mission should not be near the presidio.

"At all events," Fr. Francisco at length ventured, "the prospects of a bountiful harvest are brighter here than they were at the old place."

"Well, let us hope for the best. Perhaps by next year this time the lowlands now under cultivation will be yielding all we need to support the Indians and keep them here at the mission." Fr. Vicente was ready to see the bright side of it.

Thus the missionaries at San Diego were discussing the welfare of their mission on that evening of October 4, 1775. Ever since August of the preceding year when the establishment was removed five miles east of the presidio, there had been a marked change in the attitude of the natives. The kind and loving treatment they met at every turn gradually dispelled their timidity, and in ever increasing numbers they came to be instructed and baptized. So these men of God rejoiced on beholding how their labors were already beginning to bear fruit. What caused them ceaseless worry, however, was the matter which Fr. Vicente had touched on, but which the others would rather have left unmentioned. It was certainly to be deplored, and no one felt it keener than Fr. Luis, that, for lack of food supplies, they were constrained to have the newly baptized Indians return to their rancherias and live there for weeks together, surrounded by their pagan tribesmen and constantly reminded of the beastly habits and liberties they were now no longer permitted to indulge in. Still, in time this would have been remedied and the hopes of the Fathers realized, had not meanwhile a more formidable enemy risen against them.

On the Sunday following the feast of St. Francis, Fr. Luis held divine service at the presidio. It was late in the afternoon when he returned to the mission. The first one to

rush toward him on his passing through the stockade into the courtyard was Fr. Vicente. From his agitated manner, Fr. Luis surmised that something was wrong.

"Why, Father, what is the matter?" he asked, when his confrère drew near and nervously took his hand.

"Then you haven't heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Felipe and Pablo have left the mission," Fr. Vicente stammered.

"You don't mean the two who were among the first converts last year?"

"The very ones. Ah, Father, I never trusted them. Believe me, there is trouble brewing."

"Now, don't be too hasty," Fr. Luis returned calmly. "They are probably roaming about somewhere in the neighborhood. You know what mischievous children the Indians are. Did you search for them?"

"Every nook and corner," the other replied. "I missed them the first time yesterday afternoon at the *Doctrina*."

Fr. Luis reflected for a moment. After all, he was not such an optimist as to fail to realize that his companion had reasons for being alarmed and that the matter had to be looked into.

"Is Andres here?" he inquired.

"Yes, I just saw him at the evening meal," answered Fr. Fermin who had meanwhile joined the two missionaries.

"Very well. He always seemed to be on intimate terms with Felipe and Pablo. We will question him as to their whereabouts. Do our soldiers know of the affair?"

"Yes," Fr. Vicente replied. "I told them, and they promised to keep their eyes open and to be ready at a moment's notice."

Andres was very nervous the next morning when he entered the apartments of the missionaries. The expression on his face at mention of Felipe and Pablo seemed to indicate that he knew more about their disappearance than he cared or dared to disclose. Not the least information could the Fathers get from him, however.

"We shall test his sincerity," Fr. Luis at length suggested, addressing his confrères in Latin.

With this he bade the Indian go to the presidio and tell the lieutenant that the Fathers wished to see him at the mission, immediately.

"But hurry, Andres, and be back before dinner," he added, offering the dusky neophyte a handful of sweetmeats.

"If he is playing a false game, he will not return," Fr. Luis explained, when the Indian had left. "But if he does return and in due time, let it be a sign that our suspicions regarding him at least are wrong."

Toward noon, Andres was back at the mission and with him were Don Jose Francisco de

Ortega and two soldiers. The lieutenant manifested considerable uneasiness when he learned why he had been summoned. He concurred with the Fathers that it was all-important to find the two Indians and to ascertain the cause of their defection.

Early next morning, therefore, the sergeant of the presidio set out with a squad of soldiers for the rancherias. But in vain did they try to locate Felipe and Pablo. No one had seen them nor heard of their whereabouts. It was noticed, too, that everywhere the Indians acted unusually cold and distant, and this made the sergeant suspicious. He continued the search and finally came upon a number of natives whom he recognized as having been among those recently baptized. From these he learned distressing news. Felipe and Pablo were forming a conspiracy for the ruin of the mission and the presidio. The neophytes, too, had been approached; but they, as well as the people of the neighboring rancherias had refused to join. Whether the contents had been more successful in the other rancherias was not known. Satisfied with this information, the Spaniards returned to the presidio.

"Are you sure you understood the Indian correctly?" Ortega asked.

"I am, lieutenant," the other replied; "the signs and words they employed were quite unmistakable."

"And who is at the bottom of the movement?"

"The medicine men," the sergeant declared. "No doubt, their hatred against us has been roused by the large number of baptized Indians who have renounced their pagan practices."

"Felipe and Pablo were spies then in the service of those emissaries of the devil?"

"Apparently."

"Ah, then Fr. Vicente's suspicions were correct after all. Very well, let the ungrateful scoundrels come; they'll not find us unprepared as they did six years ago. This time we'll give them a warm reception. Now, sergeant," Ortega continued more calmly, "instruct the men to keep close watch, day and night, and to have their weapons in readiness. To-morrow morning, you shall call here; I want you to take a note to the Fathers at the mission.

"Is it possible! Here, Fathers, read!" and with tears in his eyes, Fr. Luis handed the lieutenant's note to his fellow missionaries.

"There we have it—the wretched ingrates!" Fr. Vicente exclaimed, throwing the note on the table. "Is it for this we fed and clothed them a whole year?"

"Alas! alas! Felipe and Pablo apostates! What a loss!" and overcome with grief Fr. Luis buried his face in his hands. "No, it can-

be," he protested, rising to his feet. "I do not believe it. It is a false rumor."

"But supposing it is true," Fr. Fermin ventured.

"And supposing they collect a horde of godthirsty savages," Fr. Vicente threw in, "and fall upon the mission, what then?"

"Then——" Fr. Luis hesitated and looked anxiously at his companions. "Then—God's will be done; I am willing to die in his service."

"Of course, we, too," Fr. Vicente returned quietly. "But it is also God's will that we take the necessary precautions."

"You are right, Father, you are right; and therefore I ask you to take this matter in hand. In the meantime let it be my concern to prepare the neophytes by confirming them in the holy faith. Satan shall have no more of them!" Fr. Luis was trembling with emotion.

With increased fervor the saintly friar set about instilling into the convert Indians a love and reverence for the one true God, who died for them on the Cross. Day after day, he told them what they must believe and do if they wished to be happy forever with that good God after death, and reminded them of the terrible punishment in store for such Indians as do not keep what they promised God the day of their Baptism. His words made a profound impression on the neophytes, especially, since they knew why Felipe and Pablo had run away from the mission. Andres and the others all wore a troubled look. Frequently during the instructions, Fr. Luis noticed that they would shut his eyes and move his lips, as if in prayer; and once when the zealous missionary showed the Indians the crucifix, he thought he saw a tear glisten in the Indian's eyes.

A week had thus elapsed without any developments in the matter that had caused such anxiety at San Diego. Sunday came, and the neophytes returned to their rancherias so as to make room at the mission for the other Indians who were to spend the next two weeks there. From these the Fathers hoped to gather definite information. But the Indians declared they had heard no more of the affair since the day on which the soldiers visited them in their homes. The fact, too, that they had now returned in full number for the term of instruction and manifested so little alarm at the mention of the rumored assault, convinced the Fathers that the whole affair rested either on the credulity of the soldiers or on the lively imagination of their swarthy informers. Even Fr. Vicente at last agreed that there was nothing at the bottom of it. As to Felipe and Pablo, Fr. Luis felt sure that it was only fear and shame that prevented them from coming back to the mission. In time, he trusted, they would take heart, and all would be well. Thus

the lowering clouds of adversity gradually dispersed; in fact, the affair was almost forgotten when on Wednesday, October 25, Ortega came to the mission to consult the Fathers as to the proposed founding of Mission San Juan Capistrano.

"There is no reason why it should be delayed longer," Fr. Vicente put in. "To all appearances, the Indians have abandoned the idea of attacking the mission."

"If they ever had such an idea," interposed Fr. Luis. "I don't believe they did. So let us go to work," he continued. "The viceroys are anxious to have that mission established; he mentioned it again in his last letter. Besides, Father Fermin and Gregorio are just dying to realize the object of their coming to California."

"Very well," the lieutenant suggested, "if the Fathers are ready, we will set out tomorrow. It is a distance of seventy-five miles," he explained; "but if we leave in the morning, we ought to arrive there by next Sunday."

The following morning, about nine o'clock, Lieutenant Ortega arrived with his soldiers at the mission. Happy over the prospect of soon having another center of spiritual conquests, the Fathers went out to join the escort.

"Come now, you can't carry both; give me one," and with a hearty laugh Fr. Luis snatched one of the bundles from Fr. Gregorio.

"Why, *padrecito*, you don't want to come along, do you?" railed Fr. Fermin, who had been watching the performance.

"No, not now," came the cheerful reply; "but when your church is dedicated, I'll be there."

"And preach."

"Oh, you better engage Fr. Vicente for that," the other laughed, pointing to his companion.

"But you'll come and preach by your good example then."

"Worse, worse, *padrecito*; you ought to know by this time that I'm as poor in the one as in the other. But say," he added, nudging Fr. Vicente, "don't baptize too many Indians over there. Remember, San Diego must have the biggest number."

"And it surely will have if you can baptize a hundred in four days," Fr. Fermin rejoined playfully.

Indeed, these zealous messengers of the Gospel did not forget that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Mission life with all its hardships and privations and even perils and disappointments had not robbed them of that spirit of holy joy which was ever the characteristic trait of true followers of St. Francis.

"God bless you all!" Fr. Luis exclaimed when Ortega at last gave orders to start.

"Thank you," the others cried, "and may San Diego have you in his keeping."



THE QUEEN OF MAY



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## THE GLORIES OF MARY

ONE of these glories of Mary is the dedication to her of May, the fairest, sweetest month of all the year. The Catholic does not realize how rich he is until he is thrown a great deal with non-Catholics and sees how barren is their spiritual life, first of the Mass and the Sacraments and then of devotion to our Lady and the angels and saints.

Who would barter his memories of the May days of childhood, bringing their devotion to the Blessed Mother? Were you a city child, you did not need to be urged to hurry to school on the May mornings, and you wondered if there could be anything on earth lovelier than the altar of the Blessed Virgin with its masses of flowers whose fragrance greeted you as you entered the church doors. In the classroom, other flowers bloomed before the slender white statue of our Lady, and their odor permeated the air and became so entangled with geography and spelling and arithmetic that to this day one irresistibly recalls the other.

But to the country child, who was trained in the spirit of devotion, the memories of May are more entrancingly sweet. It was only a picture of the Blessed Mother with the Child in her arms; and the shelf under it for the candlesticks, vases, and two toy angels that Santa Claus brought, was a home-made affair. But what marble altar in magnificent church is as sacred? Up early in the morning and off to the woods you ran to search for the early violets; back to the house again, your little hands filled with the fragrant, dew-wet blossoms which all day while you wrestled with books in the country school or played in the big yard were to offer your childish love and devotion to our Lady. Home from school, before the chores of the evening began you knelt there with your mother and recited with her the rosary and what you liked better because of its poetic titles—the litany.

What are Mary's May glories worth to you as you travel the long, weary road of life? How often, refreshed by the memory of your childhood faith and love, set in a memory of flowers and dewy mornings and bird song, have you not blessed your religious mother, who amid all the cares and trials first took time to train your young mind toward the higher life of the soul.

What she did for you, do you for your children. Believe me, these are the things of value, these are the things that grow more precious with time. The houses and lands and monies in banks and bonds, which you struggle so hard to acquire and which you intend to leave to your children, may take wings and fly away, or may be productive of untold harm, but the love you instill into their hearts of religion, of nature, of books, of pictures, of humanity—this is high good fortune for them and is beyond the power of fate to destroy.

Ruskin acknowledges the debt civilization owes to the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother. Catholic art portrayed her beauty; Catholic literature extolled her virtues; and this ideal of beauty and virtue was placed before the Catholic mind. As we are but the expression of our deepest thought, it is no marvel that those earlier ages of the Church produced so exalted a type of humanity; that so many good and wise men and women were found in every circle of society.

If in every Catholic home this fair ideal were venerated once more; if Mary were made a living personality for parents and children, as May transforms the face of nature, clothing the trees in full verdure, spreading the way with flowers, completing the choir of birds, so would the world know a change. The old, hard things would pass away, and beauty and virtue regain their lost places in hearts. And to do this, is not impossible. There are homes where it seems, were our vision more clear, we could see Christ and His Mother and angels and saints, so vital is the realization of their abiding presence in the minds of the family.

"Mother, God winked at me!" cried a seven-year-old, coming home from school at noon on a May day when the clouds were playing hide-and-seek with the sun. "Goddie won't love 'oo if 'oo do that," lisped his baby sister, when he threw a stone at their dog.

Why did God thus come first into their infant minds viewing a flash of light and an unkind act? Simply because in that home God is made an abiding presence, not a far-off deity to be addressed only at morning and night and then on one's knees. Out in the world those children are going to find that sense of God's nearness a life-line in time of trial and

temptation. It is also going to continue to mold their characters, making them strong, upright men and women; and for such, success, even in the material sense, always waits.

Coming back to our Maytime thoughts: Mary's hand leads to God—another one of her great glories.—M. T.

## HOUSE-CLEANING RESOLUTIONS

**T**HEY say cleanliness is next to godliness. I say if godliness is as productive of discomfort as my mother's cleanliness, then I don't aim after godliness."

The young fellow's face wore a distracted expression, and there was an edge on his voice which the light tones could not conceal. There was not a speck on his clothes; his linen fairly glistened; his face still seemed to wear the polish it always received from his mother's hands, when they wielded the washrag and towel.

"Oh, cheer up," said his girl companion. "Everything passes — even house-cleaning time."

"It is always house-cleaning time in our house," he answered. Then hastily changed the subject.

There is nothing better this side of Heaven than a well-kept and orderly home; next to a dirty one, nothing worse this side of the other place than a home where order and cleanliness are made a fetish.

Doubtless a slovenly wife and mother has driven many a husband and child from home; but the perfect housekeeper has done likewise. When the home becomes a shrine for *things* instead of a place for *people*, it ceases to be a home; and as normal people require something beyond a roof to shelter them and a board to feed them, they will go elsewhere for it if it is denied them in their own home.

The woman who marries has as her life work the keeping of the home. It is as much her business as her husband's shop or counting room is his; and as he takes every precaution to ensure the success of his affairs, she should plan hers as carefully and carry out those plans as prudently. How long would her husband last as employer or employe if he made hard and fast rules, tried to bend every one to his will, or attempted to curtail the liberty of others in his establishment or work room? Yet that is what many a short-sighted homemaker does in her domain. If the man wants to smoke, he must sit in the kitchen. Some men, taking the way of least resistance, go to the kitchen; the majority go to the streets. But the man driven to the kitchen for his pipe and evening paper is not any more satisfied than the one driven to the street. The son and daughter who, after a hard day's work,

come home to hear "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," every time they turn around, are going elsewhere to get some freedom of action. Then when the habit of absenting themselves from the home is formed in husband and children, the poor deluded woman finds herself alone among the things she made her idols. And a fifty-dollar chair is no more companionable than a fifty-cent one, when there is nobody sitting on it.

It has always seemed strange to me that any one should set higher value on things than on people. When those people are your own, there is no folly like unto that folly. The world is full of chairs and couches and rugs and curtains. Suppose yours do wear out? They are easily replaced, and not one article in ten thousand is worth being handed on to the second generation.

"My grandmother saved her black walnut dining room set from the sale for me—horrible stuff it is!—but let her brass andirons and high tongs and shovel and pewter candlesticks go for a song," I once heard a woman complain.

You go into one home, and all you see are things. You look at the curtains until you seem to see the weavers weaving them, the salesman selling them, the decorator hanging them. That table is hand-carved; that rug is oriental. The very pictures call attention to their excellence. You are not surprised to find that the owner of the establishment sees only the material side both of her home and of her life.

You go into another home, where the furnishing is of equal, perhaps of greater value, but the only memory you take away of it is that it was there, that it fitted in harmoniously; but if the table were hand-carved, the rug oriental you could not say, for that woman was not absorbed in things but in people. It was a home, the other was a mere house.

These May days see the big tasks of house-cleaning in full swing. It is a spring disease and sweeps from the slums to the most exclusive circles. It is a survival of the time of tightly-barred doors and windows, of fireplaces that burned the shins and froze the backs, of ice-bound rain barrels, of the time that forced sulphur and molasses and strong sassafras tea down reluctant throats, and of other conditions that allowed dust to accumulate in the house and refuse to clog the blood. Yet it has a deeper significance, this annual overhauling of the house, if it were not so entirely lost sight of. It is like starting life anew on New Year's day.

Now, if you are at either of the extremes, this time of spring house-cleaning is the time to make a change. If you are slovenly, you will note the pleasure the family takes in the



house while it shows the effect of your spurt of cleanliness. Determine to maintain that pleasure by keeping the house cleanly and orderly. It is not so hard if every day the sweeper and dust cloth are put to use. And that is your duty, you know. The home is your business. Don't let us see you fail in it—too much is at stake.

If you are at the other extreme, instead of closing the doors when the house-cleaning (a misnomer, in your case) is done, let them stand open, let the family take possession of those things, use them as is their purpose, make a home out of your house.

It is no wonder we hear it called the "golden mean." It balances the world. To the people of the golden mean one turns as to a haven, when the extremists of any class have one distracted by their habits or vagaries. In such a home the man feels that he is a co-partner with his wife; the children realize that it is the place prepared for them and maintained for their comfort and happiness.

"Take this chair—that one is on its way to the attic!" laughed a hostess one day. The remark drew my attention to the furniture. Several familiar pieces were missing—they had probably reached the attic—and the new ones were showing wear. The eldest son, who had gone to his own home during my absence, dropped in and the four-year-old little sister climbed on his lap; then the other children drifted in from Sunday school or the movies, according to their years. You forgot there were such things as new tables or chairs on their way to the attic. It was a world of love and true freedom, founded by a good man and a sensible woman, who realizing they had undertaken the most important business in the world, had resolved to make a success of it.

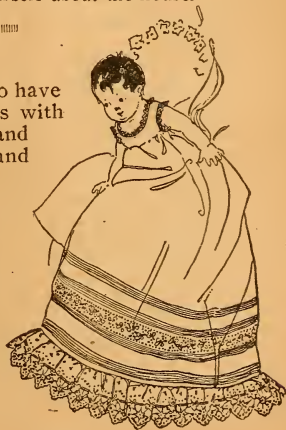
## WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. S.—, Bay City.—Do you admire a vain woman? Is there anything admirable in such a character? Yet no fault grows of itself, but by cultivation. Dress your little girl simply and teach her to despise vanity as the mark of a vapid mind. When she grows older and wears the clothes suited to her position, she will appraise them correctly. The hallmark of good breeding is a fine forgetfulness of clothes once they have been put on and the mirror assures of their correctness and becomingness. And this admirable habit should be started in childhood and vigorously cultivated. There is something very trying in the vain, priggish little girl. You do not want your daughter to be classed as such. You should be glad the Sisters demand that all the girls shall wear simple frocks at the exercises on the closing of school. It is a practice that is spreading.

Miss L.—, Atlanta, Ga.—These things are necessary for health: Air, water, food, heat, light, exercise, and sleep. Air is nature's best tonic and blood purifier; have clean, fresh air night and day, and plenty of it. Drink good, pure water freely and take a daily bath. Eat simple food regularly, and take plenty of time to masticate it. Sunlight is one of nature's great life-saving forces. Light and disease are enemies. Let light into your home. Get plenty of sleep. The average person requires eight hours of sleep every night. Exercise for five minutes three times daily; exercise briskly. Last, but of greatest consequence, keep your mind free from worry. Otherwise you derive but little benefit from your effort to obtain health and maintain it. Forget your ailments. If they insist on intruding, say your prayers, read, or busy yourself about the house.

## MOTHER'S REWARD

There is not a mother that does not deserve to have her children cover her well-knotted old hands with diamonds, and to have silks and velvets and lace hung on her poor stooped shoulders; and if they cannot do this, the least they can do is to make her the honored guest in their homes and lavish upon her the affection and appreciation that is even more precious in a mother's eyes, than jewels and fine clothes.





# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by *ELIZABETH ROSE*

### OUR FRANCISCAN WARRIOR SAINT

ON a May morning in 1431, nearly 500 years ago, there was great excitement in the town of Rouen, in France. Crowds were coming and going; soldiers were all about; it looked to be some important holiday. What do you think it really was? In the market-place of the town, in those days, before the time of printing and newspapers the meeting-place for news and communications, they were burning to death at the stake, Joan, a young helpless girl of only nineteen years, who had done what not a warrior of her own country had been able to accomplish. She had rescued

that country from the English foe. She had brought its king, despised and friendless, to the mighty cathedral of Rheims, where all the French kings before him had been crowned, and stood by his side as he received the royal diadem, clad in shining armor, a white mantle thrown about her, and in her hand her snowy silken standard, spangled with golden lilies, with the names of Jesus and Mary embroidered in gold upon its folds. She had driven the enemy from her fair land; she had led such an army as was never seen before nor afterwards in the history of the world, for her word was supreme, and she permitted no breaking of God's commandments on the part of her soldiers; no profane word was heard in her camps; prayer began and ended the day; God's blessing was implored before each battle, and old and tried soldiers stood dumbfounded at her wonderful powers. For she was only a simple little peasant girl, tending her flocks in the fields of the small village of Domrémy when, according to her story, she heard voices calling to her from out the summer skies to go save France. Then she saw three beautiful figures coming towards her—Michael, the glorious angel of battle, Catherine, and Margaret, the patron saints of the village church.

They told her to fear nothing, but to go to the king (whom she had never seen or expected to see), and tell him she would lead his armies to victory. Of course, everybody laughed at her. They thought she was crazy and took no notice of her when she begged to be taken to the king. Finally, some people who got interested in her story took her to Charles, the king. He was ready to try anything to save his kingdom; so Joan was appointed commander of the army, and all distinguished officers had to take orders from her—much to the disgust of many of them. It is not necessary to give you all of Joan Arc's story, for you are going to hear a great deal about her.

### Our Lady's Month

The airs of far-off heaven drift calm:—  
And lo! the world beneath Her feet  
Is sweet with balm.

The stars of heaven so pulse with light  
That all the world beneath Her feet  
Is bright with Night.

The clouds of heaven bend low and fall:—  
And the bare world beneath Her feet  
Is blossom all.

Smiling, She looks adown the way:—  
And lo! beneath Her blessed feet  
The world is May!

and only waited for the chance to get rid of her. The chance came. The English came back again to try their luck. In a certain battle before the town of Compiègne, the French had to retreat, Joan with them. Traitors inside the gates closed them upon her, leaving her in the hands of the English, overjoyed to get possession of her. They kept her prisoner a whole year, and then put her to death in the market-place of Rouen by the horrible torture of fire. Her last word was "Jesus!" All the while she gazed on a cross held up before her dying eyes by a compassionate English soldier. It is said that just as the flames concealed her from sight a snow-white dove flew out from the fire, straight up into heaven, and many of the people believed it to be her pure soul. So many miracles were later worked at her inter-

fore long in the world outside; it is enough to say that within the year she drove the English away, and they had her according to many of them really believed her a witch they could not imagine how a poor, ignorant little peasant girl could do what she had done, unless the devil helped her. You see, they never once thought it might be God who was her helper. Many of the French hated her too, from jealousy and envy.

...sion, that the Church examined into her  
...se, and the verdict was that poor Joan, the  
...called witch, was in reality a saint of God.  
...d now, after these hundreds of years, Joan  
...o be canonized at last, and faithless France  
...t betrayed her and cruel England that tor-  
...ed her to death, will unite with all Christian  
...tries of the world in hailing her as "St.  
...n of Arc."  
...ne thing more about her—she was a mem-  
...of the Third Order of St. Francis, and  
...before "Our Franciscan Warrior Saint."

**THE FLOWER OF THE HOLY GHOST**

CENTURIES ago, when Brazil and the other  
...ountries of South America were first ex-  
...red by the Spaniards, they found growing  
...n the heart of swamps and in the crevices  
...decayed and fallen trees, out of mud and  
...e into which even those hardy adventurers  
...itated to set foot, a marvel of flower-life,  
...wonderful and beautiful that they called it  
...the name which it still bears—"Flor del  
...ritu Santo" the Flower of the Holy Ghost.  
...ny of you Young Folks who love flowers  
...er have the good luck to come across this  
...n, and look into its splendid cup of thick  
...my white satin, you will see something  
...will never forget. The wondrous chalice  
...ies not stand upright, like that of the lily or  
...o, but lies on its side, so that the beholder  
...is not have to look down but straight into  
...t. At the back, a part of the plant itself, is  
...perfect figure of a white dove, its head

a little inclined on its breast, the tip of its  
...delicate beak a vivid crimson. Its wings are  
...stretched out on either side, the points reach-  
...ing up to the top of the white tabernacle, as  
...one might almost call it, that forms its enclos-  
...ing cup. A mound of white lies directly at  
...its feet, gives it the very appearance of the  
...Divine Spirit as we often see it represented,  
...hovering above the world. Gazing at this  
...mysterious formation, it is easy to see how the  
...minds of those Catholic Spaniards of old  
...caught at once at the idea of the Paraclete  
...brooding over the world. This magnificent  
...flower is also found in Panama, but so far as  
...known, grows to perfection nowhere else on  
...the earth except here and in some parts of  
...the South American continent. Many efforts  
...have been made to get it to grow in other  
...countries, but with little success. In its native  
...swamps, the plant lifts itself to the height of  
...six or seven feet, and has a strong perfume  
...resembling that of our magnolia. But else-  
...where, even if it lives at all, the flowers dim-  
...inish and dwindle, so that they become but a  
...poor copy of the splendid original. Its scent,  
...also, becomes so faint as to be hardly percep-  
...tible.

What a wonderful creation of God! Like  
...all His works, it bears its lesson written on  
...its petals for all to read. Just as this marvel  
...of floral growth springs up pure and stainless  
...from the foulness and decay in which it is  
...rooted, bearing the lovely Dove within its  
...bosom, so can the human soul rise, pure and  
...beautiful, from the worst of surroundings, if  
...the spirit of God is within it.

**A FIRESIDE CHAT**

I HAD a talk with our kind Editor the other  
...day, and he agreed with me that it was  
...quite time our Young Folk themselves took a  
...hand in filling that box that comes to the  
...Fireside every month, by saying what particu-  
...lar goodies each would like to find in it. You  
...will see a new package got slipped in this  
...time, in the shape of our Puzzle Corner, and  
...I want every one of you who likes puzzles to  
...come over in this Corner and try what he or  
...she can do. Perhaps some of you are even  
...good at this kind of thing yourselves? If  
...so, don't be bashful—send in your own work,  
...besides solving the problems presented you by  
...others. The names of all answering the puzzles  
...correctly will be published each month. Now,  
..."a long pull and a strong pull, and a pull al-  
...together," as the old song says, and I am sure  
...it will not be long before others besides our  
...Young Folk will be nibbling at our Puzzle  
...Pie! Address all replies to Elizabeth Rose, in  
...care of FRANCISCAN HERALD, Teutopolis, Ill.



# Miscellaneous

## Wandering Thoughts

He sat midst the falling shadows,  
His hands on the gleaming keys,  
And melody stirred the silence,  
Like whispers of wind-swayed trees;  
But the player bowed 'neath the hand of God,  
Felt only the thorns in the path he trod!—

That desolate path of Penance,  
Where joyously day by day,  
The humble sons of Saint Francis  
Sped each on his selfless way,  
With never a thought of the dreams of yore,  
Nor longing for that which could be no more.

The music swept through the arches,  
But the player scarcely heard;  
His mind was away and speeding,  
As swift as a homing bird,  
To a distant land, and a garden fair,  
And the tender memories hidden there.

His heart was as pure as crystal,  
His smile like the sun on snow;  
Yet those who have climbed the summit,  
Look back to the vale below,  
And a soul that is set upon things above,  
May have known and foregone a human love.

The exquisite strains ascended,  
And ever more softly fell,  
The Monstrance was raised in Blessing,  
Whilst peace that no words can tell,  
Enfolded the player and filled his heart,  
For had he not chosen the better part?

—*Marian Nesbitt.*



WANDERING THOUGHTS

# NEW AMERICAN TEXT BOOKS

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN

TEXT books are a vital force in our life, and have a place in literature which is not always credited to them. Especially is this true of text books written more than twenty years ago. Pride in scientific research and instability of favor have shaken the newer text book from that calm poise and grounded American spirit which marked the older texts. Fads, extravagance and propaganda have crept into the veins of text books. To gather up at a secondhand bookstore or from garret corners a batch of old text books—readers, histories, geographies, and elementary science texts, is a means of deriving a just estimate of the newer books.

To mention one difference between the new readers and the old—the books which introduce children to literature—the pagan legends which have so large a place in the new readers were not the stock interest of the older books. Patriotic anecdotes were the favorite selections of old, and selections from Scripture, such as the Sermon on the Mount, mingled with natural appeals to the tender emotions in anecdotes of animal life, of virtues such as fidelity, honor, and truth, presented in quaint and impressive way. Likewise, the "Child's History of the United States," called ringingly to the emotions in tales of Boston Common, Lexington, Valley Forge, and the Crossing of the Delaware. The treason of Benedict Arnold cast into high relief the heroic exploits of Ethan Allen, Anthony Wayne, and, above all, George Washington. Alive with human appeal, bearing record of the words, emotions, sacrifices, sorrows, and triumphs of the people, these tales had the force of poetry and story as well as fact. They made the eastern seacoast a region of storied places, historic romance which abides to-day. Meanwhile tales of the pioneers—Boone, Clarke, and others, and of the missionaries, pushing west, north, and south, created and extended this historic romance which some have found a potent element of love of country. American literature, meager as it is said to be when compared with English literature, embodied this fresh, pure strain of patriotism and love of liberty, in poems

such as Paul Revere's Ride, The Liberty Bell, our national hymns, etc. To-day numbers of citizens may be found who know that they owe to such text books as much as to family tradition the patriotic fire which still burns in our hearts and in our original literature.

Who writes our text books to-day, and who or what inspires the writing? A newspaper records that Dr. Ida Smedley MacLean of London is in America at present to urge us to change our text books, that "the so-called traditional enmity between nations may be abolished." Addressing a college women's club she said:

"After fighting side by side in the world war, how is it possible for that old enmity of America for Britain or that of France for Britain to exist? But that is what the text books tell the children to-day." She advises forming a National Association by which men and women of all countries may come in contact, and providing opportunities to students of all countries to take up work in a college other than their own, in order that a better understanding among all countries may exist.

Such proposals sound harmless and even virtuous until they are read in their results, and already a number of new American text books for grades, high schools, and colleges show the fruit of this propaganda in the neutralization of American tradition. We are even using text books written for us by Englishmen—British subject or Anglo-Saxon American, the tone is the same—an apology for that spirit of sacrifice and love of liberty which marked the beginning of our nation. Thus, Cecil Chesterton, one of the best of modern Englishmen, with the courage of his convictions in his conversion to the Catholic faith, in his friendship for Ireland and his fight for democracy at home wrote as a war pastime a United States history which, it will be found, is in constant demand in our public libraries, at least as a reference book. His viewpoint that of the modern scholar and Englishman, is not that from which our early texts were written. He has begun to change our text books for us. Again, a new book of literary criticism by a Harvard professor of

English has a chapter or lecture entitled "The Anglo-Saxon Tradition," in which, because he is himself of English origin, he assumes that the country is irrevocably Anglo-Saxon in tradition, making no allowance in his expression for possible readers or auditors who have no such tradition in their Americanism. It would seem from his and other texts that the traditional British love of liberty now centers around the retention of ale, as seen in the revived interest in the drinking song, which some critics fear may be lost to literature. In "The Anglo-Saxon Tradition" is this comment upon the drinking song:

"The English tradition shows a magnificently virile strain; and that strain shows itself chiefly in poetry that takes for its province the actions of men."

Thus far, the drinking song has not been produced on American soil, nor is it as yet an expression of American independence and love of "inalienable rights."

Any one who wishes to learn how the new international tone sounds in American texts, may find it illustrated in Albert Bushnell Hart's two history texts, a School History of the United States and New American History. The principal shocks which a student of older text books receives here are the suppression of George Washington, the apology for the Revolution (or the Separation," as Cecil Chesterton tactfully calls it), and the exclusion of the patriotic one, that is, of admiration for personal heroism, sacrifice, and devotion. In his preface the author states that he has taken the stress off wars and personal achievement for pacific and psychological reasons, and has placed them upon economic development (which is safely neutral ground). He has not explained, however, why such a bulky volume is prepared for young students (eighth grade) in which so much trivial matter supersedes the terse but vital expression of America's struggle to gain and preserve liberty. In his apology for the Revolutionary War, Hart has the best British attitude, that of the valiant Briton, Cecil Chesterton, when he tells us that the colonists were not so badly treated as we have long been led to believe, that many of them were not eager to break with Britain (a fact, we knew of Tories), and that some Americans to-day believe it were just as well if we had never separated from Britain (which also we have guessed from re-

cent events). The stress upon material development is in itself imperialistic. This author will not call Washington the "Father of his Country," and briefly commends him for "grit and boldness." From the study of this text alone Washington might remain to children one of the most obscure names which burden their memories. Of Valley Forge, he says:

"The following winter was the crisis of the Revolution. Washington kept a little army together at Valley Forge, near Philadelphia. Though they had poor huts and were short of food and clothing, the men stood by their country, and in the spring were ready to meet the enemy again."

This paragraph out of five hundred pages is all that is given to what has proved the most fertile stimulus of American morale in the recent test of war.

But Hart reaches farther in his banishment of popular heroes:

"Though a discoverer and a fearless sailor, Columbus was a hard master. He sailed westward in the hope of finding some civilized people who could be plundered (1). His colony was unruly and he did not scruple to make slaves of the natives. His great merits were his wonderful pluck and his belief that he could do what had never been done before, and his ability to make his unwilling sailors continue until the first voyage was successful."

Evidently the author has deduced the merits of Columbus from Joaquin Miller's poem on Columbus' discovery of America. Yet he has imbibed none of the enthusiasm with which Miller heralds:

" . . . a light! a light!

It grew a starlit flag unfurled;

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;

It found a world, it gave that world

Its grandest motto—on, sail on!"

If Dr. Hart's statement is all we could be taught of Columbus it is indeed time to change our text books, or even abolish them. The New American History has six hundred fifty pages of economic splendor and prospect, yet remains in doubt as to the wisdom of the Revolution. Yet every true American to-day knows that it is in our own hands now to prove again the wisdom of the breaking off of the colonies, and the establishment of this land of liberty and refuge for the oppressed.

If any text could be even more un-

suitable to America, it is that of Dr. Hart's colleague, Samuel Bannister Harding's *New Mediaeval and Modern History*. In this volume, science is again glorified and made to serve agnosticism and materialism. The high praise accorded Luther, Voltaire, Cromwell, Garibaldi, and Cavour does not harmonize with American principles of liberty and justice and Christianity to which America is pledged, since these men stand for tyranny, usurpation, oppression, and agnosticism. The principles for which these men stood have just drenched the world in blood, and yet stand out in livid horror. There is no longer tolerant excuse for this view of historic rebels against God, since their work has reached its culmination in disaster. One who reads Dr. Ralph Adams Cram's books portraying mediaevalism and the results of modernism will be doubly thankful for this American scholar and his work on reading Harding's estimate of the Middle Ages:

"The Middle Ages, in spite of all that has been said in this chapter, were a time of great ignorance and superstition. Comets were regarded as signs of coming disasters. 'The invisible world' says a modern writer, 'with all its mysterious attraction and horrible fascination, was ever present and real to everyone. Demons were always around the mediaeval man, to smite him with sickness, to ruin his pitiful little cornfield, or vineyard, or to lure his soul to perdition; while the angels and saints were similarly ready to help him, to listen to his invocations, and to intercede for him at the throne of mercy, which he dared not address directly.'"

Thanks to these authors, many of us realize that we, too, are mediaeval, even though our cornfields are not so pitiful in their smallness as those of Saint Francis of Assisi's day. Here, too, we learn that Voltaire "did more than any other man to free the world of religious intolerance," that in France the "removal of all religious influence in education may be taken as an established fact" and that Darwin's theory of evolution "is almost universally accepted."

Stress upon vocational training has been criticized as a weakness in American education, because it supersedes the classics and other cultural studies and tends to materialism. In one of the text books on manual training, occur three sentences which are quite true from the author's point of view,

and most erroneous in view of Truth itself

"The greatest empire in the world to-day is the empire of mechanism, and its most potent instrument is iron.

"The railway, telegraph, and steamship exert a more potent influence to-day than the lawyer, the doctor or the priest.

"The Trinity upon which civilization rests are Justice, the Arts and Labor, and the depend upon a scientific education."

It is possible for a student to learn from books and from teachers who hold the opinions, and yet keep his own view of Faith, but it is not very safe or very easy. There is need, therefore, for better text books on manual training, and that such can be written appears in Helen Marot's report on an educational experiment in New York City, which she calls the *Creative Impulse in Industry*. Hers is a volume of constructive thought which can well be interpreted by the mind of faith to assume that religion should be the basic motive for good work, true service, and patriotism, which she says:

"It would seem the better part of statemanship in America after the war to build industrially on the strength of our people and not on the weakness of another. It the business of educators to point out the danger and to discover whether efficiency may not be gained in the country by giving children in their adolescent period the impulse for production and high standards of work, not for the sake of the state, but for themselves, for the sake of the community—out of love of the work and for the value of service."

Tolman's *Hygiene for the Worker*, edited by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, a two book series, is another commendable text, carefully written in a manner fitted to students and readers of many beliefs and creeds. No space is wasted on materialistic philosophy, but every sentence is a practical direction to the reader to form his character by regular and wholesome habits with a view to his "happiness and efficiency," a phrase that of those about him. It will be noticed that the author makes no mention of religious exercises in the routine recommended, yet this is implied in the stress upon virtues such as kindness, courtesy, diligence, and the suggestion to consult "pastor or priest" in the choice of a locality for vacation. A more positive religious teaching than that of the two last named books would need



erily be written for parochial schools under public school system. Which brings us to the matter of Catholic text books and public school texts written by Catholics.

Few, except students at Catholic schools, know much about Catholic text books. And some of these students know that not all the books used in Catholic schools are written by Catholics. The truth is readily accepted here, whether it comes through secular source or otherwise, and the gifts of power, knowledge, and style are equally valued wherever God has bestowed them. Let the deficiencies in general text books as well as the zeal and the gifts of Catholics, produce numbers of the best written of the new American texts. It is here that the familiar tone of patriotism and Christian faith are preserved amid the changes which keep our civilization. Here is furnished the view of faith in science, in education, in the interpretation of history. Here the best in literature is recognized whether the author be Catholic or non-Catholic. And the commercial motive has no power to increase the output of these texts or dictate their contents. A History of the United States by the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, of Wisconsin, has an attitude directly contrary to that of the new stories herein criticized for change of theme. Their purpose is to "set before the world the noble example of (Catholic) heroes and patriots and teach him to emulate their lives of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty—to build for the future loyal Catholic citizens who will ever be prepared to respond to their country's need."

In the new series of Catholic readers, while the classical non-Catholic authors are presented in the literary selections, justice is also done Catholic writers who, in many of the new secular literature texts and volumes of literary criticism, are not mentioned. Such authors would be excused if they filled the text books with the excellent verse and prose of living Catholic writers who might otherwise remain unknown to the school children of their time. The faults of our new American texts have been fully inspired many good Catholic texts, and these defects may yet occasion the much needed Catholic history of American literature (and of English literature), and the great Catholic authority in the history of the United States. Knowledge of these defects should prompt us also to place Catho-

lic texts within reach of students in secular schools and colleges, that they may have ready recourse to the authoritative voice of the Church in questions of dispute.

Thus already Rev. Hugh P. Smyth's volume, "The Reformation," collected addresses given to meet the needs of high school students in and about Chicago, covers one of the special difficulties of secular students. Catholic histories of education, of philosophy, of ethics, of the Church; biographies, such as Denifle's Life of Luther, individual lives of the saints, the poems, novels, and essays of American Catholic writers are available for those who know of them. Dr. Thomas V. Moore's Historical Introduction to Ethics is dedicated to the Newman Club of California State University, to which group of students the contents were originally delivered as a supplementary course. Such clubs at State universities become a link between Catholic and secular literature. Another source of knowledge concerning Catholic publications is the book review department of the Catholic magazines, wherein the reader not only learns what is being written, but the content and merit of it, and the judgment of secular books by Catholic critics.

Because it is a privilege to write our American text books, Catholic readers may justly be proud that much is being done to preserve American principles in this way, yet we can also rejoice to find that even in the midst of powerful and subtle propaganda for internationalism and imperialism, the new secular texts show in many cases the same loyal spirit.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Virtues of a Religious Superior (De Sex Alis Seraphim)*. Instructions by the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure. Translated from the Latin by FR. SABINUS MOLLITOR, O. F. M.—E. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo., 1920. Price, 60 cents net.

This is an adaptation in English of one of the best known and most beautiful of the ascetical writings of St. Bonaventure. The work is divided into seven chapters. The first, on "The Selection of Superiors," treats of the general qualities of superiors. In the following chapters, the Saint describes the characteristic virtues which a superior should possess: Zeal for Justice, Pity or Compassion, Patience, Edification, or an exemplary life, Prudent Discretion, and Devotion to Prayer. The translation is very well done, while the general make-up of the book, with its 112 pages of text, leaves nothing to be desired.



# Franciscan News

**Italy.**—Rev. Fr. Definitor Marucci, O. F. M., who was under the care of specialists in this city for stomach trouble, died recently. His death is a great loss to the Order, of which he was so faithful and loving a son.

On April 3, the first students in the Franciscan International College of St. Antony at Rome to be admitted to the holy priesthood since the re-opening of the institution after the war, were ordained. Italy, Spain, Malta, Holland, and England were represented.

Blind persons, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, are grieving over the recent death of Mgr. Vitali, a Franciscan Tertiary, who generously erected in Milan a school for sightless unfortunates, which attained a continental reputation. Mgr. Vitali was eighty-three years old. He consecrated his life to educating and otherwise assisting the blind.

The Popular Union of Italy has lost in the celebrated scholar, Archimedes Pasquinelli, one of its most energetic leaders. His untimely death was a blow also to the Third Order of St. Francis, of which he was a zealous member. It was ever his aim to imbue the people by word and example with truly Franciscan ideals.

A bust of Louis Guanella, Franciscan Tertiary and founder of the Servants of Charity and the Sisters of Providence, has recently been unveiled in Rome, where his memory is greatly cherished. The bust is in the Church of St. Joseph in the Quartiere Triomfale.

**Holland.**—The St. Louis Mission Seminary, near Vlodrop, which is the Seraphic College for the Franciscans of Northwestern Germany, celebrated recently with unusual splendor the seventh centenary of the founding of the Franciscan missions. Rev. Fr. Leonard Lemmens, O. F. M., who has published a large work on the Franciscan missions, was the principal speaker of the occasion, and his beautifully illustrated lecture on the Holy Places in Palestine aroused the enthusiasm of his youthful audience to the highest pitch.

Rev. Fr. Hilarion Rieck, Provincial Procurator for the Franciscan Missions in Duesseldorf, writes to the HERALD that, in spite of the pitiful condition in which the world war has left his countrymen, the well-known interest of the German Catholics in the foreign missions has not received the setback that was feared. In fact, he declares that the alms for the missions continue to flow in, and he is living in the fond hope that after the country has extricated itself from its present political chaos, the priests and sisters will again be permitted to exercise the sweet offices of charity among the heathen nations of foreign climes. It is indeed consoling for us to note that in all the communications that come to us from the Catholics of the stricken Central Powers, there is not the least vestige of bitterness toward their former enemies. In this they

may well serve as models for many of us, though the war is long since over, still find hard to banish from our hearts feelings of hate and ill-will toward our erstwhile enemy.

The Minister of Public Works in Holland, M. Aelbersee, is a fervent Tertiary, a great admirer of St. Francis, and a well-known speaker at Franciscan gatherings.

**Spain.**—Rt. Rev. P. A. Rey Lemos, O. F. M., Administrator Apostolic of Jaen, has been appointed Bishop of Lugo, Galicia, in Spain. This distinguished prelate is a man of sterling piety and profound learning. He was at one time editor of *El Eco Franciscano*, a high-class bi-monthly published by the Spanish Franciscans of Santiago. His elevation to the episcopal see of Lugo, his native city, was a source of great joy to his fellow citizens.

Elaborate preparations are under way in Spain to commemorate in a becoming manner the sixth centenary of the death of the famous Italian poet Dante Alighieri. The children of St. Francis will remember that he was a Franciscan Tertiary and an enthusiastic admirer of the Poor Little Man of Assisi, whom he paid a glowing tribute in his well-known poem, "Divina Commedia."

Most Rev. Placid Lemos, of Madrid, Franciscan Bishop, apostolic administrator of Jaen, formerly Procurator General of the Franciscan Order and General Definitor, has been appointed academic correspondent of the Academy of Sciences.

**France.**—One of the chapels in the cathedral of Montmartre was erected by the members of the Third Order of St. Francis. The artists and sculptors who decorated it were likewise Tertiaries. The medallions on the front of the altar represent episodes from the lives of St. Francis, St. Antony of Padua, St. Clare of Assisi, and St. Colette. Over the tabernacle is a Seraph wearing a crown of thorns to symbolize penance, the characteristic virtue of the Seraphic Order. Two inscriptions, *Dominus det pacem*—The Lord give thee peace, and *Deus meus et Omnia*—My God and my All, will remind the French Tertiaries of these their favorite sayings of their holy Founder. The wall behind the altar is worked in rich mosaic.

The French Minister of War has publicly commended the Franciscan Sisters in Belgium for their self-denial and charity on behalf of the wounded and sick soldiers. Seven members of their community have been honored by the government with service medals.

**Argentina.**—The Third Order of Rio Cuarto in Argentina is erecting a magnificent school in one of the most populous districts of the city. It contains classrooms and workshops, which the native children are to be educated free of charge. The cornerstone was solemnly blessed last June.

**Jerusalem.**—The Poor Clares, who were expelled from their monastery during the war, have been able to return to their cloister to resume their prayers and penance for the sins of the world and their sublime act of worship—perpetual adoration of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

**Chile.**—Here the Third Order is in a most flourishing condition. Some time ago, Rt. Rev. Raphael Edwards, military Bishop of the Chilean army and navy, was solemnly vested with the tertiary cord and scapular. He himself officiated at the High Mass and preached an appropriate sermon. Other eminent Tertiaries of Chile are the present Bishop of Concepcion and the Apostolic Nuncio of Buenos Aires.

**Peru.**—Following are the official reports drawn up by the Franciscan missionaries of the prefecture apostolic of Ucayali for the year 1918 and forwarded to headquarters in Rome: Baptisms, children, 1,348—adults, 63; marriages blessed, 206; Easter confessions, 2,027; confessions at other times, 4,628; communions, 7,805; confirmations, 2,143; schools for the natives, 7; boys and girls in these schools, 170; priests in the prefecture, 17; lay brothers, 6.

In the mission of Requena, which belongs to this prefecture, the Franciscans have opened a school where a hundred native boys are now receiving an education. A similar school will be erected for native girls and placed in charge of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. At the same time, the fearless missionaries are making occasional visits to the region of Panama, where the Indians are very wild and hostile. But even here by patience and kindness they have succeeded in winning a number over to Christianity. The prospects are bright.

**Germany.**—In spite of the universal depression caused by the world war, the Third Order of St. Francis continues to manifest its innate energy and its present-day timeliness. Revolution may follow revolution and the citizens may be torn asunder by civic strife, "charity never fails," but finds time and opportunity to exercise its benevolent influence even in war-torn Westphalia, and especially in the large industrial centers of the Rhineland. The Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Holy Cross have made it their point to guide the zeal of the individual Tertiaries along the safe lines of true Christian character, and to urge them to join the existing social and charitable organizations. This is especially necessary at the present time, when the condition of affairs makes it imperative to use every available force for good. Many Tertiaries have readily heeded the voice of duty. To mention but one instance. In the city of Dortmund, which numbers 1,000 Tertiaries, 405 have joined the Elizabeth's Society, 412 the Society of Christian Mothers, 144 the Women's Temperance League, 122 the People's League, 58 the Catholic Protective Association, 47 the Children's Protective League, 21 the Saleswomen's Union, and 1 the Civic Service.

Tertiaries are bound by their Rule to care for the poor and sick members of the Order. But these days of universal suffering and famine, the Tertiaries of Germany as true children of St. Francis, are making no distinction between

Tertiaries and non-Tertiaries when there is a question of charity. Moreover, now that the number of the sick has increased beyond all bounds, and the available nurses are all engaged, it was found necessary to train a corps of Tertiary nurses to care for their ailing fellow members. It was decided to establish a training school for nurses in Dueseldorf, since the Third Order possesses a home in that city. Here it is that the young nurses receive board and lodging, besides religious instruction. Arrangements have been made with one of the largest hospitals of the city for the practical training of these young ladies in hospital work, and thus on November 15, 1919, the Tertiary Training School for Nurses was formally opened. Besides these trained nurses, there are many women Tertiaries who constantly perform the charitable offices to the sick, both in the cities and in the country, and it is especially in the latter places that these kind-hearted women have made themselves indispensable.

The Third Order has suffered a great loss in the death of Cardinal Von Hartman, Archbishop of Cologne. Like his illustrious predecessor in this important see, this famous prince of Holy Church was a most devout and zealous member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and never lost an opportunity for furthering its noble cause. Filled with gratitude for his loving interest in their Order, the Tertiaries of Germany held special funeral services for their illustrious brother in St. Francis.

**Hungary.**—Prelates, members of the Cabinet, and other high official dignitaries participated in the great religious demonstration of intercession for Hungary that was held on the return of Count Apponyi from Paris. A part of the ceremony was the translation of the most treasured of the sacred relics of Hungary, the hand of St. Stephen, from the Franciscan church to the Cathedral of St. Stephen. This ceremony is usually held only on the Saint's name day. Archduke Joseph of Hapsburg walked in the procession immediately behind the cardinal primate. A noted preacher told the assemblage that national unity could best be preserved by standing true to Catholic tradition.

**China.**—The Italian Franciscans of the Province of Northern Hupeh are observing 1920 as a jubilee year, for it marks three notable anniversaries. Bl. Francis Regis Clet, a Lazarist missionary in that district, was put to death for the Faith in February, 1820, and the Franciscans celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of his martyrdom with elaborate ceremonies. This year occurs also the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Italian Vicariate and the twenty-fifth anniversary as a priest of Right Rev. Bishop Landi, O. F. M.

**Canada.**—Very Rev. Fr. Remi Lepretre, O. F. M., has been elected Provincial of the Province of France, and on his shoulders will fall an arduous task, that of re-constructing the Province which has been devastated by persecution and the war. Fr. Remi was a war prisoner for six months, having been sentenced for harboring a wounded Belgian officer. The Franciscan authorities have decided to give autonomy to that part of the Province of St. Peter situated in

Canada. Announcement of the higher Superiors is expected from Rome at any time. Very Rev. Barnaby Brabant, who was in Canada as General Visitor, has returned to his home in Belgium.

Fourteen flourishing fraternities of Franciscan Tertiaries is the boast of Montreal. Twelve of these are attached to Franciscan churches, and the others to secular parishes. Frederic Martin, the chief magistrate of the city, is a Tertiary. In all, the Montreal fraternities number more than 2,000 men and 5,500 women members.

Young men preparing for the priesthood at St. Augustine's Seminary in Toronto are deeply interested in the Third Order. About seventy have recently made their profession. The fraternity is directed by Rev. Francis Carroll, professor of Sacred Scripture. Two professed Tertiaries were ordained priests in December.

**Chicago.**—The first preliminary session of the local executive board to discuss preparations for the national congress of Franciscan Tertiaries was held at St. Augustine's Friary, 5045 Laflin Street, March 24. The following priests were present: Very Rev. Mgr. A. J. Thiele, Rev. Fr. Timothy Magnien, O. F. M., honorary president; Rev. Fr. Hilarion Duerk, O. F. M., president; Rev. Fr. Ulric Petri, O. F. M., Rev. M. Klasen, Rev. Fr. Leo Kalmer, O. F. M., and Rev. Fr. Sebastian Schaff, O. M. Cap. The last-named acted as secretary of the meeting. Preliminary steps toward local organization were considered, and a few local matters that could not well be deferred were submitted to the national executive board for approval. The next meeting of the local board will take place in June.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph Seminary.**—Holy Week and Easter were observed with the customary solemn ceremonies, although many of the Fathers were called away from the seminary to assist the pastors of neighboring parishes. The weather was inclement, particularly on Easter Sunday. The presence of several visitors and the arrival of many remembrances of the season from the students' parents and friends preserved, however, the holiday atmosphere, despite the snow and sleet. Fr. Philip, the rector, was in Indianapolis for Holy Week, and then went to Cleveland to attend a convention of teachers of classical languages.

Easter Sunday evening the senior students of the seminary gave an able presentation of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" in the dramatic hall. The performance was attended by a large crowd, including many visitors from out of town. The youthful players acquitted themselves with much credit; the costuming was appropriate, and the stage management intelligently done. A four-part chorus and the Seminary Orchestra, conducted by Fr. Thomas, supplemented the evening's entertainment with an excellent musical program.

**Boston, Mass.**—Three young women pronounced their simple vows as extern Sisters at an impressive and solemn ceremony in the Chapel of St. Clare, 38 Bennett Street, on the morning of the feast of the Annunciation. They were: Sr. Mary Rose of the Presentation (O'Hara), Sr. Mary Philippa of the Infant Jesus (Cassidy), and Sr. Mary Laurentius of the Passion (Hickey), all of Boston. Miss Josephine Agnes

Burke of Providence, R. I., in religion Sr. M. Virgilius of the Annunciation, and Miss M. Frances Lemander of Boston, in religion Mary Birgitte of the Presentation, received rough grey habit of the Daughters of St. Clare. Mr. Patrick V. Burke of Providence had happiness of witnessing the consecration to God of his fourth child.

Very Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, pastor of James' Church, delegate of His Eminence Cardinal O'Donnell, presided at the ceremony. Solemn Mass was sung by Nicholas J. Murphy of St. John's, Peabody, assisted by Rev. Robert Lee, as Deacon, and Rev. David I. Quinn of Providence, as subdeacon. Rev. Andrew J. Gunnin, C. S. S. R., of the Mission Church, Roxbury, preached an eloquent sermon on the happiness of the religious state and the good that the Poor Clares are effecting by their cloistered life, while the world can not understand or appreciate. A beautiful musical program was rendered by the James' Choir. The chapel was decorated with flowers and, as the curtain of the choir grate was drawn aside, the relatives and friends were afforded a view of the two aspirants clothed as brides. Immediately after the ceremony the Sisters received congratulations from all. Solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and a heartfelt Te Deum closed the ceremony.

**St. Paul, Minn.**—At the regular meeting of the Third Order, Sunday, March 14, twenty-nine new members were received, of whom seven were men. The missionary sewing circle of the Third Order, just completing its fifty-first year of existence, has made and sent to a Franciscan mission school in Arizona one hundred aprons, four altar cloths, about one hundred small altar linens, and one crucifix for altars, besides a number of contributed articles of clothing. Membership is about eighty, active membership thirty; the meetings are held every second and fourth Wednesdays of the month.

Eighty young women members of the Third Order Fraternity of Sacred Heart Church are setting a laudable example to other Tertiaries by their enthusiastic diligence in making articles of clothing and altar linens for the missions. The St. Francis Sewing Circle was organized about a year ago. At the beginning of January the young women had prepared for the missions one hundred articles of clothing and amices, cinctures, purificators, corporals and other linens, numbering seventy-four. From membership fees and donations they had raised about \$250.00 for other charitable purposes. Another notable achievement of the year was the contribution of \$1,672.25 toward founding a scholarship for a needy candidate of the priesthood. The membership on January 1 was 422 professed members and 2 novices, a total of 702. It is interesting to note that of those who received the cord and scapular of St. Francis, five were from the ranks of the secular clergy and two were secuniar. At the beginning of the year, 150 St. Paul Tertiaries were readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD. The Rev. Director hopes to see the subscription list increased by 100 per cent in 1920.



# Franciscan Herald

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## The Message of St. Francis

"God's troubadours" was the name applied to St. Francis and his first followers by their contemporaries. No appellation could have been more appreciated. For, like the troubadours or minstrels of those days, they went about singing. Their theme was love—the love of the King of kings and of the Lady Poverty. At first, people marveled at these singing preachers; but soon they caught up the joyous strains and carried them into their homes and into distant lands.

St. Francis was ever of a joyful disposition, and it was but natural that he should impart his cheerfulness to others. But, what is more, he insisted on its cultivation among his disciples as a sacred right and duty. Ever since then "sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness" has come to be regarded as a precious heritage of the Franciscan Order.

But Franciscans have no monopoly on spiritual joy. St. Paul's exhortation to rejoice in the Lord always is addressed to all Christians. Alas, how few are found to follow it. Ours is an age of many pleasures, but of little joy. The craving for pleasures of the sense, always strong in the human heart, has been intensified during and since the great war. To many it would appear that the world was never so avid of pleasure and yet so poor in genuine joy as at the present day. "The heart of man," says St. Gregory, "cannot be without enjoyment; if he finds it not in virtue, he will seek it in excesses."

That is the trouble with the world to-day. It seeks its happiness where it is least likely to be found, in the unlawful gratification of the passions. What society needs to learn again is, that true joy springs only from self-denial. Poverty and pain, far from being enemies, are rather promoters of true joy, when borne for the love of God. This is the lesson that St. Francis' life teaches. God grant that the world may heed it.



# Editorials

## ST. JOAN OF ARC

**H**AIL, St. Joan of Arc! Hail, newest gem in the diadem of God's church, bright flower of Franciscan holiness! Tapers glow on thy altars in a hundred climes; garlands adorn thy sacred image in cathedral and lowly chapel. For France and an earthly sovereign thou led'st to triumph armies valiant and richly panoplied; but for Heaven and the King of kings thou died'st martyr, bequeathing the glory of thy resplendent faith a common heritage. Angelic Pucelle, fair Lily whose fragrance dissolves in tenderest affection the heart of the world, hail!

The heartless and diabolical execution of the Maid of Orleans was not without augury of the sublime dignity for which the humble shepherdess of Domremy was destined. A soldier who scornfully threw a faggot on her pyre, saw a dove rise from the ashes, and vowed himself to life-long penance. Her executioner could not pass a shrine without kneeling to implore forgiveness. Ten thousand spectators of the ghastly scene were moved to tears and lamentations by her heroic constancy. A swordsman threw down his arms and cried in anguish, "We have burned a saint!"

After five centuries, the hopeful prayer of Christians has been heard; for Pope Benedict, at a solemn ceremony held in St. Peter's, May 16, formally enrolled the beloved daughter of France in the calendar of Saints and gave sanction to Catholics everywhere to express by public worship the profound veneration they entertain for her in their hearts. Devotion to St. Joan of Arc will be universal, as love for her and admiration of her inspiring life is universal. The Catholic world congratulates France.

None should outdo the children of St. Francis in happiness and veneration. St.

Joan of Arc was a Tertiary. With the holy names of Jesus and Mary, her triumphal banner bore Franciscan pictures and devices. Franciscans were her closest advisers. Franciscans introduced her to the Dauphin whom later she crowned as a Christian King at Rheims. Franciscan influence was so closely associated with her dreams, her purposes, and her achievements that Bossuet gives credit for her military successes, particularly the delivery of Orleans, to the Franciscan Fraternity. Well may Tertiaries turn with confidence to this new advocate at the heavenly throne.

St. Joan of Arc, pray for us.

## WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

**T**HE war of the nations has ceased, and the war of the classes has begun. Some there are who believe that of the two the latter will be the more fierce in its methods and the more direful in its consequences. The fact is that the class struggle, always acute, is daily growing more intense, and a universal economic and social, if not political, revolution is well within the limits of probability.

Those who regard the impending upheaval as a catastrophe, and who are anxious to do all that in them lies to postpone, if they can not prevent it, should take care not to hasten its coming by indulging in indiscriminate and senseless abuse of everybody and everything that does not conform to the order of things that has passed, perhaps never to return. Social, economic, and political questions could be settled with a good deal less acrimony and with much more satisfaction if the controversialists would bear in mind the saying of Holy Writ: "I have seen the trouble which God hath given the sons of men to be exercised in it. He

hath made all things good, and hath delivered the world to their consideration." Man is, therefore, by divine decree to exercise his ingenuity and skill in the study of world conditions and in the management of world affairs. If parties to the controversies now agitating society would remember this truth, perhaps they would not so readily claim for themselves the gift of infallibility and the God-given right to convert the rest of mankind to their way of thinking and acting. "Why have the people devised vain things? He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and trouble them in His rage." Should not this consideration cause us to express our views with more modesty and to show more respect for the honest opinions of others?

We do not mean to say that the great questions of the day should be approached in a spirit of indifference. Quietism in the field of economics and politics deserves no more pardon than indifference in the sphere of religion. If the things that peoples and parties are striving for so mightily were altogether indifferent, how could God threaten with His anger those who engage in the fight improperly? We believe that every Catholic has the duty to contribute, each according to the compass of his powers, to the practical solution of the problems that the war has brought to the front in such startling numbers and with such amazing rapidity.

What we are advocating is a little more common sense and good feeling on the part of Catholics in their treatment of those who differ from them as to the best method of setting the world to rights. By all means, let us defend the truth as we see it. But let us make sure of it by diligent investigation, and not mistake our own notions of expediency and propriety for the unalterable laws of nature and of God upon which the solution of all social and political questions must ultimately rest. Unless we are guided in the defense of truth by these principles, we

shall only challenge God to speak to us in His anger and trouble us in His rage.

### WHY FRANCISCAN HERALD IS DELAYED

**I**N common with other magazines in the country, FRANCISCAN HERALD must ask the kind indulgence of its subscribers in case their copies are delayed beyond the customary time of arrival. Our readers are doubtless aware of the general labor disturbances and the extreme difficulty with which print paper is obtained. The situation affects all publications, daily, weekly, and monthly. It is extremely acute, and it may continue so for some time. Newspapers have been compelled to reduce the number of their pages and to reject profitable advertising; the magazines that have not been forced to suspend because of the crisis, are struggling against tremendous odds, and delay is inevitable.

Even when print paper can be found—and it has reached almost a prohibitive price—publishers are unable to obtain prompt and steady delivery because of the shortage of freight cars and the strikes that have played havoc in the shipping world. The situation is further aggravated by strikes affecting the printing trades and by the difficulty in obtaining the many materials indispensable to the mechanical processes of publishing. With other methods of transportation hampered, shippers are turning more and more to the mails. This naturally has resulted in less speedy delivery.

Foreseeing this difficulty, FRANCISCAN HERALD has been mailing its issues directly from Chicago, and it has thus avoided what might have been much greater delay. We respectfully ask our readers to consider these difficulties, which are beyond human control. We are always glad to receive notice in case a reader's copy is too long delayed. Such complaints will have immediate and careful attention. *Until further notice, communications should continue to be addressed to the office at Teutopolis, Illinois.*

## AN APOSTOLATE WORTHY OF IMITATION

**T**HE Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia has undertaken a laudable enterprise in endeavoring to bring about a friendlier feeling between the Catholics and non-Catholics of that state. Through the publication of pamphlets and its monthly periodical, *The Bulletin*, and by advertising in the secular press, the association is gradually enlightening those outside the Church on the Church's doctrines, customs, traditions, and position on topics of the day. Bishop Keiley was quick to see the aid this activity of the laity would give the clergy and is bestowing on it his unstinted co-operation.

The movement is one that could well be copied in other states. It is an effective answer to the excuse so frequently heard among the laity that they do not assist more in church work, because they do not know what to do. If the laymen of other states would follow in the steps of these Georgia pioneers, meeting their opponents in a spirit of friendliness and patience, diligently explaining errors in the public prints and elsewhere, committed for the most part solely through ignorance, and battling valiantly against evidently ill-intentioned attacks on the Church, they would render the greatest service. The Georgia laymen have set their face in the right direction, they have adopted wise policies. FRANCISCAN HERALD hopes they will achieve their expressed purpose "to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed."

## AS TO HIGH PRICES

**A**S a topic of speculation and conversation, the high cost of living is quite as absorbing as the late war. Wherever one goes, one is sure to run into someone who can discourse quite eloquently, if not always intelligently, on the one universal theme—high prices. We have heard and read of innumerable causes and remedies. Yet, though every-

body seems to know just what the trouble is and how it ought to be cured, still the prices keep on soaring, so that many articles, until quite recently numbered among the necessities of life, have reached a point where for the man of ordinary means they are altogether out of reach and out of sight. We do not pretend to be wiser than the wise; yet, because everybody is doing it, we hope we shall be pardoned for venturing an opinion of our own as to the why and wherefore of high prices on all commodities. We put it down as our settled conviction, arrived at after some reflection on the peculiar constitution of human nature, that the fundamental cause for the high value of everything, except money and the things of the spirit, is materialism, or in plain English, sordid selfishness. In support of our contention, let us quote from a recent volume of that keen observer of men and matters, John Ayscough:

The evils which afflict society are traced by many different observers to many different causes; but the underlying cause of all those causes themselves is one—selfishness, a selfishness deep-rooted and not planted in one soil alone. There is the selfishness of capital, the selfishness of labor, the selfishness of some who cling desperately to vested interests being torn from them, and the selfishness of others who can see no betterment for themselves except in the dragging down and worsening of the position of such as seem to have already that which they are in hot haste to get. Will any State ever be able to root out selfishness? Can any State's legislation ever change it into brotherly love and sympathy? Legislation can make anything the State chooses criminal; it can set a class up, and it can tear a class down; it can drive capital away into another State, and it can also drive labor away into some other State where employment for labor is to be found. It can make inequalities illegal, and it can try to make equality obligatory. Can it succeed? Has it ever succeeded anywhere?

Any government that is wanton enough to do so can pit class against class—no government can insist on each class loving the other. The business of the Church is to try; not by sledge-hammer legislation, but by teaching what the Founder gave her charge to teach. God alone can do what needs be done, and the States of the world are in conspiracy to ignore God, and so cause Him to be ignored. That is what's the matter.





# Third Order of St. Francis

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

Of course, you are all anxiously waiting for the replies sent in to my query—or rather to the query of G. H. T., an Eastern Third Order prefect:—"How can Tertiaries best be induced to attend the monthly meetings of their fraternity?" A goodly number of Tertiaries and even several non-Tertiaries, found the subject of such absorbing interest that they wrote very long letters regarding it. I must content myself, for lack of space, with giving mere excerpts from the best letters received.

Mrs. P. W., an Ohio Tertiary, writes: "I feel that the non-attendance at the monthly meetings is owing not so much to pure negligence as to lack of the spirit of sacrifice and penance. There are especially three things that ought to induce Tertiaries to attend these meetings. The first is the requirement of our holy Rule, which says: 'They will attend' the monthly meetings called by the Prefect.' (Chap. 2, 11.) Since the members of the Third Order are, as a rule, quite conscientious about observing the other regulations of their Order, they should be no less zealous regarding this point. Secondly, a Plenary Indulgence can be gained by attending these monthly meetings. Surely, inducement enough, I should think, for most Catholics to make a little sacrifice. Charity is the very life of a good Tertiary. But how can we show our love for the souls of our dear ones departed better than by gaining indulgences for them? Finally, these monthly meetings give us an opportunity for visiting our Lord in the Sacrament of His love; and who, especially if a child of St. Francis, should not be ready and even eager to leave earthly friends in order to visit our divine Friend in the tabernacle? Let the Rev. Directors and other officers of the fraternity endeavor to impress these three points on the Tertiaries, and I am sure that better attendances will result. Then, too, it might be a

good plan to have the members pledge themselves to attend as many meetings as they think they will be able to attend, and let the Rev. Director or Prefect keep these pledges on file and observe how well they are kept. As a special inducement, the twelve meetings of the year could be dedicated to twelve of the principal sufferings of our Bl. Savior, and at each meeting the Rev. Director could say a few words on the special phase of His sufferings commemorated on that day, and thus keep alive in the hearts of the Tertiaries the memory of the blessed Passion of our Lord. Dear Father. I feel that if the love of our bleeding Redeemer can not bring us to a sense of our duty as Tertiaries, there is no earthly means that can do it."

A Tertiary novice in Missouri seems imbued with the same sentiments. She writes: "I am only a stenographer, but for years I have always started my note book, that is, I have written on the top of the page each day: 'For the Love of God, in honor of the Bl. Virgin, for the poor souls in purgatory,' and I can not tell how much good this practice has done me. I wish I had time to write pages to tell of it! Therefore, when I noticed that the HERALD was asking for suggestions from the readers how to induce Tertiaries to attend the monthly meetings, the thought struck me at once: 'Send cards to all the members and invite them for the love of God to come. And when they do come, speak to them of the love of God. I am positive that this method will double the attendance. I am as yet only a poor novice, so please pray that I may become a worthy member of the Third Order. I joined it because I belonged to different organizations which did things for charity, etc. But the Third Order is the only one, as far as I can see, that does things for the love of God. Some day when I have the time to spare, I will write and tell how I conceived and carried out

an idea, viz., to work for God by giving Him 10 per cent of my net earnings, and quite often when I meet with difficulties and find my work hard, the thought that part of my salary goes to God makes me happy."

Another Tertiary from Ohio finds it rather odd that some special inducement must be held out to Tertiaries to attend their monthly meetings, since the Third Order in itself alone possesses every inducement that could attract. She also urges frequent meditation and discourses on the Passion of our Lord as the most powerful means to fill Tertiaries with a real spirit of sacrifice and thus induce them to attend the meetings.

From New York State comes a letter from a Tertiary who belongs to the Third Order for five and a half years, and she has never yet missed a meeting. This is indeed a good record and ought to prove that where there is a will there is a way. She is of the opinion that the Rev. Pastors should speak oftener from the pulpit about the Third Order and urge the parishioners to join it and to attend its meetings regularly. Then, if at the meetings a good practical sermon were preached, telling the Tertiaries about their daily faults and giving them means for overcoming them, they would be only too glad to attend. These sermons could take the form of instructions on the various regulations of the Rule, and they would be not only instructive, but interesting as well.

A non-Tertiary in St. Louis, Mo., who is an interested reader of the HERALD, thinks that each month a priest from some neighboring parish might be invited to address the Tertiaries on some subject of perennial interest to them. The Tertiaries, too, could be asked to send in requests for lectures on subjects that they think would be of special interest to their fellow Tertiaries. "I have noticed," he writes, "how attentive Tertiaries always are during a sermon; hence my suggestion for a lecture at each monthly meeting. Then, perhaps, an attendance prize would be an inducement to some delinquent members, if there are such."

A young lady Tertiary in an Eastern city touches on a very sore spot that in many cases, no doubt, is the chief cause of non-attendance. She says that in many places the monthly meetings are altogether too long. Hence, no matter how interesting and instructive they may be, many Ter-

tiaries can not be present for sheer lack of time. The meetings are usually held on Sunday afternoons—for many Tertiaries, both men and women, the only time they have to rest from the daily grind of work or to devote to a little visit to their friends, be they sick or well. Hence, one can hardly take it ill of them if they miss a meeting occasionally. If the Tertiaries could be assured that the entire Sunday afternoon would not be occupied in going to and from the meeting and assisting at it, the attendance would certainly be more satisfactory than it is.

These letters, my dear Tertiaries, will give you an idea of what our Third Order readers think about the monthly meetings, and what means they suggest for inducing "slackers" to attend more regularly. While I do not for a moment think that they have thoroughly discussed the subject nor really solved the difficulty, I do think that many of the suggestions given above are very much to the point, and if carried out faithfully will be productive of good results. As I promised a copy of Fr. Chappelle's "Life of St. Francis" to the party giving the best solution to the difficulty, I am sending the book to Mrs. P. W., of —, Ohio.

You may wish to have my own personal opinion on this subject. I venture the following: The monthly meetings of the Third Order should be held at an hour most convenient to the majority of the members, and they should above all not last too long. Let the Rev. Director give a brief practical sermon or instruction on the regulations of the Rule and on the virtues that should characterize a good Tertiary. Interest in the meetings can be easily aroused by introducing congregational singing and praying. Elect officers that will take their duties seriously and be real brothers and sisters to all the members of the fraternity, with each of whom they should endeavor to cultivate a personal acquaintance. If the fraternity is so large as to render this impossible, sub-prefects and sub-secretaries should be appointed, and they should be to their respective branches what the supreme prefect and general secretary are to the whole fraternity.

After the religious services, occasion should be given to the Tertiaries to meet socially in some hall. Many of them are most anxious to become acquainted with

their fellow Tertiaries, and this is possible only at such social and friendly gatherings. Those that have no time or live at a great distance, would not be obliged to attend these gatherings, but even they should endeavor to do so now and then, so as not to appear to hold aloof. The Third Order of St. Francis endeavors to lay low all the artificial barriers that the world has set up between the rich and the poor, and it is just at such social gatherings that Tertiaries have a chance to show how deeply they have imbibed of the fountain of true Franciscan brotherly love. Attendance cards are being issued by a number of Rev. Directors, and the good results achieved by them warrant their general use. That every Tertiary may know of the time and the place of the meetings, the officers of the fraternity should make it their business to inform them of the time and place of each meeting. As a final means of attracting the Tertiaries to the monthly meetings, I strongly urge the inviting of strange priests

to address the members on special occasions. Words from strange lips are wont to sink deep into the heart and leave lasting fruit. Educated men and women of the laity, too, could be asked at times to address social meetings of Tertiaries. These lectures will serve to fire zealous members with renewed zeal, while the laggards will be goaded on to active participation in the affairs of the fraternity.

I had intended to chat with you this month on the purpose of the Third Order and to answer some more questions that have come in, but I have already gone far beyond the limits of the space allotted to me. In conclusion, let me recommend you and yours to the powerful intercession of the gentle St. Antony of Padua, whose feast we shall celebrate on the thirteenth of this month. May he intercede for you with the Divine Infant, who nestled so lovingly in his arms, and obtain for you from Him a thousand graces:



St. Antony, pray for us!

# GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN

THE Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis requires that members be of peaceful disposition, a virtue which, like meekness, is often misapprehended. As a splendid example of the qualifications of a Franciscan Tertiary, the life of Gabriel Garcia Moreno may well be placed before the attention of Catholics to-day. A lifetime of strife and warfare in the service of religion and his country in this instance represents a peaceable disposition, a charitable, forgiving, and forbearing soul. The events of his life make clear the motives for which meekness draws the sword, and a peaceable disposition leads armies and assails with the pen. For many of us, the spiritual combat every soul must wage for strength and sanctity, is interior rather than exterior. Fortunately for his country and for our example, Garcia Moreno early won the interior struggle and molded his character in piety, strength, steadfastness, courage, charity, and justice. With these virtues and his great natural gifts he was destined to guide the fortunes of a South American State, through turbulent and perilous ways to that high destiny granted Ecuador, in the words of Pope Leo XIII, "The model of a Christian State."

The vital points in Garcia Moreno's career are, therefore, his purity of motive, his preparation, and God's answering aid which brought him so wonderfully through perils of soul and body, through temporal strife to the "peace that surpasses human understanding"; through temporal honors and triumphs to the great spiritual triumph of martyrdom for the cause of Christ.

Ecuador, a South American republic, lying between Colombia, Peru, Brazil and the Pacific Ocean, is a fruit of the revolt of Bolivar against Spanish rule in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. After Bolivar's death, Spanish misrule was succeeded by the tyrannous rule of professional revolutionists, which to this hour give South America a reputation for turbulence. We have, however, through Moreno's achievement in Ecuador, a right to the hope and faith that these southern countries may each take on the stability of a truly Christian State. When we consider

the influence throughout the world of a Christian State, especially in a time of universal assault on Christianity, we can understand why such achievement as Moreno's should require the sacrifice of a man's ease and pleasure, the use of his full energies and grace, and even the sacrifice of his life. If it were only that the voice of one ruler in the world should have been raised in protest against the despoiling of the States of the Church in 1871, God's eminent design in preparing this man and this little country to voice His justice were easily discerned. To-day, in a crisis which is recognized as the outcome of crimes of his time, we may well recall to mind Garcia Moreno, that in our memories he may keep company with the heroic Christian princes of to-day of whom he is the forerunner.

Born in Guayaquil, December 24, 1821, of an old and noble Spanish family, he bears the name of both parents, Don Gabriel Garcia Gomez and Dona Mercedes Moreno, both of pious and amiable disposition. Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the youngest of eight children, had the disadvantage of losing his father in early boyhood, following the loss of family fortune. His mother placed the boy under a tutor, Fray Jose Betancourt, a noted Mercedarian, who was able to enter this eager, willing spirit for the University of Quito at the age of fifteen. To the youth's father, however, is given the credit of changing, by severest methods, a natural timidity of childhood to the exalted and amazing courage which marked Moreno's later life. At Quito, Moreno distinguished himself, not only by brilliant work in philosophy, mathematics, and science, but especially by piety and fervor in the practice of his faith. A weekly communicant at this time, devoted to God's service in all things, he fancied he was called to the priesthood and received the tonsure and minor orders. Though his mother and his eldest brother, a distinguished ecclesiastic, encouraged this attempt, a passion for science displaced the thought of a religious vocation. Thus the future orator, historian, linguist, poet, scholar, and statesman solved his interior problems and combats, survived the impairment of his health by overstudy, and wisely

chose the profession of law for wider service of God as "Bishop in the world." At twenty-three years of age, he received the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence. Entering politics within a year, he practiced law only occasionally, and then in defense of the poor, guided by his passion for justice and his tender charity. About this time, he married Dona Rosa Ascasubi, whose character matched his own in virtue and nobility, and with whom his happiness was marred only by the anxieties and perils to which his patriotism sacrificed him, and which finally shortened the life of his devoted wife.

General Flores, one of Bolivar's famous generals, who had become the first President of Ecuador, had again succeeded Rocafuerte, a political adventurer, and now determined to make himself, by a new constitution, absolute ruler of the state. Because Flores, despite his worth as a general, was at enmity with the Church and intolerant of religion and its ministers, the people of Ecuador, staunchly Catholic, opposed the new constitution. In the organization of resistance to Flores, therefore, Moreno was active, and in the civil war which ensued, he, as leader of the people, defeated Flores, and a provisional government was formed of several eminent men. Olmedo, a national poet and a true statesman, was chosen President by the Patriotic League, but Roca by bribes and promises of office obtained election. Garcia Moreno, who had served distinterestedly in the revolution, shared keenly with the people the disappointment and indignation at this triumph of a corrupt government. In a new paper, the *Whip*, Moreno, despite warnings and threats, assailed the "vampires" in powerful satires, exposing the gambling, bribery, and other crimes. Nevertheless, on a new attempt of Flores to organize a campaign for conquest from Spain, Moreno offered his services to Roca, and in another paper, the *Avenger*, called the people to the defense of Ecuador. All the South American states responded, and Flores' expedition failed. The next year Moreno quelled an internal revolution in eight days, refusing recompense from the Government which in still another paper, *El Diablo*, he continued to assail. In 1849, wearied by continual political strife, he sailed for Europe, where for six months he studied the religious and political problems of England, France, and Germany. On his

return to Ecuador, he was convinced that "Jesus Christ is the sole Savior of nations," which are otherwise the prey of either anarchists or autocrats.

Arriving at Ecuador, he was just in time to befriend the exiled Jesuits from Granada, and from President Noboa he obtained their establishment at Quito. The people rejoiced in their presence, but Noboa, the creature of the Socialist revolutionary Urbina, was moved to conspire for their expulsion. In their defense, Moreno published a pamphlet, *Defenso do los Jesuitas*, which was circulated throughout the country and silenced Freemason opposition. In 1851, Urbina deposed Noboa and installed himself as President by bribes and force. A reign of robbery, murder, and sacrilege ensued. Moreno alone defied the tyrant in a paper, *La Nacional*. Arrested without making resistance, he was sent into exile, as the Jesuits had previously been banished. In his absence, he was elected senator by the people, and returning he was again arrested, in violation of the constitution, and banished to Peru. Again he took refuge in France, studying chemistry and the problems of the day. In Paris at that time he renewed his early religious fervor which the first friction of public life had dulled, and thus fitted himself to be the savior and father of his country.

Meanwhile, Urbina's rule in Ecuador had reduced that country to ruin. War against religion had banished clergy and religion, schools were secularized, and elections dictated; in short, the recent history of Mexico reflects events in Ecuador at that period. Moreno was recalled by the demand of the people, and made rector of the University of Quito. There, as teacher of chemistry, he also entered public affairs, and in 1855 he was returned "against armed intimidation and open corruption" a senator at the head of an independent party. In the Senate he abolished the capitation tax on Indians, closed the masonic lodges, and effected the retraction of powers which Urbina had usurped. Urbina and his general, Roblez, were at war with Peru. In 1858 Quito rose in revolt and formed a provisional Government of three, Moreno being the head. He defeated in arms first Urbina, then Franco, who had also rebelled, and with the timely aid of old General Flores, whose patriotism now triumphed over irreligion, he brought Peru to terms. Significant facts of these

achievements were the providential escape of Moreno from death on several occasions, his charity and gentleness with the conquered foe, his efforts to spare bloodshed, and his invincible courage and quickness of decision, which ensured his military success. Nor did he forget to return thanks to God and Our Lady for victory of arms on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, placing henceforth the army and the republic under her special protection. Thus, after fifteen years of strife in behalf of his country, he became its ruler. In 1861, by unanimous vote he was elected President.

His first important act was the signing of a Concordat with Pope Pius IX. Its chief heads were: Catholic principles in every branch of education, the rights of the Church in the administration of property, free jurisdiction of the Pope over his Bishops within the country, and the right from the Church of the President's presentation of vacant bishoprics. He fostered Catholic education by bringing bands of religious teachers from France, offering patronage to Jesuit teachers. By the solution of army and treasury affairs and by the introduction of universal suffrage based on intelligence and morality, he shaped a Christian civilization. The making of the Concordat together with his protest to Victor Emmanuel against the despoiling of the See of Rome stand as immortal testimony of his heroic loyalty to the Church. For Pope Pius IX he had a warm affection and firm friendship, a devotion which always pointed toward ultimate martyrdom for the Faith. In letters to the Holy Father, he repeatedly expressed the hope to attain this glory.

The Concordat had enemies in Ecuador and in the neighboring states, who made it the basis of opposition to Moreno's Christian civilization. Mosquera, President of Granada, was the tool of Urbina in exile. Moreno's peaceableness appears in that he avoided resort to arms whenever possible, often by sacrifices of his personal interest. He swayed his Parliament from opposition to the Concordat by threat to resign. Mosquera was defeated in arms. It was evident to the people that Garcia Moreno was the safety of Ecuador, and in 1864 he was thus prevailed on to retain his office. A plot to assassinate him was broken up by him in person, and Maldonado the instigator was hanged, having first been recon-

ciled to God by his intended victim and conqueror. Urbina was exiled to Peru.

Garcia Moreno's triumph in these temporal affairs was effected through his singleness of purpose, God and His justice, which defeated every plot and rebellion. Social reforms were carried out, the Concordat was established, the army brought under discipline, religious education ensured, and Urbina finally defeated in a sea engagement off Jambeli. Under the constitution, Moreno retired as President, but continued his public service as minister to Chili. In that capacity, he made a treaty with Chili and remodeled the Ecuadorean constitution on the plan of that of Chili.

After the death of his first wife, he had married Mariana De Alcazar. As in the case of his first marriage, his domestic happiness and peace was sacrificed continually to public service and danger. The death of his little daughter, the illness of his young wife, the passing of his aged and saintly mother were his private sorrows. Whenever he retired to his hacienda to revive his strength he was speedily summoned by the public need in some new calamity. In 1868, the Conservative party called him again to the Presidency, and as his opponent was a man of worthless character, he consented on a platform of adhesion to the Church, and "liberty for every one and everything, save for evil and for evil-doers." Suppressing a rebellion by personal influence, without bloodshed, he finally consented to take the office and was unanimously elected. He set about to restore education by a compulsory school bill, by introduction of German Jesuits for Quito University, promotion of medical studies, and equipment of higher institutions of learning. He purified the army, revised the criminal code, supervised the selection of judges. An observatory at Quito, laboratory equipment from France, a carriage road from Quito to Guayaquil, and four other roads were important public works of his administration. During his second term, the public peace was not disturbed. His private charities, revealed after his death, were many. The wife of Urbina, his enemy, had received from him a monthly pension. In 1871, he spoke his protest in behalf of Pius IX; in 1873 he publicly consecrated the republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart, and sent a national gift of money to the Pope. Plots against his life

increased in frequency and in malice, as his enemies, despairing of defeating this champion in the political arena or on the field of battle, had decreed his assassination. Repeatedly he was preserved by Providence from these plots. More than ever he desired martyrdom. He neglected the usual precautions with which rulers are surrounded and went unattended, leaving to the divine Will the course of his life. In six years, he had raised Ecuador from a state of complete ignorance to one of advanced progress. His public service was, therefore, complete, except for the influence which a glorious termination of his life would leave as a heritage to his country and to all men. Having followed thus, his public career, in which his spiritual life is reflected, we may look deeper into that interior life which brought such glorious outward results.

We have not failed to note that he was, as had been prophesied in his youth, a "Bishop in the world," his service to religion as a temporal ruler being that which a prelate of the Church renders wherever possible. Though married and living in the world, he was truly a religious. A rule of life of his own making brought him into close union with God. He rose at five o'clock always, was in church by six, heard Mass and made his meditation. Till ten he worked at home, and then took a frugal breakfast, after which he worked in the Government House until three. At four he dined, at six returned to his family, and at nine retired to his correspondence until eleven or twelve o'clock. Devoted to his family, he sacrificed his affection and avoided all self-indulgence. Every day he meditated, read his Rule, said the Rosary, and kept a diary which records the thoughts, aspirations, and prayers of one striving to be a Saint. At the last, he was continually in the presence of God by recollection and readiness for the sacrifice of his life. The strain of the knowledge of plots did not break his calm, and a few days before his death he parted with a friend with the farewell:

"I am about to be assassinated, but I am happy to die for my faith."

He was following, as his diary records, the steps of our Savior's Passion, happy to share in the sufferings of Christ. He has been cited in Father Joseph Freconon's little book on the *Promises of the Sacred*

*Heart* as an example of the eighth promise, "Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection". He also seems to illustrate the twelfth promise, in part: "They shall have their Sacraments", for on the sixth of August, Feast of the Transfiguration, as it was the First Friday of the month, he received Communion at Mass and made a longer meditation than usual. The conspirators then lying in wait at the church door were prevented by the people from doing their work. He finished his message to his Congress which he was that day to deliver, placed it in his breast, and by a fatal incident of buttoning his coat, deprived himself of ready means of defense, for though willingly a martyr, his soldier spirit always gallantly resisted his assailants. In the afternoon, followed by the assassins, he made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the Cathedral, and was summoned thence on a false call by a conspirator. At the door of the Cathedral he received the death wounds, striving to secure the revolver buttoned in his coat, and answering their cry, "Die, Destroyer of Liberty!" with his motto, "*Dios no muere—God does not die.*" The people attracted by the firing and shouts quickly drove off the assassins and carried the martyr, bleeding from cutlas and pistol wounds to the altar of Our Lady of Seven Dolours in the Cathedral. There, having forgiven his murderers, he received Extreme Unction and absolution. On his breast was a relic of the True Cross, the scapular of the Passion and of the Sacred Heart, and around his neck his rosary. His message to the Parliament was stained with his blood.

The shock and the mourning for his death extended over the civilized world, and was especially keen in Ecuador and in Rome. In death, even as in life, he was still the hope of Ecuador. Says John J. Horgan in his *Great Catholic Laymen*:

"It looks as if the prayers were heard. Ecuador with some slight lapses under masonic government, has since kept her place as a strong Catholic country, the Republic of the Sacred Heart. Under wise rulers she has moved slowly but surely along the path of sound Christian government which Garcia Moreno marked out for her. His statue stands in the square at Quito, inscribed 'To Garcia Moreno, the noblest of the sons of Ecuador, dying for religion and his country, a grateful Republic

lic.' His bloodstained message to Congress is treasured in the archives of the Vatican, and the example of his life will be for his people a beacon star amongst the quicksands and rocks of irreligion and political crime."

Garcia Moreno has been called the modern St. Louis. In many respects he clearly illustrates the spirit of St. Francis which possessed that Christian king. His self-denial and poverty of spirit, his charity and

peaceable disposition, his zeal for souls, his ardent and fearless defense of religion and especially of the Holy See, these are the marks of the religious in the world. In detail, his career teaches how a devout Catholic may take part in public affairs, win worldly or temporal honors and pleasures, engage in revolution and warfare, and yet by purity and singleness of motive win the highest spiritual success, turning all things to the service of God.

## APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

**J**UNE with all its glory is upon us again: the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart! May that divine Heart show forth its tenderest love for each and every one of the great family of St. Francis.

There is a breath of exhilaration in the very name of June; and for Agnes Modesta there is an extra amount of joy in beginning this letter, because she has to report:

### A Signal Victory for Agnes Modesta Styles

One of our Tertiaries, making up her mind to start a Modesta wardrobe, conceived the idea of putting a considerable amount of thought into her selection with the deliberate intention of gaining admiration for her gowns from really worldly and fashionable folk. She resolved that she would not be content merely to escape criticism, but that she would follow one of the admonitions contained in these columns, and create garments of such charm that others would want to have them also.

To carry out this plan, naturally required some scheming, for Franciscan charm must have no savor of conspicuousness. So, before making an actual choice of gowns, she gave a little time to thinking out her own type. You know, God has made us all according to different molds. The large athletic girl can not attire herself in lacy, fluffy garments without defeating the very end for which she wears them. Similarly, a girl blessed with a "fluffy ruffle" mien spoils the effect by adhering to linen collars and severely tailored costumes.

The young woman of whom I write, therefore, took an inventory of herself, and

found that her demure face and quiet manner would require a strict adherence to a quaint style of dress. After that, her first venture was to draw a design of a gown: a short basque-like waist coming over a "peg-top" skirt—a skirt which, by the way, came fully down to her ankles. This design she had developed in black taffeta, with touches of white in the lining of the collar and flaring cuffs. The sole trimming, besides a row of covered buttons up each side of the skirt and down the back of the gown, was black silk fringe which edged the cuffs and the wide collar. The result was an exquisite little frock of extraordinary simplicity, and yet one which fairly demanded admiration.

The real thrill came, however, when she wore it for about the second time. It was on an occasion when she met for the first time a woman whose knowledge and appreciation of fashion is unquestioned. Our demure little Tertiary had come, was seen, and straightway conquered. Before the afternoon was over she had been prevailed upon to allow her design to be copied for the debutante daughter of the older woman. Thus did a Modesta model force its own way into the realm of fashion.

It may be worth while to add that the daughter in question is enthusiastic over the gown. She has even besought the young woman who designed it to "go into the business," so that she can use her designs for all her gowns. It is truly consoling to know that, if it were possible to get the other kind, many who now make no objection to immodest designs, would prefer those to which no one could object.



Now, dear Sisters, that is but the beginning. With even one debutante in the world of fashion taking to Modesta styles, not wholly because of their modesty but because they are pretty, others will copy her. In that way, you see, at least a tiny impression can be made by each one of us. I wonder how many Tertiaries have had similar experiences. Please share yours with the Apparel Talker, won't you?

The chief suggestions to be gathered from the above experience seem to me to be as follows:

1. Plan your apparel to harmonize with your particular type.

2. Let its simplicity and modesty be obvious.

3. Wear it with the consciousness of being the creator of a fashion, not with an air of apology for deviating from the accepted standards.

And then see what happens! Each of you may not have the same striking illustration of the effect as the girl I mentioned had, but you may be sure that there will be some good result of the effect. Do it with the intention of being a real missionary for the cause of modesty. It will not be necessary to talk from the housetops; example is frequently more effective than precept.

### The Woman With Only One Gown

Some one said to me the other day: "Do you realize that many women read your articles in the HERALD who simply have not the means to follow out your schemes of wardrobe reconstruction? Many, many women are barely able to get one outdoor gown, and that must last for as many seasons as it can be made to hold together. Why don't you ever have anything to say to such women?"

Fortunately, I was able to tell my questioner that I had not neglected the woman with "nothing a year" in my thoughts, and that I had promised to say something for her particular benefit for the June issue. You see, in the campaign for dress reform, I felt it best to devote the first attention to those who are the greatest transgressors of the law. The woman with an extremely limited wardrobe is little likely to err through following the extremes of fashion. Hence she, through her very necessity, has not required the admonition that many others have.

Still, it is a fact that the woman who must appear outside her home at all, must have something to wear, and her problem is more complicated if she belongs in the "nothing a year" class than if she can have a wide range of selection.

Durability and inconspicuousness must be the two great factors for which she must strive. Material and color will be the means of obtaining these qualities. Navy blue, midnight blue, or black are the safest choices. Any other colors impress themselves upon the memory of the beholder; and, as a matter of fact, a choice of any of the three mentioned insures an air of quiet dignity, and is suitable for any age, business, or condition of life.

It would be a wise investment for a woman who is getting a new gown which must last as long as possible and be worn on all occasions, to secure a three-piece wool costume. Gaberdine, tricotine, serge, or any of the jersey weaves are good; but in choosing, it is well to remember that tightly woven material will rub shiny sooner than the looser weaves. It is well to secure as good a quality as one can afford, for on quality depends the durability of the garment. A skirt, separate overblouse, and a graceful three-quarter length cape, all of the same material will insure a costume that will look well as long as it lasts. If a cape is not becoming, any simple style of wrap may be substituted.

For wear at home, or in warm weather, a blouse of thin material may be worn instead of the woolen one. Thus the costume will be made adaptable for winter and summer. A woman who can sew can frequently achieve charming effects in these separate blouses with but little expense. The same or a harmonizing color may be used.

The secret of looking well with a limited wardrobe is to see that one's costume is never disfigured by a single spot, nor marred by the absence of buttons or hooks. A gown should be well brushed each time it is removed, examined for chance damages, and hung carefully on a hanger. Clean any spot as soon as it is noticed, mend the slightest rip at once, and keep the garment well pressed. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you are looking better dressed than many who have several times your amount of wearing apparel. A quiet little hat of silk may be worn without call-

ing attention to itself, both winter and summer, while one of straw or velvet brazenly proclaims the fact if worn out of season.

Of course, there are many of you, dear Sisters, for whom there can be no thought of buying anything at all to wear; and you are wondering what to do with what you have. Naturally, I can not advise without knowing the individual case. Many times two or three half-worn dresses may be made over into one complete costume, or an old gown freshened by the addition of new collar and cuffs. The chief thing to remember is that neatness is the distinguishing mark of the true gentlewoman, whether she has no duties beyond arranging flowers for her own table, or whether she spends her waking hours over a washtub or scrubbing floors. So, do not be discouraged in your desire to dress well, for cleanness of heart, accompanied by cleanness of body, is infinitely to be preferred to any amount of beautiful attire worn without the sweetness of interior or exterior purity.

There are many times when a woman engaged in hard work can not *keep* clean, but I think there are few cases when that woman can not *become* clean when the work day is over. This applies at any rate to those women who are reading the Apparel Talks with a view to following as nearly as possible the principles involved in the "Four Points."

### Remarks From My Readers

C. McP. of St. Paul offers some appreciative remarks and a friendly suggestion, which calls for the Apparel Talker's hearty gratitude. She says, in part:

"The artist painters of a past time successfully resisted one of the ugliest of dress fashions by recalling true standards of beauty. American women originated dress-reform on the principle of hygiene and economy. The present crusade formulates

Christian principles of fashion which should redeem this word for history."

She suggests that the principles expressed in the "Four Points" might be stated positively and concisely as follows:

"Modesty, simplicity, beauty, comfort: virtues underlying the use of dress from its beginning, and exemplified in the dress of Our Lady, the saints, and religious orders, are Christian principles of Fashion."

It might be an excellent plan for each and every one interested in this crusade to commit to memory that statement of the case, in order to carry it along on shopping expeditions. Thank you, Miss McP. Come again!

Another correspondent believes that we are going the wrong way at restoring the principles of modesty. He takes the stand that "To the pure all things are pure," and believes that excessive modesty in dress is frequently a cloak to hide real impurity of heart.

If man were not prone to evil, this correspondent might have more solid reason for his objections; but unfortunately, reforms must be based on facts, not theories. If the writer of the letter were to carry out his theories to their logical conclusion, he would have to say that wearing apparel of any kind is unnecessary. Since, however he admits the need of clothes, we must go further and demand clothes that carry out the purpose for which they were intended: namely, to *clothe*.

In conclusion, I may say that unsigned communications, for obvious reasons, can not be answered. I wish to call the attention of my readers at this time, so that there may be no reason in the future to decide when the benefit of doubt should be extended. Names of correspondents will not be used except by permission, but every communication must bear the name and address of the writer.

### SHALL WE KNOW?

In the day of understanding,  
Shall we know,  
We who grieved each other so,  
All the wherefore, all the why,  
You and I?

In the day of understanding,  
Shall we see,  
Eyes enlightened perfectly,  
How it was that heart and heart  
Went apart?

In the day of understanding,  
Shall we say,  
Each to each, O Love, today  
Do I love you, love you, more  
Than of yore?

--EMILY HICKEY.



# Fiction



## THE PEARL

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

"UNCLE Jack," said Teddy, coming up out of a dark brown study, and turning to me where I sat smoking my after-dinner pipe on the opposite side of the big fireplace, "where did you lose it?"

During our two days' acquaintance, the mental processes of my nephew had reduced me to a state of palpitating wonder. The agility of a whirling dervish sinks into insignificance beside the whirling somersaults of a nine-year-old masculine brain. My sister, when she swooped in from the Islands, and paused, en route for Boston, to drop her offspring on the doorstep of my Castle by the Sea, had assured me that Teddy would give me no trouble; but there are various understandings of that word. In the present instance, I blinked and groped; but "there was a door to which I found no key," and I was forced to beg assistance.

"Lose what?" I demanded.

"Why, that pearl, you know," responded Teddy, with some surprise.

"Pearl? Pearl—?" I stared at the meditative small person. He had been dreaming, perhaps. "What are you talking about, old chap?"

A puzzled look came into his eyes. "Why, Uncle Jack! The pearl you lost," he elucidated, with a touch of impatience. I was so unusually stupid!

I shook my head. "I don't know what you mean," I protested. "I haven't any pearl."

"No, of course not," agreed Teddy, decidedly impatient. "Mother said you'd lost it. I only wanted to know where."

"Teddy," I pleaded, "tell me what the—mischievous—you're talking of, won't you? I fear your vivid imagination has carried you where I, with my limited powers of fancy may not even pretend to follow."

"I don't know what you mean by that," retorted Teddy. "But I thought if you'd tell me where you lost it, you know, I'd ask St. Antony to find it. I like to tell him all I can about things, to save him extra trouble." My nephew sat back in the big leather chair, and stretched his patent leather feet to the snapping eucalyptus logs.

"Mother said she wished I'd make a point of speaking to him," he continued. "You see, he's a very 'speshul' friend of mine, Uncle Jack. And you know, he can find anything you lose, just as easy!"

Now I was beginning to understand; and I felt my face grow hotter than the fire had made it. I had not given that sister of mine credit for such penetration. How she had discovered my secret during her twelve hours' stay, I could not imagine.

For I was sufficiently ashamed of myself to play the hypocrite; and in the rush and bustle of her arrival and departure, I thought I had successfully concealed the fact that I no longer wore the King's uniform. I had not seen her since her marriage, when she left the States; but we had kept up a fairly regular correspondence. I had taken the greatest pains, as I felt the faith of my boyhood and young manhood ebbing, year by year, that no hint of the truth should creep into any of my letters; and I congratulated myself on my diplomacy. My sister was a very devout woman; and I knew she would feel my defection keenly. And now that we had been face to face, the murder was out. I sat, growing hotter and hotter in the firelight.

Just when the thing began, I can't say; but I am sure I know how it began. The thin end of the wedge was carelessness, and little by little the doors of the "interior castle" were opened to let in the enemy, who, having gained admittance, camped there comfortably with all the airs of a permanent tenant. At first, I made a half-hearted attempt to oust him, but soon retired from the conflict badly worsted. "Oh, well," I said, in effect, "if you're going to be so disagreeable about it, stay! I guess there's room for both of us!" I had not, however, (by the mercy of God) reached the point where I could be really friendly with him. I could not then have faced my sister. I had even gone so far, indeed, as to strictly avoid Father Alexius, the zealous young friar who had recently appeared in the village, and whose tiny church, a mile or so distant, was visible from my upper porch. No, my conscience was not yet paralyzed. I could not say that I did not care. Had I, then, in truth lost my "pearl of great price?" Or was it only hidden somewhere in the dust heaps of the courtyard outside the castle?

A pair of small arms were folded about my neck, and a pair of warm lips pressed my cheek.

"Don't you mind, Uncle Jack," said Teddy.

"Don't feel bad! St. Antony'll find it. I'll tell him about it, to-night."

We went picnicking at the north end of the cove, on the rocks, the following morning. It was a brilliant blue day. The sea was cheerfully rough; and the breakers flung themselves about, tossing their veils of spray in a mad dance. We climbed out on the first point and established ourselves in a cozy nook, where we could look down upon the waters of a deep lagoon, planted thick with sea-anemones, sea-urchins, barnacles, and moss; among which delicious surroundings, small coral and green crabs walked drunkenly, peering at us through the water, which had only just begun to be stirred by the advancing tide.

"Oh—oh, Uncle Jack!" cried Teddy, gazing enraptured into the enchanted depths. "Don't you love the flowers? If you stick your finger in them, you know, they'll fold up, and try to hold it fast. They think they've caught a meal! Uncle Jack, if you left your finger in, d'you think they'd eat it up?"

"I don't know," I laughed. "I never gave the matter much serious consideration."

"What's that?" demanded Teddy. "You say such funny things!"

"Serious consideration? It just means I've never taken time to think about it."

"Oh! You don't think much about things anyhow, do you, Uncle Jack?—Because it's so funny that you never told St. Antony about your pearl! Did you lose it down on the sand, Uncle Jack? Things get lost so easy, in the sand. And pearls are sort of slippery, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said, "pearls are slippery."

"Did you ever look very much for it?" pursued my practical nephew. "It might have been washed out to sea by this time."

"Well," I said rather irritated, "St. Antony could wash it ashore again, couldn't he?"

"Oh, yes," Teddy assured me, comfortably. "Don't you worry about that, Uncle Jack!"

"Well," I said, "if St. Antony finds that pearl, I'll give him a cookie!"

Teddy surveyed me gravely for a long moment. "You'd better give him bread, Uncle Jack. Cookies are no good. He wants bread, for his poor boys."

"All right," I snapped. "I'll give him bread."

"How much?" demanded Teddy, with the air of one registering a bet.

"Oh—" I shrugged. "I don't know. Ten loaves, maybe."

"O—o—ooh! Uncle Jack! Ten loaves! Aren't you good!"

"Yes," I said, recklessly, the contrary spirit within me roused, "let him find that pearl for me, and I'll give him ten loaves of bread, and put a ten dollar gold piece in every loaf. There!"

Teddy's eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"O—ooh, Uncle Jack! Aren't you good! Will you, really?"

I was bent on giving Teddy's "speshul" friend a run for his money, and I didn't expect to lose any sleep over St. Antony's bread; but Teddy was watching me in a disconcerting manner.

"Is—is that a promise, Uncle Jack?"

I felt a faint qualm. It was rather absurd, but—but suppose—just suppose—

Teddy's face fell. "It was just a joke, wasn't it?" he said. "I knew it was just a joke."

"It wasn't," I retorted, almost angry. "It's a promise."

"St. Antony can hear you," warned my nephew.

"All right," I said, grimly. "I hope he's listening."

We ate our lunch after a while, sitting against the sun-warmed cliff, while the waves rose higher, as the tide came surging in. The outlying rocks and smaller lagoons were lost now in seething white water, and the lagoon just below us was inundated every few moments when a particularly ambitious breaker got beyond the line of march. Teddy was anxious about the little crabs, and I had to hold him by his jacket, and let him lean over, when a lull came, to see that they were still sitting in their rocky nooks, unharmed.

"They're all right, old fellow," I told him. "They're used to it, you know. And if they did ride out on a wave, they'd come back. See that big chap over there, on top of that rock! He looks as wise as Solomon, doesn't he? I expect he's the old grandfather."

"O—ooh, Uncle Jack! He could bite, couldn't he? Look, what nippers! Say, Uncle Jack, there's a weeny, wee baby one—right down there—right by that bee-yoo-ti-ful flower. See? Just over there—Oh! Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack! Look—look! I see it! I see it! Your pearl! Your pearl! Right down there, by that—"

My fingers slipped: a little, excited, wriggling body toppled over the shelving edge where we sat, and fell, splashing and floundering, into the water, ten feet below. And a great green wave rose at that moment, paused, curled, crashed down into the lagoon. I saw Teddy lifted, hurled against a sharp jutting rock; and as the wave retreated, I jumped.

I landed, up to my shoulders in heaving water, and caught the boy in my arms, turning my back to the sea, and bracing myself in an angle of the lagoon, just as another green monster hung towering over us. Then another crash—and the blinding, gurgling rush; but my braced feet held against the rough floor beneath me. Then came one of those odd lulls, while the unformed breakers whispered together out beyond the rocks, planning a fresh assault.

What to do, I did not know. I stood, breast-high in a pool of troubled water. Behind me roared the sea, and the tide was flowing. Before me rose a fifty-foot cliff. There was no way by which to reach the projecting arm of rock from which I had jumped. My only chance was to climb out of the lagoon, and cross the ten yards or so of slimy, moss-covered boulders which lay between the lagoon and the cliff, carpeting a small cove where the water had not yet reached. I knew this cove. There was a narrow ridge of rock at the base of the cliff, I remembered, which, even at high tide, was only wet with spray. I did not think beyond that point. I must reach the safety of that ridge.

Then the sea took what proved in the end to be a friendly turn, though for an instant I was afraid that I, with Teddy's limp body in my arms, would be dashed against the ragged inner wall of the lagoon; for I felt myself suddenly lifted on the swell of an enormous wave. It carried us high over the wall, and just ahead of where I floated, I saw the "white horse of the Lord" toss his mane and throw himself down among the sand and rocks at the cliff's foot. I struck out desperately with my right arm, fighting against the power of the backwash, turning sideways, dragging Teddy with my left hand; and presently, under the foamy water, I caught hold of a barnacle-covered knob of rock and clung fast. When the great wave retreated, I was lying dazed and blinded by sand and water, within a few yards of my "desired haven." I struggled to my feet, and in another moment I had laid Teddy on the little rocky ridge.

Of my thoughts and emotions, as I bent over the small unconscious form, I have neither the power nor the courage to write. I believed that the child was dead; but I brought to bear what knowledge I had of "first aid" and tried to start respiration. I was very badly handicapped in my efforts. There was no space to move about. I worked as best I could, listening now and again for a possible heart beat; while below us the waves rolled in, foaming among the seaweed and the rocks, with the steady advance of the triumphant tide. And Teddy's little white face showed no flicker of returning consciousness.

I paused in my ministrations, looking about me. If by any golden chance the boy was still alive, my one hope of saving him lay in getting him within reach of proper medical assistance as quickly as possible. At the upper end of the cove, some thirty yards away, there was, I knew, a precipitous footway, leading diagonally along the sloping face of the cliff, and around the point, to a nearly perpendicular natural stairway, by which an agile man, or a venturesome boy could reach terra firma above. This trail now afforded me my only means of escape. If I could make my way along the

base of the cliff, without being carried off my feet by the breakers, and reach the trail, it was conceivable that I could make the ascent successfully. I was between Scylla and Charybdis. If I attempted the climb, I was more than likely to fall, and both Teddy and I would be killed. If I stayed where I was, the child would certainly die before help could come to us. I was afraid to leave him and go for aid. There was no chance of a fisherman on the rocks at high tide; and, as my house was half a mile beyond the ragged edge of the rambling little town, the chance of a casual pedestrian on the cliffs was remote enough. With some one's help, I might save Teddy; but alone. . . . I set my lips, and stared out over the tossing sea.

Of a sudden, lifting my eyes in a sort of despair, I was aware of a figure standing on the cliff's edge at the far end of the cove. My heart gave a great leap. A perfectly wild and idiotic notion seized my tired brain. The figure was that of a tall young man in a long dark robe, with wide sleeves, and a sort of hood arrangement on the shoulders; and—to be honest—I thought it was St. Antony, dropped down from heaven, in answer to my inarticulate prayers. I have a vague recollection that I held out my hands to him, crying out something; but my voice was drowned in the roar and crash of a huge roller that broke just beneath me, and drenched me and the boy at my feet with chill spray. The figure silhouetted against the sky nodded and waved at me; and as it disappeared from my view, I realized that, while no heavenly protector had been sent me, I was, to all intents and purposes, in almost equal luck. My rescuer was no other than the young Franciscan from the little mission church.

Just why I was so overwhelmingly thankful for the presence of a priest, I did not stop to analyze. I stood, anxiously awaiting his re-appearance and thinking chiefly, I recall, of how much his habit would hamper him in climbing. Presently he stepped round what looked like the sheer upright wall of the point, and came down the diagonal slippery footway, apparently without a tremor. The breakers tried to catch him as he crossed the rocks; but he reached me at last, just a bit wet with spray, and with scarcely quickened breath. He was a big, broad-shouldered lad, with quiet gray eyes; and he laid a reassuring hand on my arm, smiling slightly.

"Sit down, and rest a minute," he said, "while I look at the boy."

He knelt beside Teddy and began a swift examination. I leaned back, setting my teeth and clenching my hands, to brace myself for his verdict.

"He isn't dead," said Father Alexius, after what seemed an amazingly long delay. "But he's hurt. I can't tell how badly. His hip is

broken, for one thing. I can carry him if you can take care of yourself."

I have the haziest recollection of just how we got back to the house and of what occurred immediately afterwards; but Father Alexius must have been an entirely competent master of ceremonies, for when I found my way out of the fog I was toasting comfortably by a roaring fire, in smoking jacket and slippers, and a person whom I recognized as one Dr. Clay was standing by the mantel, talking briskly with the priest. It developed that Teddy's leg had been set, that Teddy's mother had been summoned, that Teddy had been asking for Uncle Jack.

"Where is he?" I demanded, getting up, and feeling rather shaky.

"Oh, he's upstairs. Your library table was commandeered, Mr. Reid; and we've quite a fair fracture-bed, all things considered," Dr. Clay said cheerfully.

"Is he—will he—" I couldn't go on.

"Oh, yes, he'll have rather a seige, though—poor little chap. A broken hip is no joke. But we have a good nurse; and I think there are no internal injuries, which is the great point. He's a plucky little fellow—tell us how it happened if you feel up to it."

It was after the doctor had gone that I told my real story—to Father Alexius. Teddy had dropped asleep finally, and the priest was sitting by the glowing logs in the library, when I left the patient and came downstairs again. I talked a long while and in a way I had not at all intended; and he listened for the most part in silence, glancing oddly at me now and then. When I stopped, he sat staring into the red embers for a minute or more. Then he spoke very softly, still without looking at me.

"Mr. Reid," he said. "Do you know that you have just made your confession?"

I jumped. I heard the quick, hissing sound of my sharply drawn breath. He put out a deprecating hand.

"A confession," he repeated. "You have your chance here, Mr. Reid. Will you take it?"

He waited, but I was dumb.

"Is there anything you have not told me?"

My throat was dry. I swallowed at an inconvenient lump; but all I could manage in the way of response was a grunt. It was not polite, but it was *soultu*!

"Nothing else you need say?—And you are sorry, too, for your sins and your folly?"

Well, so I had been trapped! And he sat there, that lad, all of ten years my junior, taking advantage of my emotion and my grief and my consequent lack of control—

"I am sure you are sorry." He smiled, ever so faintly. "But you must say it, you know." He made a little gesture. "Kneel down," he said, a hint of command in his voice. "If you kneel, you will say that you are sorry."

I stood on the veranda, half an hour later, watching him as he swung away over the hill in his rough frayed habit; and my feelings were so mixed that I decided to let them alone and begin on a brand new set. I smoked two pipes out before I heard the dinner bell ring; and when I hurried upstairs to change my clothes, the nurse beckoned me in to speak to Teddy again.

"Uncle Jack," he said, when he had kissed me violently, "that old breaker just spoiled all our fun, didn't it? I'm awful disappointed. And we didn't get your pearl, after all!"

I put my head down on the pillow beside him. "Yes we did, old chap," I said. "Yes we did."

"Oo-oo, Uncle Jack!" He wriggled with delight, despite his pain, and the bondage of the broken leg.

"Yes," I murmured, squeezing one hot small hand. "Yes, old chap, it was there, just as you thought—down there in the water. St. Antony found it, Teddy."

"Oo-oo! Then you'll have to give him ten loaves of bread, won't you, Uncle Jack?"

I bounced up. "My stars, old man! I will, for a fact! And a ten dollar gold piece in every loaf!"

"Uncle Jack," reproved my nephew, with some severity, "I b'lieve you just forgot all about that promise. You'd better look out, or you'll lose that pearl again. You'd better be careful, Uncle Jack!"

I hid my face once more. "Teddy, old chap," I said. "You tell St. Antony I'll be careful."

"All right," agreed Teddy. "And won't mother be glad?—Stop tickling my neck, Uncle Jack. What makes you breathe so?—Why-ee! I b'lieve you're crying, or something!"

Which, I am bound to admit, was not far from the truth.



# LAMPS OF FIRE AND FLAMES

By MARIAN NESBITT

(Continued)

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## THE STORY THUS FAR.

Molly Desmond, left an orphan in babyhood, is reared by an uncle, a priest, and on his death is sent to Madame de St. Richard, a refined Frenchwoman, to be prepared to take her position among persons of culture. Her instruction is interrupted by a letter from Lord Rossall, her guardian, requesting that she come to England to make her home with him and his mother. She goes with Madame de St. Richard to pay a farewell visit to a favorite chapel and chances to meet Rex Fortescue, her first acquaintance among men of the world. Fortescue saves her from a dilemma, but circumstances compel them to part with no other knowledge of each other than their names.

## CHAPTER II

TOWARDS five o'clock, on a lovely afternoon ten days later, I found myself rapidly approaching my new home. I tried to feel as unconcerned as I hoped I looked, and, as far as outward appearance went, I think I must in a measure have succeeded, for Mrs. Mears—the important elderly housekeeper from Rossall Castle—who had been sent to meet and accompany me thither, did not seem aware of my inward trepidation.

"There is the castle, Miss. You can just catch a glimpse of it between those trees," she exclaimed, pointing up to where the sunlight fell upon the towers and turrets of one of the most beautiful and stately old buildings I have ever seen. "My Lord would have met you himself," she continued, "but he was obliged to attend a meeting at Millborough, and could not return in time; my Lady, as you know, is unable to leave her couch."

"Yes; it seems very sad."

"It is sad, Miss; a heavy cross for any one, and heavier still perhaps for her Ladyship, being so beautiful, though no longer young. However, it will be a comfort and a pleasure to her to have you, Miss Desmond; she has been wearying for the sight of you these past ten days."

"That is very kind of her," I said, "and I sincerely hope that you are right, and that I shall help to make her time a little less weary." But accustomed though I was to new places and new people, my heart sank at the thought of living among strangers.

Madame de St. Richard, though she never called forth any strong attachment on my part, had yet evoked a certain amount of affectionate gratitude if only because under her roof the wheels of social life always ran smoothly—

no disagreeable hitches occurred, no groans and creaks disturbed the peace of the journey. Despite her vivacity, sparkling wit, and detestation of dullness in any shape or form, she possessed a strength of will and forceful restraint of character that enabled her to rise superior to irritability, and indeed to all displays of emotion, and rendered intercourse with her singularly free from jarring elements.

Already I was beginning to look back regretfully to the years spent abroad, though, at the time, they had not seemed so specially happy. The long drive came to an end at last.

I was conducted across a grand old hall, up a wonderful oak staircase, then down a long corridor, and finally ushered into Lady Rossall's boudoir.

"Welcome, dear child," she cried cordially, holding out both hands, and drawing me down beside her. "Oh, Molly—I may call you Molly, may I not? I have been longing to see you. I want you to be happy with us and to feel this like home."

"Thank you," I answered, thinking that it would not be her fault if life at the castle was disagreeable to me. Neither the accident—she had been thrown from her horse some years before—nor the pallor of long continued pain and weakness could destroy the remarkable beauty of which Mrs. Mears had spoken; while gracious manners, interesting conversation, and a sweet voice, enhanced a charm which few could withstand.

Before I had been in her presence half an hour, I had decided that, if my guardian possessed only a tenth part of his mother's arresting fascination, I should be far from discontented at Rossall.

"Eustace can not reach home till after eight, and we do not dine until half-past," my hostess remarked when the dainty teatable had been removed, and we were once more alone. "I should advise you to go and lie down for an hour, dear child; you must be tired after your long, hot journey. My maid will show you your rooms;" touching a small bell beside her. "I had them prepared in this wing, as I thought you would find it less lonely. But you can easily change if you prefer any others."

"Oh, no, thank you, dear Lady Rossall. I would much rather be near you."

In truth, I was more than satisfied—I was enraptured when I found myself in my own quarters. A charming bedroom opened out of the prettiest and most delightfully furnished apartment imaginable—the latter went by the

quaint name of the "Oak Parlor,"—and certainly it was a singularly appropriate title. The western sun streamed in at the deep oriel window, lighting up the wainscotted walls and exquisitely carved ceiling. The sound of the sea, soft and subdued like the murmur of shells, floated in through the open lattice. Flowers filled every available space, and the sight of many books made glad my heart.

The front of the castle was at the back, as we used to say in Ireland, that is, all the rooms in general use faced westward and seaward; the building having been placed on a rocky eminence that fell away sharply to the shore below. Behind, the woods climbed up on either side the steep winding road; the sunny gardens and widespreading park sloped gently to the south; while, on the north rose a tall grey lonely crag of almost mountainous height and such vast proportions that it formed a complete and most solid shelter from the strong gales which in autumn and winter sweep down and lash the Atlantic to fury, sending long rolling breakers thundering up the sides of the cliff and waking countless slumbering echoes in the deep ocean caves.

To-night, however, no hint of storm or tempest disturbed the brooding silence. Not a touch of keenness marred the pure salt air, which was soft and balmy as a midsummer breeze should be; and later on, when, dressed for dinner, I lingered a moment to enjoy the view, the scene looked surpassingly fair and peaceful. It was past eight, and the sun was sinking fast. Low in the western sky it hung like a ruby goblet above the waste of waters, making the clear remote sea-reaches almost purple in the rich crimson glow. Over cliff, too, and crag and headland, stole that strange flush; while even the white wings of the swooping gulls took on a soft roseate hue. I turned away at last and left the room with unwilling feet. From the pretty primitive little village far down in the valley below, came the sound of the curfew bell; for, in this old-world spot, the ancient custom still prevailed, and the solemn strokes ringing out from the ivy-covered church tower fell pleasantly upon the evening stillness. I heard them as I walked along the corridor, and began to slowly descend the wide staircase up which—so I afterwards learnt—another Eustace, Lord Rossall—had ridden his favorite war horse in days long gone by. I felt a wholly unaccountable reluctance to meet my guardian—a reluctance which, though I told myself was silly and childish in the extreme, increased and strengthened as the dreaded moment drew near.

Notwithstanding the fact that I had received an education which fulfilled every modern requirement, I was anything but modern either in mind or heart. A girl of to-day would have laughed at the idea of a guardian being an

awe-inspiring person. Some would have scouted the suggestion that he possessed more than a nominal control over her actions, and ridiculed the supposition that she was in the slightest degree bound to conform to his wishes. I, however, had been brought up very differently. In the dear old days in Ireland, Uncle Neil had imbued me with a firm respect for lawful authority, and I grew from childhood to girlhood entirely untouched by that spirit of independence which characterized the few young English companions I was allowed by Madame de St. Richard to associate with. Nevertheless, I do not believe the feeling that my guardian was, in a measure, the arbiter of my fate, had any real connection with the strange distaste I experienced at the thought of seeing him. I am inclined rather to suppose it arose from the fact that the dreaded moment had arrived.

No one was in the drawing-room. Lady Rossall, when well enough, dined with her son. But she had not yet been carried down; and I made my way through the open hall door on to the wide terrace that overhung the sea. I had not gone far when a step sounded on the gravel and I turned to find myself face to face with my guardian. But, after all, could it be Lord Rossall? I asked myself wonderingly as my hand was grasped by a man who put all my preconceived notions of guardians to flight. The momentary doubt, however, was instantly dispelled by his word of greeting.

"We need no introduction," he said in a pleasant, rather high voice. "You are Molly, I know, and I am—your guardian. You look incredulous. Am I so different from what you expected? Yes!"—smiling—"I see I have fallen short of your ideal. You pictured me grave and responsible—perhaps even white-haired and venerable! Alas, I am none of these things, and naturally you are disappointed. You have every right to be."

"Oh, no," I hastened to reply, though, in truth, the mental sketch I had made resembled his laughing description far more closely than the living presence before me.

Tall—six feet two, to be accurate—broad-shouldered and strong with all the muscular strength of perfect health, a somewhat pale complexion, aquiline nose, red-brown eyes, and thick dark auburn hair and moustache, Lord Rossall, at seven-and-thirty was a striking and far from uninteresting personality. Yet, involuntarily my thoughts flew back to another face and form seen only ten days since. I know not why, but the image of Rex Fortescue rose vividly before me at that moment, and I contrasted him with my guardian distinctly to the disadvantage of the latter. The one realized my ideal to the full. The other most emphatically did not, despite the fact that Eustace, Lord Rossall, possessed singular advantages both of person and of manner.



"I am sorry," he remarked, after a slight pause, during which his keen glance rested on me in kindly scrutiny. "I am sorry, for I see that reverence is a strongly marked feature in your character; and had I turned out in the least like the ancient and eminently worthy individual you imagined, I should have enjoyed a perfectly novel experience—as it is—"

"As it is, my dear fellow," exclaimed a voice that made us both start, "as it is, you will probably find innumerable compensations. Meanwhile, won't you make me known to your ward?"

Unconsciously I drew nearer to my guardian, over whose face, I fancied, a shade of annoyance had passed. The newcomer's tone was not intentionally disagreeable; but the hint of sneering cynicism underlying his words displeased me even more than the aggressively pleasant manner in which they were uttered.

"Molly," Lord Rossall said, "may I introduce my friend?"

"Sir Owen Orchardson—Miss Desmond."

I bowed, declining to see Sir Owen's outstretched hand; and as I glanced at him the feeling of repugnance deepened almost to repulsion. He was rather below than above the middle height, and looked considerably over forty, though I afterwards learnt that he was about the same age as my guardian. His face was large and pale; his light hair, which grew thinly on his high forehead, was worn very

long and bushy behind. His movements were awkward and wanting in repose; and while he evidently strove after an unusual degree of refinement, to me there was something excessively unattractive—not to say repellent—in his whole personality. As he stood leaning with an abandonment of studied ease against the stone balustrade beside my guardian, the unwilling thought, that he looked like his evil genius, flashed across my mind.

"Come in, Molly," Lord Rossall exclaimed. "Now the sun is gone, that soft silvery white affair you have thrown round your shoulders is scarcely warm enough."

"Though eminently becoming," Sir Owen added in his honied, condescending accents; while I, too surprised and indignant to retort, hurried on. When we entered the hall, I found myself alone with my guardian, who turned to me with a sudden softening of face and voice. "You have seen my mother," he said. "I do what I can, but a man is very helpless. It will be the best thing in the world for her to have a young girl here, and your companionship will do much to brighten her darkened life. Ah, my poor mother! If you could have seen her before the accident—so active, so full of keen vitality—and now she bears her weakness and suffering with such patience and fortitude. I hope you will soon learn to love her."

"I am sure I shall," I answered fervently, "she is so beautiful and so sweet."

(To be continued)

## A SONG OF LOVE-LONGING

Jesus Sweet, now I will sing  
To thee a song of love-longing:  
Do in my heart a quick well spring  
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesus Sweet, my dim heart's gleam  
Brighter than the sunné-beam!  
As Thou wert born in Bethlehem  
Make in me Thy lové-dream.

Jesus Sweet, my dark heart's light!  
Thou art day withouten night;  
Give me strength and eke might  
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesus Sweet, King of Land  
Make Thou me to understand  
That I may in my heart now find  
How sweet is thy lové-bond.

Jesus Sweet, warrior best!  
Thy love, Thou in mine heart fest.  
When I go North, South, East or West  
In Thee alone may I find rest.

Jesus Sweet, well may him be  
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:  
With lové-cords then draw Thou me  
That I may come and dwell with Thee. Amen.

—A. Mediaeval Anthology.



## TEARS AND SMILES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**H**AVE you ever noticed when a special day had been set aside for some great parish solemnity and you and all the parishioners were wishing and praying for good weather, that Heaven seemed to close its ears to your petitions, and the day dawned with a sky overcast with lowering clouds, and the wind blew and the thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the rain fell in torrents? I hear a chorus of voices assenting. While there are evidently a thousand and one reasons why God does not hear our prayers on such occasions; there is one which I think must be predominant; viz., He wishes to try our faith and our zeal under adverse circumstances. Thus, if in spite of wind and weather, we bundle ourselves in our coats and wraps and manfully shoulder our umbrellas and hie us off to church, we can rest assured that it is not merely idle curiosity that draws us to the house of God, but a deep sense of our religious duty. And though it snows and rains and hails on Easter Sunday and the weather plays havoc with the annual parade of Easter bonnets, we still smile and say "'Tis God's weather!" And,

when, clad in winter furs, we commemorate the glorious feast of the Resurrection, our hearts seem to experience a special feeling of spiritual gladness, in the conviction that we are serving Him under difficulties, which is the best kind of sacrifice and self-denial.

Such a solemn occasion was recently marred—or should we rather say enhanced—by the ugliest kind of weather, when the new mission church of St. Maurice at Sild Nakya, Arizona, was dedicated. Rev. Fr. Nicholas, O. F. M., the zealous superior of the Franciscan Papago Missions near Tucson, Arizona, will tell you all about it in the following letter recently sent to the HERALD. He writes:

"It was somewhat over twelve months ago that a generous benefactor donated a sum of money toward the erection of a chapel in honor of St. Maurice. The gift was gratefully received, but the kind donor was advised that due allowance would have to be made for delays, since Indian mission chapels are not reared in a day, especially when they are some sixty miles from nowhere.

"There is an Indian village, known as Sild



Mission Chapel at St. Maurice Built By the Indians Themselves at Sild Nakya, Arizona, Under the Direction of Their Missionary, Rev. Fr. Nicholas, O. F. M.



A Group of Franciscan Missionary Fathers and Brothers in Arizona, Together with Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus Storff, O. F. M.

Nakya, meaning 'Hanging Saddle,' about sixty miles northwest of San Xavier, Arizona. Nestling among the cactus-clad mountains, it appears like a gem in a rugged ring. Its people, for the most part still unbaptized, are a nice class of Indians, engaged chiefly in cattle raising and farming. Two years ago, they still had a dilapidated chapel, but it was so rickety and weather-beaten that I hesitated to snap its photograph, lest the shock should cause it to collapse! One day, the need of a new chapel was broached, and the stipulation was made that if the Indians would do the work I would furnish the 'eats,' 'smokes,' and building material.

"A few weeks elapsed. When I again came to the village, everything was 'a go'; the women were carrying water on their heads to the scene of activity; some men were hauling dirt, others were knee-deep in mud mixing mortar, and still others were busy moulding the adobes, as the sun-dried bricks of Arizona are called. The work advanced nicely. Two-thirds of the adobes were already made, when suddenly all hands became idle, and the work ceased. The chief, a well-meaning man, had not been consulted, and the result was disastrous to our building plans. Strike orders were issued, and for two months no work was done. Finally, thanks to the intercession of St. Antony to whom we went in our distress, the misunderstanding was adjusted and so happily that the chief himself and his son personally joined in the work.

"It certainly was an edifying and pleasing sight to see as many as sixteen men working like beavers day after day on our little chapel

until the heavy work was completed. All the remuneration they received was their meals and 'smokes.' The latter furnished 'steam and power!' At this rate, the building was soon under roof and hopes were brightest, when the 'boss'—myself—took sick, and the work was again delayed for several months. During this time, however, as many as twenty loads of material for the chapel were patiently hauled those long, dreary sixty miles, over roads that actually beggar description.

"With the return of my health, the work was resumed and carried on to completion. All during my stay in the village, I enjoyed the hospitality of José Marie, whose family did the cooking, gave me their spare room—their house has but two rooms!—and at times offered me a pillow, blankets, and—a sewing machine, of course, not to sew with, but to say Mass on. This good family surely made many a sacrifice in behalf of their priest and chapel—God bless them!

"March 24 was the day set for the dedication. On the day previous, we drove out those sixty miles in a terrific wind and rain storm and arrived after having but one 'blow-out.' We found the village all in readiness for the feast. The huge mud oven was built, the biscuits baked, the 'dance hall' watered and stamped, and late that night, thanks to the kindly help of Fathers Vincent and Stephen, I finished the preparations in the chapel for the next day's solemnity. All was in readiness save the weather. Heavy leaden clouds hung over us, and the cutting wind whistled loudly through the forest of giant cactus on the mountain sides. The morning of the feast dawned,



I Will Bless Every Place Where a Picture of My Heart Shall  
Be Set Up and Honored.—Ninth Promise of Our Lord to  
Blessed Margaret Mary.

## Before the Tabernacle

**T**HE red lamp burns within the shadows gray  
That bow before His little house of gold,  
Upon Our Lady's beads have cherubs told  
Unnumbered rosaries ere the close of day;  
Angelic guardians here before Him lay  
Prayer and petition for the charge they hold,  
And saints who loved to worship thus of old  
Send souls they cherish here to watch and pray.



Oh sinful soul, oh lips too cold for prayer,  
Oh wearied heart, lay down thy burden here;  
'Tis not for angels that He bideth near,  
He wills that we this adoration share,  
For such as we, He keeps this trysting place,  
For us, one miracle,—He gives us grace.

One miracle?—Nay, all that e'er were told  
Of Him who walked and taught in Galilee,  
By grace of God our eyes to-day may see:—  
He heals the sick, gives sight, and as of old,  
The straying sheep His loving arms enfold,  
To those who knock He answers tenderly,  
Searches the heart and blesses memory  
Wherein His promises are fair enrolled.

I come, dear Lord, sick to Physician blest,  
As child to Father, blind and given sight,  
With plea for aid and word of gratitude;  
Stay with me Lord, my heart's most welcome Guest,  
That seeing all things in Thy gracious light  
I know life's trials for beatitude.

Stay with me, Lord, when I go forth once more  
Out from the peace of this Thy House of prayer;  
Perchance in city aisles where brilliant, flare  
The carbon lights, and wheels of traffic roar,  
Wilt Thou the peace of vigil hours restore,  
When the heart, faltering neath its weight of care,  
Turning within, exults to find Thee there  
And stills itself to listen and adore.

And in such grace, how life's gray scene can change!  
Here in this crowd Thy friends are passing by,  
Strangers to me, yet they have knelt as I.  
To do Thy will these streets and marts they range,  
Love in their hearts that bears one thought to me,—  
Thy Presence dwells with Christian charity.

—CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

but a dreary day it was, indeed. Rain and snow and hail—well, all that the angry skies could spare, save lightning, were our portion. That his Lordship, the Bishop of Tucson, should come in such weather was entirely out of the question; so we had an early Mass at which a number of Indians made their first Holy Communion. At ten o'clock, we had a High Mass. It was hardly over, when we heard an automobile in the distance. Ere long, Fr. Justin, from San Solano Mission, appeared, bringing with him Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Hugolinus and Rev. Henry Funke, a secular priest. Half frozen and pale, they crept from the car, for they had had a terrible trip over roads that could best be compared to No Man's Land. To add to our sorrows, they brought the sad news that Bishop Granjon had taken sick the night before. He had graciously delegated Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, however, to dedicate the new chapel in his name. The ceremony of dedication was simple but impressive, still a cloud of sadness hung over all. A number of the Indians were to have been confirmed and they had prepared themselves faithfully and zealously for the reception of this Sacrament. But this happiness was now deferred to another day; and though our Indians are as stoical as all Indians can be, still their tears, which they strove to conceal, gave evidence how keen was their disappointment.

"Happily, the weather cleared up toward noon, and at two o'clock we began our home-

ward trip, not through the lowlands, as the were now impassable, but through the mountains over little traveled roads. Twice we were lost, and one group of our party went seven miles out of the way. But we finally reached San Solano Mission in time for a hearty supper.

"We wish to thank most cordially all those who assisted us so generously in the building of this pretty chapel to the honor of St. Maurice in this lonely little Indian village, and we trust that this soldier saint will kneel suppliantly at God's great white throne and implore countless blessings on them. Our special gratitude is also due to the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Samuel Macke, of St. Louis, Mo., who always lends us a helping hand when our needs are greatest, and we know not where else to seek for aid.

"Fr. Nicholas, O. F. M."

That Fr. Nicholas and his good Indians of Sild Nakya have reason to be proud of their chapel of St. Maurice, the accompanying illustration will show. How happy would he not be if all his mission stations could boast of such a house of God instead of the wretched mud and grass huts that must serve for divine service in most of his missions. The HERALD hopes that through the generous charity of the members of the St. Francis Solano Mission Association this happy state of affairs, which is now but an idle dream, will ere long be an accomplished reality.

## CALIFORNIA'S PROTOMARTYR

BY FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

(Concluded)

"FATHER, do you know what Estevan wants to be when he's a man?"

The missionary smiled faintly and put away his rosary.

"A padre, like you, and an Indian missionary. He said I shouldn't tell you."

"Why not, Estevan?" Fr. Vicente asked. "To be a priest is something grand, isn't it? And what are you going to be, José?"

Now was Estevan's chance to get back at his cousin.

"A general, a general, like his papa," he blurted out in childish glee.

"Of course!" the lad admitted, proudly.

"And don't forget, a general with a presidio and many soldiers."

"Won't the Indians be frightened, though," Estevan twitted, "when General José Ortega comes marching along like this," and throwing back his head the little Spaniard mimicked his

little friend's father, the commandante of the presidio of San Diego.

Fr. Vicente could not help laughing at the comical performance.

"Well, who knows," he said, fondly putting an arm about each boy, "some day, perhaps, José will be our Señor Commandante and Estevan our Padre Presidente. But you have talked enough now, boys. It's getting dark; so you had better go to bed."

"As you say, Padre. But first give us your blessing," and the lads knelt before the missionary.

"Don't forget your evening prayers," Fr. Vicente warned.

"No, we won't," and off they darted across the courtyard, twitting each other with "Señor Commandante" and "Padre Presidente!"

When they had gone, the missionary relapsed into gloomy musing. Then taking out his ro-

sary he continued to pray where he had left off. Saturday was always a busy day at the mission, and this evening especially Fr. Vicente felt worn out. It is always thus when fatigue is coupled with anxiety. Depressing thoughts were preying on his mind. In vain he tried to shake them off; the merry prattle of the boys had served only to intensify them. Having finished the rosary, he went toward the house and on entering greeted Fr. Luis quite cheerfully, he thought.

"*Padrecito*," the latter began, drawing a chair to the table, "something is troubling you of late."

Fr. Vicente started; had his confrère noticed it after all?

"You are so pensive and morose these last few days. May I know the reason?"

The other hesitated.

"Come, tell me. It pains me to see you in this state. What are you brooding over?"

"That rumor," Fr. Vicente faltered nervously.

"Regarding Felipe and Pablo?"

"Yes, Father. Where are they? You were so sure they would be here for the feast of All Saints, last Wednesday. And other neophytes are missing, too."

"Well, now look here," Fr. Luis suggested reassuringly; "possibly, they forgot about the feast; and Felipe and Pablo—well, perhaps they were afraid to return."

"Or had other matters to look after," Fr. Vicente insinuated almost impatiently. "My dear Fr. Luis," he continued more calmly, "I may be mistaken, and I hope I am. But let me tell you, ever since the lieutenant and his party set out for San Juan Capistrano I have had no peace. Father, do you realize to what dangers we are exposed? Suppose that report about a plot against the mission is more than a rumor. Suppose we are attacked. Who is here to protect us? Four soldiers, careless and indifferent; and three mechanics, poorly armed and one of them sick abed. And what precautions do you imagine they are taking down at the presidio with Don Ortega seventy-five miles away? Then, don't you think the savages for miles round know of his absence and of our unpreparedness? And if so, do you think they are going to let this chance slip by? Thoughts such as these, Father, have been tormenting me. To tell the truth, I have a presentiment that not all is well. And this evening, when I called to mind that to-morrow afternoon our neophytes are to return to their rancherias, I felt more uneasy than ever."

"*Muy bien, padrecito, muy bien*," Fr. Luis replied with a cheery smile, when his companion had finished. "Now you will feel better. One always does after unburdening one's soul as you have done. Only, next time you must do it sooner. Now listen. During the last two weeks, you have been working just a little too

hard with our poor Indians down in the field. You have overtaxed your strength, and consequently you are nervous and upset. To-morrow is Sunday, a day of rest; and a rest you must take. Therefore, I'll say the last holy Mass and give the instructions. Father, you must take better care of your health; the mission needs you. And as to your presentiment, well, it is nothing more than that. Never forget, *padrecito*, God is watching over us. Come what may, it will redound to His greater glory and to our eternal welfare; and that is what we came here to promote, isn't it? But it is time to retire."

And the two zealous missionaries knelt down at the table and prayed together—for the last time.

Meanwhile, from various rancherias groups of Indians were heading for a thicket three miles east of the mission. It was already midnight when all were assembled, about eight hundred in number, some armed with bows and arrows, others with spears and war clubs. The chieftains gave their followers the final instructions. The mission and the presidio were to be attacked at the same time. Every white man must die. Their buildings must go up in flames. The neophytes, however, were to be spared, unless they offered resistance. Then, thirsting for vengeance, the savage horde crept down the hillside, reached the dry river bed, and continued down the valley, westward.

The moon standing half way down the western sky, shed a spectral shimmer over the quiet landscape. A misty film dimmed the luster of the stars, and dismally the November night wind sighed through the lonely valley. About one o'clock, the hostile band came to the huts of the neophytes. Rousing the inmates from their slumber, they threatened with instant death all who should leave their huts. Then they divided their forces, some continued westward toward the presidio, while others slunk up the hillside.

Reaching the mission stockade, they listened for a moment, and then crept noiselessly into the courtyard. Like hungry wolves a number of them immediately made for the church and sacristy and began to carry away whatever caught their fancy. At the same time, others went to the soldiers' quarters. Here a fire was burning; and seizing a brand, one of the savages threw it on the thatched roof. In a few moments, the building was in flames. On seeing this, the others let out a wild yell. The soldiers within awoke. They leaped to their feet, seized their muskets, and a desperate struggle began.

The light from the burning building roused Fr. Vicente. Throwing on his habit, he ran to his confrère's room.

"Fr. Luis!" he shouted.

No answer. Then, recommending himself

to God, he dashed across the courtyard to the soldiers' quarters.

"Fr. Luis here?"

"No," came back the answer amid deafening musket shots.

Regardless of his own safety, the valiant friar rushed back, only to find the hut in which his companions slept enveloped in flames.

"Fr. Luis! Fr. Luis!"

Again no reply. Just then another frightful howl rent the midnight air. Two of the savages had been killed. Taking advantage of the tumult that followed, Fr. Vicente hastened once more to the barracks.

"Have you seen Fr. Luis?" he gasped.

"No, Father," stammered José and Estevan, pale as death. They had meanwhile succeeded in gaining shelter with the soldiers.

"*Dios mio!* Wounded, Urselino?" the friar exclaimed, kneeling down beside the carpenter. "Mortally, Father. Pray for me and also for José Romero who is no more."

"What, the blacksmith killed?"

"I saw him die, pierced with two arrows."

Poor Fr. Vicente. There he knelt praying and weeping, a picture of utter helplessness.

"But I must find Fr. Luis," he cried, and he would have again rushed out into the courtyard, had not one of the soldiers seen him in time and held him back, cautioning him to remain under shelter.

A more heart-rending scene than the one just described was meanwhile enacting in another part of the mission. Awakened by the crackling of flames overhead and the savage yells outside, Fr. Luis stepped into the courtyard. Before him, some fifty feet away, stood a band of Indians. Among them, he recognized one or the other neophyte. Blessing himself and whispering a fervent prayer, he boldly advanced toward them.

"*Amar a Dios, hijos!*—Love God, my children!" he greeted in his usual winning way, at the same time holding up the crucifix he always carried on his breast.

Madness seized the bloodthirsty horde at sight of the missionary. In an instant they were upon him. Tearing the sacred image from his grasp, they hurried him off to the other end of the courtyard, where they began to beat him with their clubs.

"Felipe, you?" the martyr cried, when he saw the neophyte he himself had baptized.

"And you, Pablo? *Amar a Dios, hijos!*" he exclaimed, raising his arms to heaven.

But the savages thirsted for his blood. This the helpless friar realized; he fell on his knees and prayed aloud:

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Hardly had he uttered the words when the infuriated mob rushed forward and dragged him outside the stockade. There they ruth-

lessly tore off his habit and began a fusillade of arrows.

"My Jesus, mercy!" the holy martyr repeated, while at each arrow that pierced his flesh a racking pain convulsed his bleeding body. Gradually his voice grew fainter and fainter, till finally, bruised about head and shoulders and pierced with many arrows, he fell unconscious to the ground. At sight of this, the bloodthirsty savages assailed their victim with spears and war clubs and continued their ghastly work even after life was extinct.

The situation at the barracks had by this time become so desperate that the Spaniards were compelled to seek refuge in the dwelling of the missionaries. But the fire was spreading fast, and before long that building, too, stood in flames. Rather than roast to death, they rushed through a shower of arrows to a little adobe structure that served as store-room. It consisted of only three walls about ten feet long and five feet high, across which the cook had thrown branches. Fortunately, these were few in number, so that little harm was done when they began to burn. Greater danger threatened from the unwallled side of the little fortress, through which the enemy began to shoot arrows and hurl stones and clubs. In this emergency, a soldier, at the risk of his life, carried a number of boxes from one of the burning buildings and with them closed up part of the opening. From behind this parapet and through holes in the walls, they now fired their muskets and thus succeeded in keeping the Indians at bay. To the dismay of all, however, the supply of powder gave out. A fifty-pound sack of it lay in one of the burning buildings. A soldier volunteered to get it. He succeeded, too, though in the attempt he was seriously wounded. To prevent the powder from catching fire, the missionary sat on the sack, covering it with the skirt of his habit. All this while, the Indians kept hurling firebrands and heavy clods of adobe into the roofless structure. But, strange to say, no harm befell the Spaniards within. Evidently, as Fr. Vicente afterwards maintained, they owed their wonderful escape to the interposition of Heaven. For when everything seemed lost, they made a vow to the Blessed Virgin, each one promising to fast on nine Saturdays, and to have one holy Mass said in her honor, while Fr. Vicente promised a novena of holy Masses.

Thus for two long hours the desperate conflict continued. Time and again, some Indian more bold than the rest, would sally forth in order to discharge an arrow at the Spaniards: but the next moment a wild shriek would tell the soldiers that their shots had taken deadly effect. Gradually, these assaults became less frequent. The moon set and darkness fell round. The Indians at last took advantage of



it. Picking up their dead and wounded they quietly slunk back to their rancherias, so that by daybreak not a sound could be heard on the mission hill save the crackling of flames and the occasional falling of timber.

It was a piteous spectacle that met the gaze of the bewildered Spaniards when the sun rose in full splendor and they ventured forth into the courtyard. Black adobe walls was all that remained of the Fathers' house, of the smithy, and of the barracks. A layer of smoldering ashes marked the spot where only a few hours before the little church and vestry had stood. Similarly, all the smaller structures, which had been built of poles and roofed with bulrushes, were entirely destroyed. Pale and breathless, Fr. Vicente gazed on the scene of ruin and desolation. But, when the neophytes came running toward him and amid tears and sobs began to relate their tale of woe, he could master his feelings no longer, and turning aside, he wept like a child.

"Has any one seen Fr. Luis?" he at length inquired, choked with emotion.

The neophytes started.

"Is he not here?" a number of them asked.

"Go and search for him," Fr. Vicente directed. "Ah, Urselino," he continued, bending down to dress the wound of the carpenter, "if only Fr. Luis is safe; but I fear, I fear—" and again his eyes filled with tears.

A moment later, the lieutenant's nephew came running across the courtyard.

"Oh, Father! oh, Father!" he sobbed.

"What is it, Estevan?"

"Fr. Luis——" and the child wept bitterly.

"Where is he?" Fr. Vicente cried, leaping to his feet.

Estevan pointed to a group of neophytes who were just entering the courtyard. Their cries and lamentations told the grief-stricken missionary that the worst had happened. He rushed toward them, threw back the blanket, and the next moment was on his knees beside the corpse of his beloved confrère. At sight of the mangled body, covered with wounds and bruises, he was almost beside himself, and grasping the hand now cold in death, he pressed it reverently to his lips. Then, softly replacing the blood-stained blanket, he rose and helped the neophytes convey the precious burden to the little adobe structure, whither the soldiers had already brought the charred remains of the blacksmith.

Great excitement prevailed among the soldiers and settlers at the presidio when shortly before noon a number of neophytes arrived and related what had happened. Little did they suspect, however, that only by mere chance they themselves had escaped the same fate. For, as was learned later, the mission had been fired too soon, inasmuch that the second band of savages, already close to the

presidio, feared the soldiers within might see the flames and prepare for an encounter; wherefore they desisted from their plan and hastened back to join in the destruction of the mission.

At first, the corporal in command of the presidio, was at a loss how to proceed. To let soldiers depart now was perilous; and to leave his countrymen at the mission without succor was cruel. At last he concluded that the savages were not likely to venture an attack during daytime. Accordingly, he despatched four of his men to the mission with orders to escort the survivors and the victims to the presidio. They were to return immediately, however, so as to be back before nightfall.

Fr. Vicente was wrapt in silent prayer at the feet of his deceased confrère when the sergeant approached and touched him on the shoulder.

"Padre," he whispered, "the presidio was not molested."

"*Gracias a Dios!*" the missionary sighed. There was some comfort in that at least.

"Four of the soldiers are here," continued the officer, "and we are to accompany them to the presidio at once."

"It is well," Fr. Vicente replied; and slowly he rose to prepare for the departure.

The soldiers made ready litters on which to carry the dead and wounded, and an hour later the melancholy procession was wending its way along the dry river bed.

Only with great difficulty did Fr. Vicente the following morning succeed in performing the last rites of the Church in the presidio chapel. Earth has no sorrow, however, that finds not relief in prayer and reflection. Such was Fr. Vicente's experience in the dire affliction that had come upon him so suddenly. And, after holy Mass, when he blessed the grave and the body of his beloved confrère for the last time and chanted the *Requiescat in pace*, though his lips quivered with deep emotion, he felt in his heart that all was well; that Fr. Luis, whose loss he bewailed so bitterly, was already enjoying heaven's eternal bliss, and that henceforth he would be their advocate at the throne of God for the conversion of California, where he had gained the crown of martyrdom.

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## THE DAILY COURSE

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still of countless price  
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

—JOHN KEBLE.

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XIX

*Onate's Rule Terminates—New Governor—New Custodio—Religious Notions of the Pueblo Indians—The Indian a Slave to Superstition—Witchcraft—Sorcerers—Why the Pueblos Accepted Christianity—Domestic Life of the Pueblos—The Estufa—Indian Morality—Lummis' Graphic Picture of Missionary Life in New Mexico.*

AFTER sending Fr. Francisco de Escobar with a report to the viceroy on the expedition to the South Sea, Don Juan de Oñate practically disappeared from history for nothing is recorded about his movements subsequent to Fr. Escobar's departure. His headquarters apparently continued at San Gabriel, and he may, as Read surmises, have devoted himself to developing the resources of the territory until 1608, when, if not before, his rule<sup>1</sup> certainly ceased; for in that year the King of Spain took upon himself the maintenance of the soldiers and the missionaries, and thus terminated the contract made between Viceroy Velasco and Oñate in 1595. A new governor also was appointed in the person of Don Pedro de Peralta, who was to receive a salary of \$2,000.<sup>1</sup>

In the place of Fr. Escobar, who remained in Mexico, Fr. Alonso Peynado was named custos, or superior of the Franciscans in the territory. He came to New Mexico accompanied by eight or nine<sup>2</sup> friars, whose names the chronicler neglected to state. By the time they arrived, Fr. Vetancurt claims, as many as 8,000 Indians had been converted to Christianity.<sup>3</sup> Unfortunately, all details are lacking. We do not even know the names of the missionaries who labored with such remarkable success from 1605 to 1608, during which period most of the converts must have been secured. Nor have we ascertained the names of the pueblos where the Fathers exercised their zeal. Inasmuch as the arrival of the new governor and of the new custodio inaugurates a new era, it will be advisable before proceeding with the narrative, to learn something more about the beliefs and habits of the interesting people in this territory, especially with regard to religion and morality. The well-known expert on New Mexico Indianology, Adolph F. Bandelier, and his faithful disciple, Charles F. Lummis, will supply the information.

"Most Indians and savage people," writes Lummis, "have religions as unlike ours as their social organizations. There are few tribes that dream of one Supreme Being. Most of them

worship many gods,—'gods' whose attributes are very like those of the worshipper; 'gods' as ignorant and treacherous as he. It is a ghastly thing to study these religions, and to see what dark and revolting qualities ignorance can deify. The merciless gods of India, who are supposed, to delight in the crushing of thousands under the wheel of Juggernaut, and in the sacrificing of babes to the Ganges, and in the burning alive of girl-widows, are fair examples of what the benighted can believe; and the horrors of India were fully paralleled in America."<sup>4</sup>

"The creeds and beliefs of the Southwestern tribes," Bandelier tells us, "may have at one time possessed more elevated ideas; to-day these features are well nigh obliterated, and it is the influence of nature which man was unable to master that has done it. In order to save himself from that nature in which he was compelled to live, the Indian strains all his faculties to soothe it by worship. If the Indian has ever had a clear conception of monotheism (belief in one God), it is long forgotten, and the most slavish cringing before natural phenomena, the cause of which is inconceivable to him, has taken its place. What the Pueblo Indian mentions as a Supreme God is the Christian God, but this Supreme Power is strictly apart from the real Pueblo creed. Idolatry is not even an adequate term for it; it is a Fetichism of the grossest kind, and so complicated, so systematized, that an appeal to one particular natural object, to one specific deified feature or phenomenon can be resorted to, in every circumstance of human life.

"Indian religion bows to the seasons for its rites; it borrows from them and from atmospheric phenomena its symbols. It places animals on a footing of equality with mankind—often even they were recognized as his superiors, and placed before him as models of conduct. Indian religion assumes utter helplessness on the part of man within the natural realm; it excuses crimes on that account, and denies retribution beyond the grave. It teaches no fatalism, because for every evil there is a remedy within nature itself, which has a supernatural effect as soon as properly employed. There is something like a poetic hue cast over

<sup>1</sup> Vetancurt, *Cronica*, p. 96, No. 22; Bancroft, 157-159; Read, 246-249.

<sup>2</sup> According to Bancroft. Read, p. 249, has nine Fathers. Vetancurt is silent about the number.

<sup>3</sup> Vetancurt, loco citato.

<sup>4</sup> *The Spanish Pioneers*, 150-151.

some elements of their religion, but this poesy is not derived from the creed; it is rather a last echo from a time when man knew better, and felt differently—a complaint that such times are gone!

"There is no greater slave than the Indian. Every motion of his is guided by superstition, every action of his neighbor suspiciously scrutinized. We wonder at many strange actions of the Indian, at what seems to us lack of consistency, of truthfulness, an absence of moral consciousness. We punish him for crimes which he commits without any regret whatever about the consequences of his misdeed. In this we fail to understand the motives of the Indian. He is not his own master. Nature, deified by him to the extent of innumerable personalities and principles, exacts from him the conduct that we blame. His religion, notwithstanding the promise of coarse felicity which it holds out beyond the grave, reduces him to utter helplessness so long as he has not crossed the threshold of death, makes him a timid, fettered being, anxiously listening to the voices of nature for advice. These voices stifle the silent throbs of conscience; they are no guide to the heart, no support for the mind.

"So buried in this dense darkness was this nation that an Indian woman after her conversion, declared to a missionary: 'Father, do you see on the other side of the river the many hills, mountains, peaks, and points round about? Well, these contained our beliefs. We revered them all, and we worshipped them there. The old people (medicinemmen) claimed that the demon appeared to them in the shape of dogs, toads, coyotes, and snakes.' This belief is eminently Indian. To-day these sedentary aborigines of New Mexico, Sonora, etc., believe in the possibility, not only of apparitions, but also of the transformation, through witchcraft, of men and women into animals of some kind. The principal Indians affirmed as a known fact, which was believed by all, that the sorcerers at night went to certain dances and gatherings with the demons, and that they returned through the air. This accusation of witchcraft is often taken with a smile of disdain by such as do not know the real nature of the aborigines; but it is certain that, for the Indian, there is nothing more dreadful than sorcery. He believes in it, lives partly through it, and punishes it in secret as severely as possible. The mention of sorcerers among the Indians, on the part of early missionaries, should therefore never be taken lightly. On the contrary, it reveals a condition which is characteristic of Indian society. Any disaster of magnitude, like drouth, epidemic diseases, or a flood, is quickly attributed by the Pueblos to witchcraft. In consequence of this, suspicion sets in, and many crimes are committed which are kept secret, but contribute slowly

and surely to depopulate the village. Certain pueblos, like Nambé, Santa Clara, and Cia, owe their decline to the constant inter-killing going on for supposed evil practices of witchcraft. The sorcerers or magicians (in early days) were so numerous that, when in a certain pueblo the missionary wanted to reprove some of the sorcerers as a warning for the rest, he was told: 'Father, do not tire yourself in reproaching us, because one-half of the pueblo are like ourselves.'"<sup>5</sup>

Hence the missionaries in New Mexico had on their hands a herculean task, which in places grew with the years; for "though the Pueblo Indians accepted the new faith voluntarily, and to a certain extent," as Bandelier points out, "they adopted it from their own peculiar standpoint, that is, they expected material benefits from a creed that promised to give them spiritual advantages. In their conception, religion is but a rule of conduct controlling man while alive, and on strict compliance with which his success in this world depends. In short, the Pueblos looked upon Christianity as upon another kind of magic, superior to the one which they practised themselves; and they expected from the new creed greater protection from their enemies, more abundant crops, less wind, and more rain, than their own magic performance procured. The result was that the Pueblo Indians, seeing that the new creed did not produce the effect they had anticipated, turned against it, and the rebellion of 1680 was greatly due to a feeling that the new order of things, religious as well as civic, was not worth the support of the people."<sup>6</sup>

With regard to the domestic life of these Indians Bandelier informs us that "the Pueblo Indians had in fact no home life. The village in its original form was a bee-hive. When the Spaniards came, they found that the women and their offspring occupied the cells and the houses, whereas the men, even after marriage, spent the nights in those singular constructions of a public nature which are now known under the name *estufas*. It is commonly supposed that an *estufa* is always round, and at least partly subterranean, but this is not the case. Where the *estufa* could be dug out, it was so made, and then it is natural that it should be circular; but where this was impossible, as is the case to-day at Acoma, Laguna, and at Zuñi, an inner room, well secluded and easily guarded, served instead. When the Pueblos were in their primitive condition, the *estufa* was not only the place of abode for the males, but it also served the purpose of the Mexican *Telpuch Calli*, or house of education for the boys. There the boys slept, ate, and whiled away their time when not strolling. There the men gathered also, and generally the womi-

<sup>5</sup> Bandelier, *Final Report*, II, 35; 40-42; 51-52, *passim*.

<sup>6</sup> Bandelier, *Final Report*, I, 9; 218-219, *passim*.

en brought them their meals into that *House of Males*. Fr. Salmeron says 'the men slept in the estufa, their feet towards the fire which was burning in the center.'<sup>7</sup> As late as 1704, this custom certainly prevailed among the Tehuas. The estufa was of necessity the council-house, for the business of the clans as well as of the tribe was in charge of the men. That many religious rites were performed there is evident, but the estufa was not as has been supposed, the permanent 'temple' of the Pueblos. There were places of worship and conventional places of sacrifice, sacred spots and rooms, distinct from the estufa."<sup>8</sup>

On the morality of the Pueblo Indians we cannot go into particulars. Paganism spells impurity, whether the people are savages, half-civilized, or civilized. That is the judgment of history. One need but point to the Romans and Greeks for corroboration of that judgment. Solomon's declaration — "As I knew that I could not otherwise be continent, except God gave it, I went to the Lord and besought Him,"<sup>9</sup> holds good at all times, with nations as with individuals. From this the reader may guess the situation among the Pueblos of New Mexico. Nevertheless, we may listen to Bandelier.

"Among the Pueblos, as well as among the sedentary tribes," that reliable author says, "the position of woman was not that of a slave; but marriage was rather an act of the clan, and therefore the parties stood to each other in relations of greater independence. Chastity was an act of penitence; to be chaste signified to do penance. Still, after the woman had once become linked to a man by the performance of certain simple rites, it was unsafe for her to be caught trespassing, and her accomplice also suffered a penalty; but there was the utmost liberty, even license, as towards girls. Intercourse was almost promiscuous with members of the tribe. Towards outsiders the strictest abstinence was observed, and this fact, which has long been overlooked or misunderstood, explains the prevailing idea, that before the coming of the white man the Indians were both chaste and moral, while the contrary is the truth. Only, and this has been lost sight of, adoption into one of the clans was necessary in order to share the privileges which were considered essential for propagation."<sup>10</sup>

There were other difficulties encountered by the Franciscans in their zeal for the conversion of the benighted natives, which Mr. Lummis describes so graphically that we offer no apology for reproducing the lengthy passage. "There have been missionaries elsewhere," he writes, "whose flocks were as long ungrateful

and murderous, but few if any who were more out of the world. New Mexico has been for three hundred and fifty years, and is to-day largely a wilderness, threaded with a few slender oases. To people of the Eastern States; desert seems very far off; but there are hundreds of thousands of square miles in our own Southwest to this day where the traveller is very likely to die of thirst, and where poor wretches every year do perish by that most awful of deaths. Even now there is no trouble in finding hardship and danger in New Mexico; and once it was one of the cruellest wildernesses conceivable. Scarce three decades have gone by since an end was put to Indian wars and harassments, which had lasted continuously for more than three centuries. When Spanish colonist or Spanish missionary turned his back on Old Mexico to traverse the thousand-mile, roadless desert to New Mexico, he took his life in his hands; and every day in that savage province he was in equal danger. If he escaped death by thirst or starvation by the way, if the party was not wiped out by the merciless Apache, then he settled in the wilderness as far from any other home of white men as Chicago is from Boston. If a missionary, he was generally alone with a flock of hundreds of cruel savages. Such was New Mexico when the missionaries came, and very nearly such it remained for more than three hundred years. If the most enlightened and hopeful mind in the Old World could have looked across to that arid land, it would never have dreamed that soon the desert was to be dotted with churches—not little log or mud chapels, but massive stone masonries whose ruins stand to-day, the noblest in North America. But so it was; neither wilderness nor savage could balk that great zeal.

"A glimpse at the life of the missionary to New Mexico in the days before there was an English-speaking preacher in the whole western hemisphere is strangely fascinating to all who love that lonely heroism which does not need applause or companionship to keep it alive. To be brave in battle or any similar excitement is a very easy thing. But to be a hero alone and unseen, amid not only danger but every hardship and discouragement, is quite another matter. Some of these quiet, gray-robed men had already seen such wanderings and such dangers as even the Stanleys of nowadays do not know. They had to furnish their own vestments and church furniture, and to pay for their own transportation from Mexico to New Mexico—for very early a 'line' of semi-annual armed expeditions across the bitter intervening wilderness was arranged. The fare was \$266, which made serious havoc with the good man's salary of \$150 a year (at which figure the salaries remained up to 1665, when they were raised to \$330, payable every three years). It was not much like a call to a fash-

<sup>7</sup> *Relaciones*, according to Bandelier, p. 143.

<sup>8</sup> Bandelier, *Final Report*, I, 142-144.

<sup>9</sup> *Book of Wisdom*, viii, 21.

<sup>10</sup> Bandelier, *Final Report*, I, 140-142, *passim*.

ionable pulpit in these times.<sup>11</sup> Out of this meagre pay he had to pay all the expenses of himself and his church.

"Arriving, after a perilous trip, in perilous New Mexico, the missionary proceeded first to Santa Fe. His superior there soon assigned him a parish; and turning his back on the one little colony of his countrymen, the fray (friar) trudged on foot fifty, one hundred, or three hundred miles, as the case might be, to his new and unknown post. Sometimes an escort of three or four Spanish soldiers accompanied him; but often he made that toilsome and perilous walk alone. His new parishioners received him sometimes with a storm of arrows, and sometimes in sullen silence. He could not speak to them, nor they to him; and the very first thing he had to do was to learn from such unwilling teachers their strange tongue—a language much more difficult to acquire than Latin, Greek, French, or German. Entirely alone among them, he had to depend upon himself and upon the untender mercies of his flock for life and all its necessities. If they decided to kill him, there was no possibility of resistance. If they refused him food, he must starve. If he became crippled, there were no nurses or doctors for him except these treacherous savages. I do not think there was ever in history a picture of more absolute loneliness and helplessness and hopelessness than the lives of these unheard-of martyrs; and as for mere danger, no man ever faced greater.

"The provision made for the support of the missionary was very simple. Besides the small salary or allowance (called *sinodo*), the pastor must receive some help from his parish. This was a moral as well as a material necessity. The Spanish laws commanded from the Pueblos the same contribution to the church

as Moses himself established. Each Indian family was required to give the tithe and the first fruits to the church, just as they had always given them to their pagan cacique. This was no burden to the Indians, and it supported the priest in a very humble way. Of course the Indians did *not* give a tithe; at first they gave just as little as they could. The 'father's' food was their corn, beans, and squashes, with only a little meat rarely from their hunts—for it was a long time before there were flocks of cattle or sheep to draw from. He also depended on his unreliable congregation for help in cultivating his little plot of ground, for wood to keep him from freezing in those high altitudes, and even for water—since there were no waterworks nor even wells, and all water had to be brought considerable distances in jars. Dependent wholly upon such suspicious, jealous, treacherous helpers, the good man often suffered greatly from hunger and cold. There were no stores, of course, and if he could not get food from the Indians he must starve. Wood was in some cases twenty miles distant, as it is from Isleta to-day. His labors were not small. He must not only convert these utter pagans to Christianity, but teach them to read and write, to farm by better methods, and, in general, to give up their barbarism for civilization. How difficult it was to do this even the statesmen of to-day can hardly measure; but what was the price in blood is simple to be understood. It was not the killing now and then of one of these noble men by his ungrateful flock—it was almost a habit."<sup>12</sup>

We must not anticipate; that feature of New Mexican mission history will be related in subsequent chapters.

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic.

<sup>12</sup> Lummis, *The Spanish Pioneers*, 159-168, *passim*.





# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## JUNE BRIDES

“WHENEVER I see a bride coming from the altar, I can scarcely restrain my tears.”

The teacup chatter of half a dozen of us about June and brides and how this and that wedding was “turning out” was abruptly arrested by the remark that came with such conviction from Mrs. Morton’s lips. She is a sedate little person, much more given to listening than to conversing, and we all sat in breathless silence, waiting for her to elaborate. She did not seem inclined to do so. In fact, she resumed her tea as though she were embarrassed for having spoken at all.

“Why weep, Mrs. Morton?” petulantly enquired a pre-Lenten bride, who already is assuming quite a matronly air, although the scent of orange blossoms is hardly out of her hair.

“Because of the disillusion that lies before her,” quietly responded Mrs. Morton, loath to continue a discussion she had not meant to provoke by the chance remark she had let fall. Then, apparently in fear of further cross-questioning, she excused herself on the plea of an engagement and departed.

“We can dispense with her croaking,” snapped the recent bride, as the door closed behind her. “I dare say a disillusion awaits me over some hill, but I don’t want its shadow coming over all the hills to meet me.”

“Just why should there be a disillusion?” asked Marjory Williamson, a young bud who is herself to be a June bride. “Why is it not possible to keep our illusion, or, rather, let us call it our ideal—a beautiful something a little before and above us?”

“Because, my dear child, we do not find our ideals realized in the men we marry,” definitely answered our hostess.

“But why should we lose our ideals, even if our husbands do have faults? Our fathers and mothers have faults, but that doesn’t cause us to lose our ideals of them. If our husbands do not fulfil our expectations, how do you know we fulfil theirs? No, we mustn’t ask more of our husbands than we give; we mustn’t ask as much. If a wife would try to keep on being a sweetheart! Now, I know a woman who has been married twenty-five years, and—But you laugh at me, because I am not yet an insider.”

May that young girl, on the threshold of one of life’s great adventures, cling to her conviction! Forbearance, blindness to small faults, a love that gives rather than asks and forgives without the asking—these are truly the keys to happiness of married life. A woman doing her part and trusting God, who blessed her choice and sanctified her pledge, to do His—how can she fear the storms that threaten the domestic bark?

I sat with a woman I loved at the bier of her husband, and she said to me with deepest earnestness:

“He gave me sixteen years of perfect happiness.”

I wonder if a higher tribute could be paid a man. On their marriage morning this husband had promised God, through His minister at the altar, to love and cherish this woman whatever betide, and for sixteen years he had kept his word. A man who is thus constant and devoted in the affairs of his domestic life, can not be otherwise than upright and honorable in his dealings with the world. And how much of that worth the world saw was not owing to the sacredly kept pledge he made to the wife of his heart!

Forever increasing is the number of unhappy marriages. The alarm is like a giant bell clanging its harsh dissonance amid the joyous pealing of wedding chimes. The appearance of serenity is often successfully maintained, but there is misery in far more homes than those that come to shipwreck on the shoals of divorce. The priest hears of it in the confessional, the doctor in his office, the visiting nurse on her calls. Fear of publicity, horror of the comment of friends, aversion to heralding to the world the disgrace of broken vows restrain many unfortunates from openly throwing off what were intended to be holy bonds, but have become chafing fetters.

All this for lack of a little patience; all for lack of a little will power brought to the adjustment of two lives of widely different ideals and habits that must be welded into one; all for lack of faith in God’s grace to make the rough smooth and the crooked straight!

The man in business life finds his days but a series of obstacles, reverses, and disappointments; yet he does not fretfully give up his business on that account. Blasted hopes,

thwarted ambitions, financial straits are part of business life. The business man knows it; if he is a real business man he rises superior to all obstacles. The woman who chooses a career rather than the less theatric rôle of home-maker, treads a path that is a veritable maze of distressing anxieties, disillusionments, combats, crossed purposes. But if she has determination to reach her goal though the heavens fall, what do these difficulties become but trifling hurdles over which she leaps, her face to the stars, triumph already in her grasp, because she scorns all interference as so many cobwebs to be brushed aside?

Shall those do less whom true love beckons? Shall the bright dawn of the bridal morning become clouded, because the blessed couple does not understand that wedded bliss is not all honey and sweetness; that its choicest prize—joyousness and abiding content—is won only by give-and-take—indeed, far more by give than by take? Heaven sanctifies in a distinctive manner this union of hearts, but Heaven does not solve their difficulties. To conquer is as essentially a part of this great adventure as it is a part of business or of a professional career. Distressing problems can not be avoided. If they are vanquished, love soars on the pinions of the eagle; if they vanquish, it grows faint and dies.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," and stout hearts guard with jealous care their treasure. Impatience, fault-finding, discourtesy, commonplaceness, inattention—these are the thorns that lurk beneath the bridal roses, and they remain long after the rich petals have withered and lost their fragrance. Happy are the young bride and her husband who know that success and happiness in married life are things to be achieved, not blessings mysteriously imparted by the words of the priest; prizes to be fought for against all adversaries; crowns won by much sacrifice. Struggling, watching, above all giving; of such stuff are made the marriages that are ratified in Heaven, and that bring such sweet benediction to brave and faithful hearts.

### HOMES AND HOUSES

"HAVE you found a house yet?" I asked a friend who, the last time I had seen her, was half-distracted by her futile search for an apartment.

"Yes; but to get it, I had to buy it," she replied dolefully. "I don't know how I am going to pay for it. Yet there was nothing else to do."

How many, like my friend, have had to buy a house to obtain a place of shelter in these days of scarcity and high rents. Time was when moving to many was more or less a diversion; now it is a tragedy. The newspapers told of a woman who committed suicide after

weeks of tramping the streets and scanning the for-rent columns. Then there was the man whose advertisement of an apartment attracted such a crowd of would-be tenants that he auctioned it to the highest bidder and got \$65 a month for it, though it was worth no more than \$25.

Yet, how often have many of these frantic apartment-hunters had the opportunity of buying homes, and how slight were their reasons for choosing to be free of responsibilities as tenants rather than to make the sacrifices necessary to acquire a place of their own! Now the cry is reversed and probably for the better in the long run. We may get back again to the old fashion of owning our homes and cease being cliff-dwellers and nomads.

Not only the community but the family benefits from home-owning. The lack of interest in public affairs of the great majority of those who rent is notorious. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, for each year, or every few years, they hang their pots and kettles in a new kitchen, install their piano or talking machine in a new front room and proceed to live in as complete ignorance of their neighbors as possible. The home-owning family, on the other hand, becomes keenly alert to everything affecting the neighborhood. It is first of all permanent. Public improvements, schools, playgrounds, all affairs of the community are the family's affairs. The home-owners court the respect and esteem of their neighbors. Strong ties grow between families; social intercourse with all its delights fill the evenings and holidays; the whole atmosphere of the community is progressive, healthy, contented.

But all this aside, what woman has ever seen the end of the joyful labor of embellishing a home, not for the season but for the future. Always there is something to be added; this year a bed of roses, next new hangings, new decorations. So time runs on and we find the apple tree we planted in our first enthusiasm bending under its fruit, the lilac bush venerable and faithful and ourselves blissfully happy in the little corner of paradise we have created.

Then there are the children. I have always thought it must be a sorrowful thing for a boy or girl to grow to manhood and womanhood without having experienced the security and happiness that springs from the permanency of a home; to have been always making new acquaintances and forever parting from them when the first joys of friendship were being tasted. I could not bear to see the flowers I had planted fall into neglect under a stranger's unloving hands, to know that my special nook was occupied by another, that halls grown dear to me were re-echoing to other footsteps. I should hate to be thus transplanted annually or bi-ennially. When duties call me forth from home, I want to know it is still waiting my return.

So, rejoice, you blessed ones, who are among the ranks of home-owners. It may have cost you sacrifice, but you know it was well worth the effort. To be able to avoid the eternal problem of finding a new place and to be beyond the talons of the rent profiteer are the least of your causes for thanksgiving. Your real joy lies, as all home-owners know, in the sweet content of familiar walls, the roses at your window, the shaded lawn, tried friends, the dearness and nearness of things grown mellow by long and fond association.

### STARTING A LIBRARY IN A SMALL PLACE

ANSWERING "Alabama Girl," who, in a recent number of FRANCISCAN HERALD asked advice about starting a library in a country parish, Miss M. M. L., Dubuque, Iowa, writes:

"Coming from one who was once in Alabama Girl's situation, perhaps my story may be of some help. Our town was a mission, visited every month by a priest, advanced in years. When I laid my plan of forming a library before him, he gave me his blessing, five dollars, and permission to go ahead. He also suggested that I should get some story books. It has been my experience that country young people go in for things with zeal and keep up interest. Our sodality girls fairly jumped at the idea of a library. It was decided that each member should contribute at least one book and get a donation of at least two. The donation might be either a volume from the family collection or the price of a new one. As it was not a reading congregation, our donations were chiefly money. We secured catalogs from the various Catholic publishers and made out a list as large as our fund permitted. While we were waiting the arrival of our books, we made out our cards and had the shelves built in the tiny house adjoining the church. In early days it had been used by the traveling missionary for religious services, and our pastor had had it fitted up as a sodality room. We got several notices on the project in the local paper. When the books arrived, the editor gave us a nice write-up. Non-Catholics became interested, too, and the books were not long on the shelves until several applied for membership. With some of our membership money—each member paid ten cents a month—we subscribed for several Catholic periodicals and two good secular magazines.

"The library was open at first on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. And it was well patronized—too well—for we were besieged by readers calling for new books. We decided to give an entertainment for the purpose. Again the local paper willingly served us, and it seemed to us the entire town and county turned out for our lawn fête. This

fête for the library became an annual affair and with a series of card parties during the winter gave us a good fund for books and periodicals. Eventually the four walls of the hall were lined with books, the reading table held the best magazines, and a retired teacher, for a small stipend, became the librarian, keeping the library open during certain hours of the day and evening. The non-Catholic patronage increased, and several conversions resulted from the reading of the religious books which, of course, the library was well supplied. As for our own people, I will venture to say that there was not a better informed congregation in any rural place than our grew to be. They became subscribers for Catholic papers and magazines themselves and, as their condition improved, sent their children to Catholic academies and colleges. We always felt that our little library had a big part in thus molding the congregation, as it certainly was the means of creating a better sentiment toward the Church in the minds of the non-Catholic element."

On the same subject, Mrs. F. C., Lexington, Ky., writes:

"If Alabama Girl finds it difficult to start her Catholic library and there is a library in her town, she may find this hint helpful: Let her induce her friends to become patrons of the local library, which is probably a circulating one. As members it is their privilege to ask for books, and let these be our best Catholic works. Then let them be taken out and read, for if the books lie on the shelves, requests for other Catholic works will not be so readily considered. In this way Alabama Girl will get good reading matter circulating among the parishioners. By taking an interest in the library, the Catholic patrons will help maintain a good moral tone and be the means of preventing the circulation of bad books."

### AS TO RAISING CHILDREN

AS my old friend Ezra says: "I ain't no hand to give advice." I've taken a lot of it in my time, some I took inside of me and some was just rubbed on, some I stood up under and some went right agin me. Like Cap'n Burdick's note, you couldn't never tell anything about it till you tried to collect on it. Sometimes it were, and sometimes not.

So, with them thoughts in mind, I ain't expectin' to get cheers for sayin' things about: how to raise children, or contrastin' them with vegetables. Children is just as different as parents. Some children is just nachully of pie-plant variety. They's kinda sour, but when they get het up and a little sugar stirred in, they is lastin' and soothin'. They is some what runs to asparagus, shootin' up quick, and then goin' to green feathers and red berries.



Some is strong as onions and others is pretty as a red radish. But they is all different. You can't never tell how sound a cabbage is till you give a rap on the head. Sometimes the big heads got the littlest hearts. To raise anythin' in these days you just gotta keep hoein', rakin' and cultivatin' and hopin' for rain. Angie Follansbee is just about as much like her mother what was big Libbie Turner, as a cherry pit is like a peach stone, and she's just about as much like her father as a foot is like a hand. All you can do is to keep the ground dug around them, give 'em the sun and cut the weeds and you're liable to be surprised. It takes a lot o' sunshine to grow a sweet apple on a sour tree, but it's been done. If you're sure it's a turnip they ain't no use tryin' to make a sweet potato out of it.—*Woman's World.*

### WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Miss A. W., LaCrosse.—Yours is a sad, but not uncommon case. You gave up your own life, with all its fair promises, to keep the home for your sister's children after her death, and now that they do not require your love and care you find yourself in the way. You say you can not shut your eyes any longer to the cruel fact. Do not try; accept it, and ask yourself how you are going to meet it. There are two ways: you can remain in the house and continue to bear their affronts in patience, or you can leave and start life anew. Never doubt there is a place for a woman of your character and ability; perhaps a success you might never otherwise have attained, for suffering gives us an understanding above the common lot of men. Hold fast to your interest in the property and demand an exact accounting from your nieces and nephews. By their ingratitude they are doing themselves the greater injury.

R. E., St. Louis.—Do you not think that if the young man already begins to show fickleness it were better to let him go? You evidently are of a jealous nature, and your future happiness demands that you have as your life partner one who is not likely to give you cause for its development. Go to the sacraments more frequently. They give strength to meet the trials of life and grace and light to make the right choice.

M. L., Columbus.—Your grandmother has only your best interests at heart in forbidding you to keep company with young men and to go to parties with them. Time enough for that when you are older and out of school. Don't brush off the bloom of youth; it is your highest charm. Dress in accordance with your years. Dear girl, the years are all before you, and you will find in them the pleasures you now crave and learn that all together they are not worth this girlhood which you are so anx-

ious to put behind you. A girl of seventeen is not ready for the pleasures of the twenties. Have patience; you will become a woman soon enough.

AMBITIOUS GIRL, St. Louis.—There is only one way to learn to write and that is to write. If you have talent and ambition, no number of rejections will stop you, and ultimately you will succeed. By all means submit your story to the Editor of FRANCISCAN HERALD. If it shows promise, you may be sure of encouragement. He and all his brother editors are anxious to encourage Catholic talent. We need Catholic writers for the development of the great work of the Catholic press, and every writer was a beginner.

### START THE DAY WITH A SMILE

A smile in the morning is worth two at night. It is a breakfast dish that never fails, and often the breakfast dissatisfaction is really a personal dissatisfaction that we take out on the food.

The housewife and mother who pays no attention to morning grouches, is wise and the winner in the long run. The wife also is quite human and just as likely to feel irritable in the morning as any other member of the family. The capable woman is too busy striking a harmonious, progressive keynote for the day to even think of her own mental attitude. Happiness is much a matter of habit. If the wife decides to be happy and poised in the morning, she will soon take on that attitude as she does her fresh morning frock.

The attractive appearance of table, food and mother has a great influence for good work upon school children as well as upon the workers who must go to office or shop.

It often seems a waste of time to the woman who has a full day of cleaning before her to dress daintily for breakfast. She would dress for a social affair; why not a fresh frock for breakfast. Your fresh, happy appearance and the good, attractively served breakfast are great factors in the day's success for the entire family.

### DEW AND COLORS

Dew is a great respecter of colors. To prove this, take pieces of glass and paint them red, yellow, green and black. Expose them at night and you will find that the yellow will be covered with moisture, that the green will be damp, but that the red and black will be left perfectly dry.



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by **ELIZABETH ROSE**

### THE STORY OF THE "REGINA COELI"

AT Easter time, as you know, we say "O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluia!" instead of "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary," for our Angelus. But do you also know the beautiful story connected with this change, and whose were the voices that first addressed Our Lady in these words?

In one of the oldest and most splendid churches of Rome, Santa Maria Maggiore (St. Mary Major, or Greater, because it is one of the very first churches that was named for the Blessed Mother), there hangs a picture of Our Lady, said to have been painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. Of course, nobody can say for certain whether he really was its painter, but such has been the belief for many centuries, and there is no doubt of the miracle connected with the picture.

Long, long ago, as far back as the year 599, when nobody then living had the faintest idea of a FRANCISCAN HERALD that was going to be, or of the Young Folks who were to sit at its Fireside, a terrible pestilence broke out in Rome, of which fully half its people died. The Pope of that time, St. Gregory the Great, was overcome with grief at the distress of his flock, and ordered a procession to be made on Easter Sunday, by all who were in a condition to take part, who should offer prayers and supplications to God all along the way, begging mercy. The miserable Romans assembled in obedience to his desire at the Church of S. Maria Maggiore on Easter Sunday, and at the head of the sad procession was carried the picture of Our Lady, as she had appeared to St. Luke. Barefoot and bareheaded they went, weeping and praying. And as they advanced, right before the eyes of all, the thick poison-

cloud of the dreadful plague that overhung the streets of the city dispersed in whatever direction they turned, and the clear beautiful sky shone out once more, while soft balmy winds drove away the foul odors of disease that sickened the strongest. In the houses, as they passed, the sick arose from their beds and joined their prayers to those of the people without. A feeling seized on all that God was about to show His visible mercy—and He did. For as the procession passed a mighty pile called Adrian's Tomb, where a former pagan emperor of Rome was buried, a glorious Angel was suddenly seen upon its summit, sheathing a sword of flame in the

scabbard that hung at his side. And voices arose in the heavens, directly over the picture of Our Lady—the voices of angels, singing—

"O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluia! For He Whom thou wast meet to bear. Alleluia!

As He said, again has risen. Alleluia!"

Then all the people fell on their knees, Pope Gregory with them; and carried out of himself by the wonderful music, he cried aloud: "Pray for us to God. Alleluia!"—A line which the Church has adopted,

with those of the angels' greeting to Mary, as the Angelus of Easter-tide.

No doubt, many of you have read of Adrian's Tomb or have seen pictures of it in your readers or histories. It is one of the great sights of Rome and draws admiration and applause from all who visit it. There it stands eighteen centuries old, by the side of the Tiber, as if it would still be there at the end of the world; and above it rises the gigantic figure in bronze of Michael the Archangel, in the act of sheathing his sword, just as the people of Rome saw him on that long ago Easter Sunday of the year 599. But it is no longer known as Adrian's Tomb—it is Castello San Angelo—the Castle of the Holy Angel.

### June's Glory

Deep at its fragrant heart there lies  
The secret of lost Paradise;

Within its golden hours is this—  
The seal of everlasting bliss.

Its airs of balm blow heavenly sweet,  
Because that they have kissed His feet;

Its flowers spring to glorious birth,  
For that His glance hath turned to earth.

In all God's year it stands apart,  
The month of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

## HAVE A BANANA?

DO you know, Young Folks, that, whenever you eat a banana, you dispose of one of the greatest curiosities in the vegetable kingdom? In the first place, the banana plant is not a tree, a bush, a shrub, an herb or a vegetable. It is, so to speak, in a class by itself. It stands thirty feet high sometimes, without a particle of wood in its make-up to give it a solid backing. No insect is ever found on it. It has no disease to worry its growers, and it yields more fruit to the acre than any producer known. Whole towns in Central and South America have been founded on the banana traffic, with scarcely any other trade. In Panama, as many as three hundred fruits have been taken off a single stem. Think of that, you banana lovers! Of course, I can not vouch for the truth of the following statement; but I lately read that "the entire number of bananas landed yearly in New York City alone, would, if placed in a single string, reach more than twice around the earth."

And this emperor of the fruit world was once cultivated simply to give shade to the little coffee shrub, so much smaller and needing protection from the sun of the hot countries where both have their homes. Although a native of tropical climes, our banana is very accommodating about letting itself be grown in other countries, such as warm Spain, Portugal, Palestine, where Our Lord lived, and parts of Africa. In Africa, indeed, it is the chief food of many tribes. The letters home of those wonderful missionaries who devote their lives to making Christians of the savages of Africa, tell about their banana breakfasts, dinner, and suppers. Bananas in every shape—raw, fried, boiled, roasted, even mush—who of us would take that dish? It certainly doesn't sound appetizing.

Now after reading all these fine things about our friend the banana, I am sure you will agree with me that the eating of one is a bigger performance than it seems.

## ROBBER CRAB, ESQ.

DID you ever hear of a crab that could climb trees and eat coconuts? Well, there is such a one, called the Robber Crab, a tremendous fellow with a pair of front legs that are like huge pincers, and back ones that are of the same shape, but much more slender and weak. He lives on some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and if ever you land on one and help yourself to a coconut from one of its palm trees, be sure to look around first and see if this gentleman is in sight. He may prefer you to the coconut, but don't give him the chance. Throw him your prize and RUN! He can climb the palm trees to get his favorite nut as neatly as any of you boys, and even

more swiftly. When he has made his selection, he tears the husk off with his big pincer claws around the eyes of the nut; then he pounds upon one of these eyes till it bursts open. His next proceeding is to turn his back upon his prize. But don't think he is going to leave it—not at all. He merely does this for convenience. He inserts his thin back claws within and draws out the meat of the nut, piece by piece, through the opening he has made. Now he carries it off to his home, burrowed deep under the root of some tree. Then he comes back again and gets the husk, which he uses for his bed. I shouldn't call him a Robber so much as a good provider, should you? Darwin, a great naturalist, says that he once knew of a Robber crab being shut up in a tin box whose lid was fastened down with wire; but, he cut through the edges with his claws and got free. Be careful, if ever you visit these fine islands which shelter our friend, not to let him know that you are making a stay—that is, if you don't want to have any dealings with him, or else you may receive his business card:

Robber Crab Co.,  
Cocoanut Islands, Pacific Ocean.  
Experts in Pincers.

## SPOT AND BUSTER

SPOT is a fox terrier and Buster a snow-white pony who live in a suburb of Baltimore. They belong to a gentleman who is very fond of animals and fowl, and has what you might call a little "zoo" of his own, including besides turkeys, chickens, dogs, and ducks, an alligator and an opossum. Wouldn't you like to play in his back yard? But Buster and Spot are the stars of the collection. They are very fond of one another, so fond that Spot prefers to spend the day down at Buster's stall, and makes his bed every night on Buster's back, the two reposing peacefully till morning. On his part, while he generally seems to like to see Spot petted and made much of, Buster sometimes gets jealous, and will not allow a stranger to go too close to his pal, or even to pat him on the head. Spot has a pair of smoked glasses, which he evidently considers a great ornament, and loves to wear when his master drives into town. Buster's great fancy is fruit—offer him an apple, and he will be your friend for life. But don't ever try to fool him on the subject! His master did that just once, and had to be rescued from a tree that Buster was the cause of his climbing to get out of harm's way. The two friends have more than once taken part in parades in the city, and in one of the last War parades, Spot, seated high and dry on Buster's back, carried the flag in his mouth, waving frantically as he nodded and shook his head, while Buster danced and pranced to the air of the

Star Spangled Banner, as played by the bands. A third member of this household is Boss, a splendid collie, who "owns" family, zoo, Spot, and Buster alike.

### WHAT THE ROSE SAID

A gay little rose nodded up to her neighbor,  
Aswing and abloom on the top of the bush.  
"I wonder if I, with a wee bit of labor,  
Couldn't climb and be there with you, out of  
this push?"

The roses down here are as sweet as can be,  
But oh, how I long for the top of the tree!"

"Now don't be ambitious," the queen-rose said,  
beaming  
And shaking her flower-head, fragrant and  
soft.

"I can tell you, my dear, it is only in seeming  
That one is more favored to be up aloft!

This place so conspicuous isn't for me  
So pleasant and fine as you deem it to be!

"Be glad, little rose, you're down there in the  
middle,

For it gives you a chance for your life's happy  
day.

It's after all better to play second fiddle  
Than be first to be plucked and cast, dying,  
away!

Little rose, little rose, take this lesson from  
me:

"Tis safer and happier hidden to be."

### CHILDREN'S HEALTH CODE

**Air**—Inside air is never so good as that out-  
doors. Be in the open air every minute you  
can.

**Sunshine**—Sunshine stops the growth of  
disease germs. Let the sun shine freely into  
your home and upon your clothing.

**Sleep**—Children need at least ten hours'  
sleep each night. Sleep with the bedroom win-  
dow open—top and bottom.

**Bathing**—Nothing is so conducive to health  
as the daily bath.

**Play**—Play every day, winter and summer,  
and always out-of-doors if possible.

**Milk**—Milk is the very best food for grow-  
ing children. Drink three or four glasses of  
it each day.

**Dress**—Dress lightly and comfortably. Keep  
warm by exercise, play, and deep breathing.

**Water**—Drink many glasses of it each day.

**Food**—Wash your hands, always, before eat-  
ing. Eat slowly and chew all food well.

**Mouth, Teeth and Nose**—Keep these clean,  
as they are the windows and doors to admit  
disease germs; use both toothbrush and hand-  
kerchief often.

**Alcohol and Tobacco**—Alcohol and tobacco  
stop your full growth and prevent your being  
swift and sure.

### THE DOG IN THE DRUM

**T**HERE is a comical story told of a little dog  
named Toutou, belonging to a French  
Zouave regiment of which, though the re-  
giment had other dogs, he was the pet. After  
being stationed in camp for a time, the re-  
giment received orders to embark for a distant  
port, and another: "Leave all pets behind."  
This last command didn't please the men at  
all, for they were much attached to their canine  
friends; and anybody who likes a dog will  
know just how they felt. Still, orders must  
be obeyed, and up the gangplank they went in  
single file, a sharp-eyed officer at top and bot-  
tom to see regulations carried out. As the de-  
jected procession marched onward and upward  
to the deck of the waiting transport, a kind-  
hearted officer, thinking to raise the spirits of  
the men called out: "Fife and drum!"

There was a hesitation on the part of the  
drummers for a moment, but it had to be done.  
They raised their sticks and as the fifes shrilled  
out on the air, those sticks descended, and  
there arose a sudden and unexpected chorus  
of howls and moans that certainly never came  
from instrument or human throat. To say that  
the bystanders and officers were astounded is  
to put it mildly. Not a dog in sight—all had  
been carefully removed beforehand from sight  
of the men, for fear temptation might prove too  
strong to smuggle one on board, and yet the  
lamentations that accompanied the beat of the  
drums were plainly those of dogs. Where  
could they be?

"Halt!" cried a voice in authority. "Each  
drummer stand out alone, and beat his drum  
alone!" It was done; and from every drum,  
but one, came the terrified protest of doggy.  
"Unscrew the drumheads!" was the next stern  
order. This was likewise done; and from each  
drum was pulled out a small limp canine, for  
you all know how strange noises annoy this  
friend of man.

Speaking of this, I myself knew a little dog  
once, who sat in a room where a singer was  
taking her lesson. Of the low and middle  
notes he took no notice whatever, but as soon  
as a high note struck, Mr. Spaniel lifted *his*  
voice and drowned the singer, so that at last,  
much to his displeasure, he was forbidden the  
music-room for good and all.

To go on with our story, the officers choked  
with laughter. The men, in spite of discipline,  
followed their example. The dogs still barked  
and howled, and there were lively times for a  
while. When everything quieted down and  
order was restored, a sad string of doggies

was moving back to the camp, and as sad a string of owners resumed the march on board. Suddenly a hand was laid on the shoulder of the last drummer. "Was your drum examined?" "No, sir," answered the drummer, looking straight into the eye of his questioner. "Well, beat it now. You needn't unscrew the head. If you are smuggling a dog on board, he will soon tell on you when he gets your racket." The drummer took up his sticks. Every eye was fastened on him as he gave a tremendous roll—not a sound. Again and again he beat his drum—dead silence. At last, to the relief of all ears around, "Go on board," was the order. "No dog could stand that!" The drummer obediently went.

In that very drum of his was quietly reposing Toutou, the regiment's pet. Toutou, with a dog's intuition, knew something was wrong, and though no human being will ever be able to fathom his feelings or the awful shock to his tingling nerves of the discordant drumsticks, the fact remains that he knew enough to keep quiet, nor was his presence revealed until the ship was safely out at sea. Of course, nobody was going to throw him overboard, especially after the pluck he had shown, and he had the run of the ship. At the close of the war, the regiment of Zouaves marched in procession with others through the streets of Paris, and at their head trotted Toutou, unhurt, unchanged, as proud as any peacock of HIS men.

## The PUZZLE CORNER

Well, dear Young Folks, here is a new attraction to make your department of FRANCISCAN HERALD something to wait for more anxiously every month—the Puzzle Corner. It's all for you, and you ought to try to solve the puzzles yourselves, though some of you younger ones may have to ask your mother or father to give you a little hint now and then. Puzzles are nice for young folks. They are interesting to work out and, besides, they teach you to think and give you a lot of fun while you are learning. You will find the puzzles here in your own department every month. If you think you have the right answer, send it to Elizabeth Rose, in care of FRANCISCAN HERALD, Teutopolis, Ill. She will try to print the names of all who give correct answers. If you know any good puzzles, she will be glad to have them, too. It is your department, you know; and if you help, it's lots more fun. The answers to these puzzles will be printed next month.

### BEHEADING AND CURTAILING

From off a precious stone the head make fly—  
You'll find a man of title standing by;  
That head restore, and then curtail the same—  
Behold a fruit of lusciousness and fame.  
Behead that fruit, and you shall shortly find  
The organ which brings sound into the mind;  
Curtail that fruit, and still there's something  
found—  
A vegetable, small and green and round.

### WORD SQUARE

An organ of the body.  
Weird.  
Spaces.  
Smiling.  
Experiments.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words contain the same number of letters. When correctly guessed and written, one below the other, the initials will spell the name of a famous battle.

1. A soldier.
2. A city in Georgia.
3. A place of amusement.
4. Everlasting.
5. An inhabitant of a certain European country.
6. Fealty.
7. To take notice of.
8. A nocturnal animal.

### ENIGMA

I am composed of 16 letters:

- My 8 11 3 6 2 is something on which to rest.  
My 1 6 12 15 16 is an open plain.  
My 5 15 14 10 is an association.  
My 7 11 9 16 is a fish.  
My 15 3 6 13 is the home of a wild beast.  
My 7 10 3 2 12 is a trap.  
My 16 12 9 15 is a business transaction.  
My 7 12 6 10 12 is a large fishing net.  
My whole is something we watch for and welcome every month.

# Miscellaneous

## SOME MEDIEVAL OBSERVANT FRIARIES

By MARIAN NESBITT

WE learn from chronicles of the Order that in Scotland the first friary of the Strict Observance was offered to Fr. Cornelius, O. F. M., who, with six companions, arrived in Edinburgh in 1447. It stood in a conspicuous position within the first city wall, sheltered beneath the guns of the Castle, and was "a gift from the town and certain devout citizens." These latter, with James Douglas of Cassilis at their head, offered the land and the buildings already occupying it on "the southern slope of the valley of the Cowgate." But the buildings being of stone, Fr. Cornelius felt some scruples of conscience about accepting them. The matter, however, was eventually arranged by the Bishop of St. Andrew's, and the brethren, who for seven years had been living in some humble temporary dwelling lent them by a spiritual friend, took up their abode in the friary on the understanding that, according to the terms of their Rule, they occupied it as "pilgrims and strangers."

The fame of Fr. Cornelius and his companions spread rapidly. Here, as elsewhere, the sons of St. Francis were ever the most zealous "helpers of the poor and suffering"; while the austerity of their lives was the admiration of all. Except when hastening on some errand of mercy, they were rarely seen in the streets, so that it became a sort of proverb to say, "Look, there goes a Grey Friar; some one is ill, or in distress." They were noted, too, for their unflinching "refusal to accept any annual rents as endowments for the celebration of Masses for the dead."—(*Scottish Grey Friars*, by W. MOIR BRYCE.)

It is interesting to find that certain charitable persons among the faithful made the friars their almoners, as we see from some of the charters still preserved. The earliest of these was granted by Provost Walter Bertram of Edinburgh, who endowed the altar of St. Francis, to whom he had a

special devotion, with annual sums for the support of the chaplain, and provided for "the annual distribution of fifty dolers among the poor, eight portions being entrusted to the Observants, three to the leper house and three to the Sisters of St. Mary's Wynd. And each portion shall consist of three pennies in bread, three in beer, and also three pennies in bread, fish, cheese, or butter, as the season requires."

Many other citizens, and also secular clergy, left legacies which abundantly prove how entirely the position of the Observants as custodians of the poor had come to be a recognized and established fact. Sometimes we see that the portions consisted of "a wheat-meal bannock, and the sum of eight pence for the purchase of flesh or beer."

As regards offerings to the brethren themselves, the Royal Exchequer rolls record that in 1489, "by his Majesty's special command," a weekly allowance was made to them of "fourteen loaves of bread, beer, and kitchen provisions to the value of 10/—"; also, gifts of wheat, barley, and pigs from Shetland and Orkney to be killed and salted for winter use.

No doubt pious burghers and other benefactors like Sir John Tours, contributed their share to the support of religious whom they plainly held in high esteem. We know that the Observants, as well as the Dominicans, were engaged by three magistrates to preach in the streets of the city; and for these services, we are told, "each chapter received a half last (six barrels) of sowens beer." This drink could scarcely have been an appetizing or sustaining beverage, for it consisted of "sour beer, mixed with the fluff or refuse of oatmeal," and, by reason of its cheapness and inferior quality, it was much used by the laboring classes.

As the parent house of the Observants, Edinburgh was the customary residence of the Provincial. The Provincial seal of the

Order was kept there; and there, too, says the chronicler, Fr. Hay, "Fr. Cornelius gathered around him many Scotsmen from the Universities of Paris and Cologne." Within the walls of this friary also, Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney and founder of the University of Edinburgh, received the Cistercian habit and was consecrated Abbot of Kinloss at the hands of that generous patron and benefactor, Gavin Dunbar, Bishop of Aberdeen.

"At an early date," says the author of the *Scottish Grey Friars*, "the Observant schools of philosophy and theology in Edinburgh were supplemented by a seminary for the novices of the Order, who came to study the arts in St. Andrew's"; and the warden of the latter friary would appear to have been a true follower of his Seraphic Father and a model of all the Franciscan virtues, for we read that "the flower of the youth of the university forsook the allurements of the world and became followers of the holy father in his profession." So strongly did his strict adherence to the Rule, and his own sanctity appeal to the hearts and minds of those with whom he came in contact.

The under-graduates must have necessarily been brought into close touch with the friars, owing to the fact that the Archbishop appointed the priests at this friary to hear the confessions of the students. The "benevolent attitude" of the Bishops and secular clergy toward the friars in this connection, and the "self-effacing loyalty of the Observants in their care of the confessional," are commented on by Mr. Bryce, who remarks that such was the earnest desire and aim of St. Francis, adding that "in the St. Andrew's friary, we have a realization of this ideal of the Scottish Franciscans."

Of the Observant friary at Aberdeen we learn that it was opened "on the forenoon of July 13th (1471), in the presence of Provost Alan, the magistrates, and a number of the leading citizens." One of its benefactors was William, third Earl of Errol, "a nobleman who was ever ready to provide for all the needs of the 'friars,' and annually bestowed upon them large gifts in kind, such as meat and other provisions. A number of secular priests, besides the generous Gavin Dunbar, Bishop of Aberdeen, and his successor, William Stewart, gave lands or money to this friary, while a devout Tertiary, William Ogilvy, Chancellor

of Brechin, "left many books to the friary library at his death in 1480." And fifteen years later, James Lindsay, Archdean of Aberdeen, added "seventy volumes and a large chest." Another fervent Tertiary was Marista Chalmer. She is described as being "a mother to the convent," and was buried in the habit of the Third Order before the altar of Our Lady in the friary church. Elizabeth Barla, or Barlow, Lady of Elphinstone and Forbes, "gave a silver chalice with twenty pounds for the altar of St. Francis." Egidia Blair, Lady of Row, "gave 120 marks toward the building of the second church," which, as befitted its Franciscan character, was of simple design. Yet the "simplicity and purity of its lines," says Mr. Bryce, "combined with the great south window and the quality of the workmanship bestowed on its buttresses and mulioned windows on the west, placed it within the pale of minor creations of architectural genius." Alexander Galloway, rector of Kinkell, was the architect, and in it, at his own expense, he built an altar in honor of St. John the Baptist. Margaret Chalmer, Lady of Finlater and Drum, gave a silver spoon and three sums of twenty pounds, seventeen pounds and ten pounds, respectively, for the needs of the friars. Indeed, we might note the names of many other benefactors, but perhaps the most interesting of them all is that of the pious Tertiary and munificent benefactress of the Observant friaries, Elizabeth Vindegatis who expended two thousand pounds on "chalices, ornaments, candlesticks, images, bells, and other necessities for the church."

The name of this generous woman has come down to us through the ages, not only on account of her gifts, but because she was the recipient of a favor more highly prized by true lovers of the Seraphic Order than any honor the world can give. This was none other than the Letter of Affiliation, or, as some call it, the Letter of Confraternity. We find the first record of this privilege toward the end of the Fifteenth Century, and it consisted in the power, granted by the General Chapter of the First Order and delegated to the Provincials by the Minister General of the Observants, of admitting "persons devoted to our Religion (i. e., the Order)" to the privileges of "confraternity." Of these grants to Scotsmen we learn that "four at least are still extant, viz., those of Robert Arbuthnot of Arbuthnot,

John Drummond of Drummond, Sir Thomas Maule of Panmure and Sir Patrick Hepburn of Wauchton.

"Whereas, in things temporal, we can make no acknowledgment of your charity," says the document granted to Robert Arbutnot, "the fervor of your devotion to our Order, nevertheless, demands of us in things spiritual fitting recompense for your kindly benefits, in so far as in us lies with the help of God, and as we present your desires before God as your charity deserves. Wherefore, in life and in death, I receive you into our Confraternity and to general and special participation in all charitable and meritorious deeds; namely, masses, prayers, divine offices, devotions, suffrages, fasts, vigils, disciplines and other spiritual advantages, graciously granting to you by the tenor of these presents (the benefit of) everything which the Son of God, the Author of all good, appointed to be done by the friars, subject to me, the Sisters of St. Clare, and the Brothers and Sisters of Penitence (i. e., Tertiaries), so that by the aid of manifest suffrages you may merit increase of grace in this life, and the reward of eternal life hereafter. Desiring that when your death—and for long may God deign to defer it, so that with profit you may practice good works—shall be announced in our Chapters, there may be offered on your behalf the prayers that it has been hitherto the laudable custom in our Order to offer for distinguished benefactors."

What wonder that before a favor such as this, any other honor should sink into insignificance!

There were several skilled members in the Aberdeen community, notably Brother John Ströng, priest and glassworker, a faithful workman in his craft who did much for the work of his craft in many convents throughout the Province. Perth, Ayr, and Elgin, in particular, were beautified by specimens of his skill.

Friar John Louthon was one of the itinerant scribes of the Province, going to different friaries where his services were required. Friars John and Walter Leydes were clever carpenters before they left the world to don the grey habit of the Poverello, and were therefore particularly useful in attending to repairs at home and elsewhere, besides helping in the erection of a new friary, such as Elgin.

It must be ever remembered that the friars of Aberdeen carried what has been called by a non-Catholic writer "their unpractical detachment" to its utmost limits, for at the time of the dissolution of monasteries, the town had received "no gifts of the friars chaplainries and no annual rents", thus proving incontrovertibly that the Observant precept which forbade the acceptance of fixed sources of income had been faithfully adhered to.

We see from the Exchequer records that the Glasgow friary on three separate occasions received two barrels of "herrings from the Western Sea"; but of money or other provisions we find not a trace. The last entry, dated 1560, states that the herrings were "an alms from the King and Queen." There are some small gifts, the largest amount being ten pounds in the Royal Treasurer's accounts, and some legacies from various pious persons, but despite the fact that this house, though the ecclesiastical capital of the West of Scotland, had "twenty worthy priests generally residing in it, with the special duty of hearing the confessions of the students," it seems to have practiced the vow of holy poverty as rigidly as Aberdeen in the East.

As to the Observant friary at Ayr, "a great throng of merchants," we are told, "resorted to it to confess to the Fathers." And in the church there was an image of the blessed Mother of God, which was held in highest veneration by the faithful, who came in crowds to implore her intercession, on account of the many heavenly graces obtained there. We note that the friars here received an annual royal bounty of "four bolls of barley," as well some small sums in money, ranging from 14/- to 40/- from James IV, who also gave a "chasuble of red camlet worth £4:10:0", six and one-half ells of Breton linen cloth for an alb and a "silver chalice weighing eighteen ounces." In 1530, James V made an offering of ten pounds.

At Elgin we read that the Observants "were most diligent in preaching the Word of God, and in hearing the confessions of the people and the many clergy there."

Jedburgh offers, almost from its foundation, a sad record of pillage and destruction. "Its first destroyer," history tells us, "was Lord Surrey, who raided the district in 1523, and sacked Jedburgh on the twenty-



fourth of September," and the only entries in connection with this house seem to be sums of money given "to help the reparation of the buildings" wantonly laid in ruins by a ruthless foe. It is pathetic to read that these friars, who had so often been rendered homeless, on one occasion offered the young king, James V, a plate of cherries grown in their own orchard, an incident which we see noted in the treasurer's records in the following quaint words: "To the Cordyler freris that brought the Kinge's Grace cheryis 40/-". It may be added that

the Observants were often called the Cordeliers.

When the devastating tempest of the so-called Reformation broke on Great Britain, eighty Observants, under the leadership of their last Provincial Minister, Fr. John Patrick, a venerable religious who had attained his jubilee both in the Order and in the priesthood, sailed from Scotland to the Netherlands, where they received a kindly welcome and shelter from the cruel storm of persecution which had driven them from their native land.

## NEW BOOKS

**Our Palace Wonderful.** By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons. \$1.10.

The reader concludes this enlightening dissertation on the visible creation and man's place in it, convinced of the utter foolishness of the fool who says in his heart: There is no God. In the heart of him who believes in God, springs a new appreciation of his Creator's infinite power and goodness, a new inspiration to love and serve Him; in the mind of the professed unbeliever, there must arise grave doubt, if not complete conviction, that his position is sustained by any reasonable argument. Father Houck appeals to the individual consciousness, and rightly; for, after all, the testimony of each man's intellect, as it weighs the arguments and rests in the certainty of its own sound reasoning and correct conclusions, must settle this question for that man, quite apart from the theories and beliefs of others.

*Our Palace Wonderful* is simply the elaboration of the philosophic "argument from design"—the thesis that created things, their order, harmony, and purposiveness, postulate a Creator. Father Houck's skillful presentation of the subject, however, combined with a liberal scattering of amusing and convincing anecdotes, gives it vibrant freshness and unwonted interest. The author apologizes for being able to offer so few of nature's wonders to prove his argument, but the reader is amazed at the mass of information he has really crowded into so small a compass. Each page brims with scientific and natural knowledge.

The volume is attractively and appropriately illustrated with numerous photo-engravings and color plates.

**Spiritism, the Modern Satanism.** By Dr. Thomas F. Coakley. Chicago: Extension Press. \$1.25 net.

Dr. Coakley presents in this book an unanswerable argument to those daring Spiritualists who seek to distort the Bible into a proof that Spiritism is of divine origin and character; that Christ was only a super-medium and His mira-

cles the foreshadowing of the bell-ringing, table-tipping "stunts" of the modern seance chamber. In other respects, however, *Spiritism, the Modern Satanism*, adds practically nothing to the already too numerous volumes that have kept pens and typewriters flying since the "new revelation" sprang into vogue.

Dr. Coakley's attack on Spiritism in general will strengthen the conviction of those already convinced of its dangerous fallacies and terrible consequences, but it is hardly of a nature to move those minds that stand paralyzed by the apparent veracity of messages from their loved ones, materializations and other startling phenomena of the spirit world. Such minds, unguided by true religious principles and unaccustomed to logical thinking, can be reached by facts that sway the reason; they are not likely to yield to quotations from the Bible. And it appears that Dr. Coakley, himself seeing the force of Biblical argument, is too ready to believe that others will admit it quite as easily.

The proper presentation of the Church's case against Spiritism requires great delicacy, for there is always the danger that the weak-willed and curious will be led to experiment even by the best-intentioned, though not convincing, warning. If a writer can emphasize the horrible bodily and mental effects of dabbling in Spiritism so forcefully that the reader will fly from it as from a scourge, he can hope to have some success in combating the evil; anything short of this or along any other line of attack is likely to do more harm than good.

**Handbook to the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.** Olton. Birmingham, England: Franciscan Annals. 5d postpaid.

Directors and promoters will find this handbook useful in spreading the knowledge of the nature and purpose of the Third Order. It is not a substitute for larger manuals, although it contains a brief explanation of the Rule, a list of indulgences, and the prayers before and after conferences. It relates the history of the Order, names some of the illustrious members, and gives instructions as to the method of entering it.



# Franciscan News

Italy.—His Eminence, Philip Cardinal Giustini, Protector of the three Orders of St. Francis, died of influenza in Rome March 17. The Cardinal was Protector for six years and was indefatigable in safeguarding Franciscan interests. He was far more than a protector in name and office, for he entertained the greatest devotion for our holy Father St. Francis and always referred to the Franciscans as his brethren. Cardinal Giustini was born in Italy in 1852. He was at one time secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and later secretary of the Congregation of Discipline of the Sacraments. He was created Cardinal in 1914, when he was nominated Prefect of the Congregation of Discipline of the Sacraments. A short time before his death, the Cardinal was in Palestine, whither he had been sent by Pope Benedict on a mission regarding the Holy Places, which are in the custody of the Friars Minor. At the first news of His Eminence's illness, Very Rev. Father General, who was in South America on a visitation, started immediately for Rome, but he did not arrive until after Cardinal Giustini was dead. In his absence, the Delegate General, Fr. Bernardine Klumper, issued a circular directing the Friars throughout the world to pray for the repose of his soul. Fr. Bernardine refers to the Cardinal as another Ugolino, who was the first Franciscan Protector and did so much to help the early Friars. All Tertiaries are asked to gratefully remember Cardinal Giustini in their prayers.

Sanctity is not diminishing among the sons and daughters of St. Francis, as is indicated by several processes of beatification, either begun or contemplated. Among the servants of God who died in the odor of sanctity is Fr. Valentine Paquay, a Belgian Friar Minor, whose piety was so great and so helpful to penitents that he spent entire days in the confessional. A compendium of the heroic writings of this saintly Friar has been published by Fr. Paolini, ex-Postulator General. A petition addressed to the Holy Father for permission to have the cause brought before the Sacred Congregation of Rites is signed by Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal Bourne, the entire episcopate of Belgium and the Netherlands, the Father General and the former General of the Friars Minor, the Capuchins, Conventuals, Jesuits, and Dominicans in Belgium, and the Belgian Senators and Representatives. Fr. Z. E. P. Santarelli, the new Postulator General of the Franciscan Order, has hopes that the cause will be introduced this year. His Eminence, Cardinal Fruewirth, Apostolic Nuncio at Munich, has been

designated by the Holy Father to prepare the cause for introduction.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is reviewing the life and virtues of the Venerable Antony Chevrier, founder of the Society of Priests of Prado and a zealous Tertiary, whose beatification is being urged by his many admirers. He lived in Lyon. Fr. Chevrier was a great lover of Franciscan poverty.

*La Libre Parole* of Paris says it has reliable information that it is the express wish of the Holy Father that the cause of beatification of Cardinal Richard, who died in 1908, be taken up. The Cardinal was a Tertiary.

The beatification of the Venerable Francesco da Comporosso, a Capuchin lay brother, is likewise being considered.

A new Catholic university will soon be opened in Milan, headed by two Franciscans, FF. Agostini Gemilli and Arcangelo Galli. The enterprise has just been sanctioned by the Holy Father.

The Third Order Fraternities of Genoa have formed an association to provide needy priests with all things necessary for the dignified and decent carrying out of the sacred functions of the Church.

Ravenna is already deep in its preparations for the celebration of the Dante Centenary next year. The celebrated poet died in that city and his body rests there. The city proposes to restore and decorate the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, which was Dante's favorite place of worship. The committee's announcement says: "Dante has admirably sung of St. Francis in the splendor of his 'Paradise,' and it is not without singular significance that the great poet's tomb should be found within the shadow of the church dedicated to the Poor Man of Assisi; the name of Dante thus remaining intimately united with that of the great Italian Saint." Dante was a zealous member of the Third Order of St. Francis and one of the most fervent admirers of the Poverello.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV has founded in Rome a seminary for the training of natives of Erithrea, Abyssinia, for the priesthood under the direction of the Capuchin Fathers. The priests will return to work among their countrymen. The seminary is back of St. Peters and is attached to the Church of St. Stephen of the Moors. Fr. Vladimir of Grignano in Lombardy is the first rector. The seminary was established through the efforts of Msgr. Carrara, O. C., Vicar Apostolic of Erithrea.

The son of the Russian writer and Nihilist, Maxim Gorky, has entered a Franciscan monastery at Fiesole, near Florence. Brought up in an atmosphere of intellectual and moral anarchy, he

is now seeking peace in obedience and humility in the quiet convent of the Poverello.

Conde Carlos Santucci, recently appointed senator, is a zealous member of the Third Order of St. Francis. In Catholic activities he is always in the front rank, ready to further the interests of the Church wherever he can. This he has shown repeatedly in his long and active career as a statesman.

**Belgium.**—The magnificent Seraphic College at Loreken has been destroyed by fire; the loss is one of the severest trials the Franciscan Province of Belgium has ever undergone.

**England.**—Tertiaries in England are much interested in the extensive plans of members of the Third Order in the United States to celebrate in an appropriate manner the rounding out of the seventh century of the founding of the Order. The Franciscan publications are calling attention to the activity across the sea and asking the question: "What are we going to do?" One magazine says, "The vitality of the Third Order in England is as strong as ever, but much of it is wasted owing to the lack of organized effort." Elaborate preparations for the observance are under way on the continent, especially in Italy and Spain. The various congresses proposed are expected to give great impetus to the Franciscan movement throughout Christendom.

A new Franciscan house of studies has been opened at Oxford. It is named for Bishop Grosseteste, a prominent figure in English history and the first lecturer at the ancient Oxford Franciscan school. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Barnes officiated at the opening of the new school, which was an event of great interest among English Catholics.

A Protestant "Third Order" is one of the novel associations existing in England. It was founded by a young woman who is a devoted admirer of St. Francis, although she is a non-Catholic. The society is based entirely on the Rule for Tertiaries given by St. Francis.

Canonical sanction has been given by the Sacred Congregation of the Council for the establishment of a Capuchin Monastery at Planton, East Barkwith, Lincolnshire.

**Ireland.**—Another zealous Franciscan, Fr. Isidore O'Meehan, has succumbed to a wound suffered while carrying on his labors as an army chaplain in Mesopotamia. He was for two terms guardian of the convent at St. Isidoro.

**Holland.**—Mr. Ruys de Beergengroick, the Prime Minister of Holland, and Mr. Aelbersee, the Dutch Minister of Labor, are both devout Tertiaries.

**Spain.**—All the instructors and students at the Diocesan Seminary of Seville are Franciscan Tertiaries. They held a congress recently, attended by the Apostolic Nuncio, at which the Franciscan movement in Spain was given added impetus. Another sign of the flourishing condition of the Tertiary spirit in Spain is the appearance of a new Third Order magazine, *Vida Franciscana*.

The Tertiaries and the medical profession in Spain suffered a great loss in the recent death of Dr. Solosa Latour, who was at the head of all important activities of the country's foremost physicians. He declared a short time before his death that he gloried in the title of "Father of the orphans", which had been affectionately bestowed on him by the poor, and that his greatest pride was to be a son of St. Francis.

**Argentina.**—The magnificent and spacious Church of St. Francis in Buenos Aires has been raised to the rank of a minor basilica by Pope Benedict XV. At the time of the official publication of this decree, the Archbishop of Buenos Aires, Most Rev. Dr. Albert Vassallo, who is a fervent and enthusiastic member of the Third Order of St. Francis, wrote a letter to the Very Rev. Provincial Fr. Joseph M. Botaro, O. F. M., in which, among other things, His Grace said:

"And if your Father is great and glorious, then the moral, historical, and material value of this monumental basilica is not small. To speak of this temple is to speak of your estimable Order to which our faith and our country owe so much. You are the rightful custodians of this temple in a land which the venerable pioneer of civilization, Fr. Luis Bolanos, irrigated with his tears and perspiration, and which the illustrious patriot, Fr. Cajetan Joseph Rodriguez helped to make independent of foreign dominion. . . . The mortals remains of these Fathers, the pioneers of our faith and of our civilization, resting now under these sacred arches, will leap for joy in their tombs at this public honor as worthy as it is opportune and merited."

**Brazil.**—Fr. Peter Zinsig, active and intrepid apostle of the press, has succeeded so well in a campaign against immoral motion pictures that the producers and exhibitors of Brazil are submitting all their films to his censorship. He has achieved this triumph single-handed and won the approval of all good citizens, who were alarmed at the trend motion pictures were taking in this country. In his special weekly publication, *Tela*, all the current motion pictures are reviewed and appraised, and his decision is final.

**Japan.**—The new government has expelled all the Capuchin missionaries in the Caroline and Marian Islands, which were assigned to Japan under the peace treaty. The missionaries are from the Province of Westphalia. In expelling them, the government violated the revised text of the treaty, which specifies that missions are not to be disturbed, that even German missionaries are to be permitted to continue their work until others are substituted for them. They were allowed to sell their movable goods, but their real estate was confiscated. The government issued an order closing all Catholic schools and requiring children to attend public institutions. Sixteen priests and twelve lay brothers were working in the islands. The German Protestant missionaries were sent away at the same time, but

were succeeded immediately by native Protestant ministers.

**India.**—Interest in Tertiary life in *Bandra, India*, is so high that the Third Order members there would gladly wear their large habits all the time if the authorities would permit. At a recent meeting, the Rev. Director informed the Tertiaries they might wear the large habit at *Mass* and at the meetings, and a buzz of inquiry was begun about where the habits could be made and the probable cost. "It is true," writes a correspondent, "that 'the cowl does not make the monk,' nevertheless the wearing of the Franciscan robe might warm our hearts to a stronger glow, inspire us with zeal and foster in us a proper 'esprit de corps.'"

*Franciscan Annals of India* is joining in the fight on immodest garments in which *FRANCISCAN HERALD* has been so active. It says in an editorial: "What do you think of the new idea of a spider-web skirt? Thank God, we haven't seen it! A spider-web is defined to be 'the snare spun by the spider.' There is an American animal called the spider-monkey, and we don't want to see it imported over here. The paganism of our fashions is as revolting as it is inartistic. The single trouser skirt and Wellington boots make every maiden look an idiot. Let us have the graceful folds of drapery."

**Africa.**—This year, the Franciscan Order celebrates the seventh centenary of the founding of its missions in *Morocco*. *St. Francis* was still living when *St. Berard* and his four companions, the proto-martyrs of the *Seraphic Order*, set out to evangelize the northern coast of *Africa*. They suffered martyrdom for the faith on *January 16, 1220*. At present, the Franciscan Mission of *Morocco* comprises fifteen houses. The friars are assisted in their missionary labors by the Franciscan Sisters of the *Immaculate Conception*, who arrived from *Barcelona* in *1883*, and by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of *Mary*, who established themselves at *Casablanca* nine years ago.

**Milwaukee, Wis., St. Francis Fraternity.**—At the last meeting of the Third Order branches, twenty-nine novices were admitted to holy profession. For the first time the novices appeared with cord and scapular over their outer garments, when making profession. The Rev. Director announced that a pilgrimage to *Holy Hill* will be made *June 20*. Members who wish to participate, will be required to provide their own automobiles and to notify the Director before *June 15*. The pilgrimage will assemble at *Fourth Street and Reservoir Avenue*. Our Tertiary men were highly commended for their successful presentation of the beautiful drama, "*St. Francis of Assisi*," at the *Pabst Theater*, *April 26 and 27*, for the benefit of the *Catholic Boys' Home*. The theater was crowded both evenings.

**Chicago, Ill., St. Peter's Church.**—Sunday, *May 2*, *St. Peter's Church* was crowded to the doors with Tertiaries present to witness the solemn reception of men and women into the Third Order of *St. Francis*. This event marked the beginning of an earnest and to be continued effort to invite zealous, energetic Catholic men of *Chicago* to join and take an active interest in the Third Order, to assume their rightful place in an Order repeatedly proclaimed by the Popes to be a powerful influence in the true reformation of the individual and of society. After a forcible address by *Fr. Christopher, O. F. M.*, on "*The Ideal Catholic Man*," *Very Rev. Fr. Samuel, O. F. M.*, Provincial of the *Sacred Heart Province*, invested the men with the cord and scapular of *St. Francis*. He was assisted by *Fr. Giles, O. F. M.*, and *Fr. Faustin, O. F. M.* The women were invested by *Fr. Maurice, O. F. M.*, *Fr. Ulric*, the Director, acted as *Master of Ceremonies*. After the investment, *Very Rev. Fr. Provincial* addressed a few words of welcome to the men. The many beautiful comments heard after the celebration from those who were present confirm the hopes of all that from now on the number of men in the ranks of the Third Order may increase and multiply. May God grant this, our fervent prayer.

**Glen Riddle, Pa.**—Sixteen young women received the habit of the Sisters of the Third Order of *St. Francis* in the *Convent of Our Lady of Angels* here *April 16*. The ceremony was in charge of the *Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. Masson* of *Allentown, Pa.* He was assisted by the *Rev. William Hammeke* of *Mahoney City, Pa.*, and the *Rev. P. Fuengerlings* of *Bally, Pa.* The sermon was delivered by the *Reverend Francis Walsh, O. F. M.*, of *St. Bonaventure College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.* *Father Francis* also conducted the preparatory retreat for the aspirants.

**San Diego, Cal.**—*Miss Mildred Waller*, sixteen, a pupil of the school maintained by the Franciscan Fathers and taught by the Sisters of the *Precious Blood*, in the shadows of the *Old Mission San Luis Rey*, won the first prize in the *Southern California and Arizona District* for the best essay on "*The Benefits of Enlistment in the United States Army*." Her essay was selected from fifty thousand. The judges were *Maj. Gen. Kuhn*, commandant, and *Col. Allen Smith* and *Capt. Warren Carberry* of *Camp Kearney*. The award was made before a large crowd in front of the *Old Mission*, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion with the *National and Papal colors* and a large picture of *George Washington*. The gifts were a silver loving-cup and a gold wrist watch presented by the *Army*, a silver medal presented by the *Los Angeles Examiner*, and \$100 presented by *David H. Thomason* of *Los Angeles*. Other prizes were won by *Miss Ynez Donahue*, *Miss Elsie Kalefield* and *Miss Thelma Tittle*.



# Franciscan Herald



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## The Message of St. Francis

"Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great." Admitting this saying of Emerson's to be true, we must allow St. Francis of Assisi to have been a very great man, for he was the simplest of men,—simple in food and clothing, simple in public address and private conversation, simple in his whole conduct and mode of life.

Simplicity formed the substratum of his engaging personality, of his free, natural, ingenuous, childlike, and sincere character. This marked characteristic of his he succeeded in impressing on all his institutions, so much so, that, through all the vicissitudes of time and changes of manners, the Franciscan Order has preserved a certain austere simplicity, all its own.

Simplicity is a cardinal virtue in the life of nations as of individuals. A nation remains strong and unconquerable so long as its people lead rugged, simple, temperate lives. It begins to decay as soon as they fall a prey to luxury and extravagance. Modern civilization has become so complex and artificial that simplicity has been almost crushed out of the life of the people. That is why so many modern nations are decadent.

That the ancient simplicity which characterized the builders of this country is fast disappearing from our national life, must be apparent to even the casual observer of men and mortals. The present generation has been nursed in the lap of luxury. It is a national boast that ours is the richest country under the sun, and our national life bids fair to make this vaunting true. Such an orgy of extravagance as we are now witnessing, is bound to bring on a national crisis. There is only one thing that will avert it, and that is, a speedy return to the simplicity of St. Francis.



# Editorials

## THE VATICAN, THE QUIRINAL, AND WORLD PEACE

**M**AJESTIC, dominating, invulnerable as truth itself, stands the Sovereign Pontiff above the prostrate Powers of the world, despoiled by war, embittered by thwarted ambition, facing dissolution by evils within and without, trafficking for advantage in the most sacred human rights and liberties. Amid the din of recrimination and raucous dispute over indemnities, boundaries and profitable mandates, his voice, and his alone, pleads that with the dissolving war-clouds may vanish also enmity, discord and base scheming. His voice, and his alone, is raised for civilization's weal. His voice, and his alone among all the statesmen, re-echoes Grant's immortal words, "Let us have peace." Scorned and calumniated by his enemies throughout the war, his greatest efforts for humanity distorted by slandering and malicious tongues, he continues, undaunted and faithful, as becomes the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, to exhort the nations to forgive, before rancor and hatred sweep them to the abyss.

As during the war the Holy Father was careful to supplement his advice with his good example, so now has he broken an age-old tradition in illustrating true Christian charity and forgiveness. For the sole purpose of helping to restore peace to the world, he has rescinded the order forbidding Catholic monarchs to visit the King of Italy. This prohibition had been in effect since the Italian Government confiscated all the property of the Pontiff except the Vatican and its gardens. It was a protest against the Government's high-handed and illegal proceedings. Ever since then the relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal have been strained. In granting this

concession, Pope Benedict reiterated the pontifical claim to the seized territory and explained that he had made it with the hope of "eliminating the germs of discord which have prevented the full establishment of peace and seriously injured not only the temporal interests of the nations but the life and spirit of Christianity as taught by our Lord's prayer and the example of our Saviour." With Christlike forbearance he forgives those who during the war distorted his intentions and tarnished his work.

Much will come of this step of the Holy Father. The charitable and forgiving attitude that characterized all his actions during the war is already bearing fruit. His labors have been crowned with a series of diplomatic triumphs that any statesman might be proud of. The secret of his success, however, lies rather in his uprightness and his unending struggle for the oppressed than in the political acumen that shrewdly knows how to turn a circumstance into advantage. Powers large and small, with few exceptions, are negotiating to establish relations with the Vatican. The *Paris Temps* sees a new era for the Church in France as a result of the recent interchange of felicitations between the Holy Father and President Deschanel. The British Government apparently is in no haste to recall its mission from Rome. An eminent Brazilian has been sent by his Government as an envoy to the Vatican. A papal nuncio is to be sent even to Portugal.

Commenting on the powerful position of the Holy See since the war the *Tribuna* (Rome) says:

At a time when every government on the continent of Europe is revealing signs of internal weakness, when republics totter and kings live in exile, the Sovereign Pontiff reigns gloriously. The court of Benedict XV is now the most important

in Europe. The journalists repair to the Vatican and not to the Quirinal for the great news of the day. Sometimes it has to do with a special mission from Bohemia, where the intervention of the Pope seems alone competent to halt the domestic crisis. Again, it may be an envoy from Hungary, where the Vatican is supreme. Again, it may be a rescript concerning the Ukraine. Wherever one turns the evidences of the validity and triumphs of Vatican diplomacy greet the eye and Benedict XV reigns with undisputed sway from Bolivia, which has recently sent him an envoy, to Japan, the latest government to make application for the recognition that has so graciously been accorded to the French Republic.

### A MOMENTOUS DECISION

ON June 7, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a sweeping decision covering the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead enforcement act, held both these legislative enactments constitutional. The decision, long expected by both the friends and the enemies of prohibition, caused little surprise, but much comment. It is not our purpose to criticize the Supreme Court for the stand it has taken. The highest tribunal in the country, after mature deliberation, has upheld the prohibition laws, and for us it is a clear case of *Roma locuta, res finita*. Indeed, every Catholic will know that he is bound to obey the law until it is repealed.

But it is one thing to recognize the validity of the law, and quite another to admit its advisability. We can not divest our mind of the fancy that, if the friends of prohibition had spent half their zeal and money in a worthier cause, it would have been better for the country. Whether they admit it or not, they have increased the disaffection among the masses to an alarming degree. They may be assured that it will take all the powers of persuasion at their command to convince the man on the street that the prohibition enactments do not fall under the head of sumptuary legislation; that they are not a blow at his personal liberty; that he has not been discriminated against by being deprived of the cup of cheer that his rich neighbor may enjoy unto inebriation;

that ice water is better for his health and happiness than alcoholic beverages; that the legislatures, state and federal, did not pass the laws under duress per minas from that sinister force in American politics, the Anti-Saloon League; that lacking the previous approval of the people, expressed at the polls, the measures are not unjust; that, if it had not been for the preachers and women in politics, he might still have his glass of beer; that in fine this country is still a democracy and not a gynaecocracy.

There is no use blinking the fact that just now the workingman is in a very ugly frame of mind. He is tired of being dictated to, whether this dictation proceeds from benevolent paternalism or high-handed bourbonism. He is rapidly losing confidence in the willingness and ability of the Government to better his condition; and he is not at all disposed to have his liberty of action further restricted, whether by blue laws or by mandatory or restrictive injunctions. Is it any wonder that there is an insistent demand for workingmen's councils *a la* soviet Russia? Before the worst happens, we hope the prohibition laws will be either repealed or liberalized.

### BACKWARD SOUTH AMERICA

THE United States Treasury Department has lately issued a circular letter which reproduces part of an address made by the noted statistician Roger W. Babson before the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The letter refers to this address as a lay sermon "which might well have come from any Christian pulpit in the land." A lay sermon it is evidently intended to be, for the speaker inveighs against the prevailing luxury and extravagance, and points to religion as "the only cure, the only thing which will stave off the crash." Growing reminiscent, Mr. Babson continues:

Three years ago I spent a day as guest of the President of Argentina. We discussed why South America with many more resources than North America and settled first is backward compared to North

America. "What do you think?" I asked the President. "I don't know," he answered, but this is what I think: "South America was settled by men from Spain who came in search of gold and with only a vision for gold; but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers who left England with a vision for God and a desire to serve Him."

We find it hard to believe that the Argentinian President has not been misquoted. If he really made the statement attributed to him, he probably intended it as a compliment to his guest, never dreaming that the latter could be so blissfully ignorant of the historical facts as to take his remarks seriously. Since he has chosen to do so, however, and since the Treasury Department has given the anecdote currency, it may be well to examine into the truth of the statement.

In what respect is South America backward? Certainly not in regard to religion and morality, for South America is thoroughly Christian. Christ is preached from every pulpit. His doctrine is expounded in every school, His law respected in every Catholic home. Family life is cultivated; womanhood is revered; race suicide is unknown. The aborigines have not been exterminated, but allowed to increase and multiply. They have been for the most part civilized and absorbed into the body politic to such an extent that not infrequently out of their number have come the highest dignitaries in Church and State.

Is South America backward in education? Though it must be confessed that its school system can not compare with ours at the present day, it may justly pride itself on its valuable contributions to the cause of education. The Franciscan common schools for boys in Mexico, for instance, antedated the arrival of the Mayflower by ninety-five years. Schools for girls were conducted by Franciscan nuns ninety years before the advent of the Pilgrim Fathers. The University of Lima—a fullfledged university—was called into being eighty-seven years before that of Harvard, the oldest seat of higher learning in the United States. The first printing press was installed, not in

Puritan New England nor anywhere within the confines of the present United States, but in the City of Mexico. Nor was it allowed to remain idle. Up to the end of the sixteenth century, which was still twenty years before the founding of Plymouth colony, 116 volumes—many of them ponderous and many in the native tongue—were published in Mexico alone. (See Icaxbalceta, *Bibliografía Mexicana del Siglo, Xoi* Mexico, 1886.)

Is South America backward in regard to the fine arts? The cheapest kind of pictorial guide of the various countries to the south will show that in painting, sculpture, and architecture the New England Puritans and such of their descendants as have survived the race suicide introduced by them, have much to learn from the Latin Americans.

If the latter are backward in regard to commerce and industry, it is a sign that they are not quite so wholly steeped in materialism as the bustling North. In all other things, particularly such as make for refinement and contentment, they are to all appearances considerably in advance of their smug and smooth neighbors above the line. Can it be that not all the Spanish colonists were gold hunters?

#### CHICAGO'S DOUBLE JUBILEE.

ALL honor and praise to the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Chicago and their valiant and devoted leader, Archbishop Mundelein. The celebration last month of the diamond jubilee of the Archdiocese marked the close of an era of achievement that should bring joy to all Catholic hearts, particularly for the promise it gives of still more glorious accomplishments. Seventy-five years ago there were two priests in what was then a struggling diocese, now there are a thousand. Then there were only 50,000 people, now there are millions.

In recognition of the zeal of members of the archdiocese and of Archbishop Mundelein's untiring efforts, the Holy Father wrote to him:



"Thanks are to be rendered to God, because in such a short period not only has your city shown a remarkable growth in human affections and worldly prosperity, but it has flourished also in the propagation and vigor of the Catholic faith. To this end you have contributed not a little."

Archbishop Mundelein, who at the same time celebrated his silver jubilee as a priest, was presented a purse of more than a million dollars by the clergy and the laity of the Archdiocese. He announced immediately that the entire sum will be expended for educational and charitable work. Evidently His Grace proposes to allow no grass to grow under his feet while there is work to be done for the salvation of souls. The "I Will" spirit manifested by the great Archdiocese of Chicago and its indefatigable pastor is an inspiration to Catholics throughout the country.

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### THE DEVIL'S OWN TIME

VACATION time is the devil's harvest season. The weather can not become too hot, the atmosphere too humid, for him; he keeps everlastingly at his nefarious scheming. Never idle himself, he is the only employer that finds idleness an asset to his business. In a brief two weeks he can undo all some struggling mortal has spent fifty other weeks in accomplishing. July, August, and September require more pages in his catalog of conquests than all the remaining months of the year. It is an old saying that "satan finds work for idle hands to do," but how true it is, as well, alas! how many have found out too late.

Thousands of Catholic young men and young women have lately been freed for the summer vacation from the routine and seclusion of college and academy. For two months and more they will not be bound by rule to attend holy Mass each morning, to approach the sacraments at specified times, to say the rosary every day. Unlike their life in school,

their surroundings will not be conducive to regularity in devotion. Their freedom from anxiety over classes and examinations is only too likely to tempt them to neglect their spiritual exercises. Late hours make early rising difficult; going several blocks to church is more inconvenient than walking only a few steps along a corridor; affairs of home and social life frequently conflict with the exercise of religious duties.

We are fully aware that we are not giving unfamiliar advice when we urge upon these young folks to strive their best to keep up their devotions throughout the summer, regardless of all these inconveniences. Very likely every one received the same admonition at commencement time. It is, however, advice that bears repeating. The young high school and college man and woman should remember that the Christian has no vacation. His duty to God does not depend on the seasons or his changing environment. To give way to laziness and indifference during vacation time would be to rob oneself of the fruits of the holy Communion, prayers, and little penances of the school year. These youthful vacationists should find encouragement in the knowledge that their teachers, far from forgetting them when they waved farewell, are praying constantly that God's holy grace will abound with them. Their hearts should be touched above all by the constancy of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament whose love for them knows and desires no vacation.

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### BACK NUMBERS WANTED

The publishers of FRANCISCAN HERALD desire copies of this magazine for January, 1915; February, 1918; and April, July and November, 1919. Readers who have any of these copies to spare, will confer a great favor by so informing us.



# Third Order of St. Francis

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**I**N the May issue of THE HERALD, I spoke to you about the purpose of the Third Order; but, as my space was limited, I could give you only a very inadequate idea of the sublime aim of this wonderful Franciscan institution. I will, therefore, endeavor this month to speak more at length on the same subject.

Just as so many other things regarding the Third Order have been sadly misunderstood so, too, has its real and definite purpose been misinterpreted and strangely distorted, naturally to the great detriment of the Order and its members. And this in spite of the clear and unmistakable declarations of the Popes, whose authority should at once receive from every true child of St. Francis the most humble and docile submission. I shall in my remarks adhere strictly to the declarations of the Sovereign Pontiffs on this subject, and shall most carefully weigh every word, that there may be no mistaking my meaning.

The purpose of an institution depends on its nature. Now, the nature of the Third Order of St. Francis, according to Pope Pius X, does not differ from that of the First and Second Orders, except in the means it uses to obtain the same end. The members of the First and Second Orders endeavor to sanctify themselves by the observance of the evangelical counsels and the regulations of their Rules. Similarly, the members of the Third Order strive after personal sanctification by the diligent practice of Christian perfection according to the Rule of their Order. The nature of all three Orders of St. Francis is, therefore, religious or spiritual. Hence, also their scope or purpose must be religious.

What is the purpose of the First Order? Is it wholly and solely the sanctification of the individual members? By no means. The First Order is not only a contemplative but also an active order, and if it does not wish to prove unfaithful to its mission, it must strive to lead others to God by exhorting them to the practice of virtues suited to their state of life. It is for this reason that the members of the First Order, while not neglecting to

sit at the feet of the Master and listen to the words that fall from His lips, busy themselves likewise in serving Him, ever mindful of His words: "What you have done to the least of my brethren you have done it to Me." This double purpose of the First Order; namely, the service of God and the service of our fellowmen, combining as it does the contemplative with the active life, accounts on the one hand for that wonderful galaxy of Saints and Blessed unsurpassed, since its founding, in numbers and brilliancy by any other religious order in the Church and gives rise on the other hand to that marvelous activity which from the days of St. Francis himself to our own times has been the admiration of the world.

The same is true of the Third Order of St. Francis. It was established not merely to lead its own members to holiness; but, according to Pope Pius X, it demands this personal sanctification, in order that the lives of the Tertiaries may be an example of Christian perfection for the imitation of others. "The purpose of the Third Order," he says, "is that the members put into daily practice the precepts of evangelical perfection and be an example of Christian life for the imitation of others." What clearer statement could we desire than this?

The purpose of the Third Order is, therefore, twofold, and it is only when it lives up to this twofold purpose that it proves true to itself and realizes the aim of its founder, St. Francis, and the wish of holy Church. You can understand now, my dear friends, how noble, how grand, how wide is the scope of the Third Order. It aims at nothing less than Christian perfection in its members and in others. And just as it does not specify this or that virtue in its endeavor to lead its own members to sanctity; so, too, its activity in regard to non-members is not limited to this or to that social or charitable work; but it fosters and sanctions all good works and gives special prominence to none. "Its scope, like its spirit," as a Franciscan writer aptly says, "is simply Catholic—Catholic with a capital and a small

initial." In other words, its scope is universal. It embraces the practice of all virtues and of all good works, and it does this in order to sanctify its own members and by their example lead others to the practice of Christian perfection.

The Rule itself is very explicit on this point. "Let them (the Tertiaries) study to lead others by their example, to promote pious practices and *all that is good.*" (Chap. II, 8.) Pope Pius X leaves no room for doubt as to what we are to understand under this phrase, *all that is good.* In his letter to the Ministers General of the three families of the First Order he writes, "It is a law for the Tertiaries to strive to perform all the so-called works of mercy." These works are known as the seven corporal and the seven spiritual works of mercy, and they embrace every possible work of charity that can be undertaken for the good of our fellowmen. Thus we see that the purpose of the Third Order, far from being restricted to the personal sanctification of the members, extends also to active work for the welfare of our neighbors, and that in this activity the Order is by no means limited to one or another work of charity but is obliged to engage in all the works that universal Christian charity can suggest for the good of the world.

"Wherever there is a question of doing good or preventing evil; succoring the poor, instructing the ignorant, spreading good literature, combating the evil press, fighting immoral plays and the 'movies,' supplying needy churches, supporting the missions, or furthering any other laudable project, the Tertiary must be interested, and he must translate his interest into action by willing co-operation with others for the attainment of the desired ends." How foolish, therefore, how presumptuous for any one to strive to lead the Third Order from this its sublime purpose and to limit it to the practice of some specific virtue or some special work of charity! In founding the Third Order, St. Francis wished its members to become, as were the Apostles before them, "the salt of the earth." But how could he ever have hoped to attain his high ideal if the Tertiaries had been limited in their activity and had not rather shared in that glorious liberty of the children of God which characterized the Apostles and the first Christians?

Nor can any one object that this activity, far from being part of the original purpose of the Third Order, was added to it, just as social activity has, in the course of time, become one of the aims of the Sodality of the

Blessed Virgin, though originally this was not the case. For, both the ancient Rule of the Third Order and history witness that this all-embracing activity in the realm of charity was co-nascent with the Order itself. Even now there is a vast difference between the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the Third Order of St. Francis. For the Sodality's aim "is the personal sanctification of its members by means of devout exercises and works of charity; whereas the Third Order aims at the sanctification of its members and the practices of charity as a means of leavening the people with the spirit of true Catholicity."

It was this universality of the purpose of the Third Order that attracted the attention of that greatest exponent of social problems that ever sat on the chair of Peter, the immortal Leo XIII. With that keen insight into our modern needs with which he was so providentially blessed, he saw clearly that the drift of our modern civilization was strongly in the direction of worldliness, and he understood that if society was to be brought back to Christ, it must be imbued with the true principles of the Gospel. To achieve this, the co-operation of the Catholic laity was imperative, and this co-operation would necessarily have to be based on religion, lest it defeat its own cause. Of all the lay organizations in the Church none appeared to this great Pontiff better fitted for this sublime apostolate, none more surely capable of carrying out his great social and moral reform than that seven-century-old organization—the Third Order of St. Francis. Convinced that St. Francis had hit on the one and only means for restoring law and order to a distracted world, Pope Leo called on the bishops and priests of holy Church to propagate to the utmost of their powers the Third Order in their dioceses and parishes, and he called on the whole Catholic world to enroll itself under the Tertiary banner of St. Francis. Not once but many times did he repeat this summons in encyclicals and letters and allocutions, public and private. "Say everywhere," he was often heard to exclaim, "that it is by means of the Third Order I desire to revivify humanity." And again, "My social reform is the Third Order."

Pope Pius X, who was renowned as much for his sanctity as for his wonderful insight into the needs of present-day society, and took as his motto, *Restaurare omnia in Christo*—to restore all things in Christ—likewise found no better means for realizing this desire of his heart than the Third Order of St. Francis. "What more can we desire," he exclaimed,

than to witness the growth and prosperity of an institution which has latent within it the power to instill into our modern society the spirit of wisdom and Christian discipline?" And again he says, "The Third Order is in these days wonderfully adapted to modern needs. Therefore, We exhort you very earnestly to make every effort to further the advance of so wonderful an institution."

Knowing now what we do, can we really be surprised that more than forty Popes have most heartily recommended this great Franciscan Order for the Catholic laity? Can we wonder at the marvelous growth of the Order from the very first years of its founding to the present day? It is *the* society for the Catholic laity, and holy Church has no more ardent wish than that all should join it. Strive, therefore, those of you who are already members of the Third Order to live up faithfully

to your obligations and to lead others into its ranks by the force of your good example. Imitate herein that great Tertiary and Queen, St. Elizabeth of Portugal, whose feast we celebrate on July 8. Surrounded though she was by all the luxury and pomp of royalty, she kept aloof from the world and its vanities and guided all her actions by the sweet spirit of the Third Order. Her life forms a beautiful example of the life of a perfect Tertiary. While ascending to the loftiest heights of personal sanctity, she was at the same time a charity worker the like of which the world has seldom seen. Let us, therefore, my dear friends, strive to mold our own lives according to the platform of St. Elizabeth's and of the other countless men and women who have shed luster on the Third Order by faithfully carrying out its sublime purpose.



St. Elizabeth of Portugal  
A Royal Tertiary and Social Worker

# APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

Do you realize that this month marks an anniversary? Just one year ago, there appeared in the columns of the HERALD a letter which was destined to stir a number of ripples on the clear, calm waters of feminine Tertiary life. Not only in its own quiet pool, but also in all the streams that chanced to touch upon its edge, have these ripples made themselves felt. Stirred by the disturbance of the waters, other fish have pricked up their gills and allowed themselves to be drawn into the ruffled area, or else have turned up said gills disdainfully and scuttled away.

Unfortunately, some of the inhabitants of our own pool have followed the example of this later type, and have taken the opportunity of swimming clear of the overlapping wavelets. It is to these that I feel bound to address a word or two this time. (Surely a Franciscan act—exhorting the fishes!)

## Dress Reform Movement

Most of you remember the letter of which I speak: that from the pen of a Franciscan Father, in which he laid down a few plain rules to guide the conduct of women who have the great privilege of wearing the holy habit of the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, especially the conduct of these women in the matter of dress. He pointed out the growing danger to morals arising from immodesty in feminine attire, and put forward a standard of right costuming from the standpoint of morality, urging the women members of the Third Order to conform to this standard.

Since the appearance of that letter, much has indeed been done in the matter of dress reform. This very Department has been called into being for the purpose of helping Tertiaries in the practical reconstruction of their wardrobes, that they might conform to the standard. Lately pledge cards have been printed, containing this standard summed up under four heads, with the pronouncement of our present Holy Father concerning this very subject, on the reverse side. Tertiaries and all others who will do so are urged to sign these pledges and to influence others to do so. A number of our sisters have responded nobly, and they are laboring earnestly for the spread of Christian modesty; but alas, as I mentioned at the beginning of this letter, many of our very own Tertiaries have seen fit to look on

from the outskirts of the crowd, taking only a spectator's interest in the proceedings.

What possible excuse can there be for Tertiaries who ignore the call to arms? And how can we understand the failure of even one Director to push the campaign for modest dressing to the utmost? For if any organization on earth is suited to the task of bettering social conditions, it is the great Franciscan Order.

## What Others Think

So much for condemnation. You know Agnes is not wont to censure, as she firmly believes that it is far better to say, "Let's do this," than "Don't do that." Still, there are times, especially in dealing with the deaf, who close their eyes to lip reading, when one *must* shout.

Some one has objected: "After all, why should any one seek to fix my standard of modesty. I *am* modest, and just because I choose to conform to modern fashions, no one has the right to accuse me of being interiorly immodest."

That is exactly what one *has* a right to do, dear sisters, who look at the matter from that angle. For, as a matter of fact, "interior modesty" and "interior immodesty" are extremely ambiguous terms—in fact there "ain't no such animal." A clear definition of modesty may help somewhat.

Modesty is defined as *that outward comportment, style of dress, conversation, and carriage, which indicates the presence of Temperance "set up on holy pedestal" in the heart within.*

It is, therefore, easy to see that modesty is not interior, but the *outward evidence* of something interior. So I would earnestly entreat those who say that they are "interiorly modest" though "exteriorly" lax in the matter of costuming, to revise their vocabulary as well as their wardrobes.

"My, my," I can hear you say, "Agnes Modesta is turning positively unpleasant!"

Well, you see, most dearly beloved of sisters, I thought it well to let you have all the bitter medicine in one dose, for continual nagging is contrary, I think, to the spirit of the Poverello of Assisi, whom we all try to follow. But it is truly a matter of vital necessity that we should all co-operate in this matter of

dress reform. It simply isn't a matter that we can in conscience pass by unnoticed. So let's each and every one of us take to ourselves the "Four Points" indicated on the pledge cards—that are yours for the asking—even if it hurts! And God in His great love will bless you.

### The Golden Middle Way

And now, just as a salve to your smarting feelings, I'm going to complete my work by giving a few words of censure to the other side. I have had it called to my attention that some of the Tertiaries who are enthusiastically co-operating with the dress reform movement, are "adopting a consciously superior attitude that renders them simply unbearable."

"Dear, dear, we can't please her any way, it seems," I hear them say.

Well, it is said, you know, to be an act of charity to point out defects in a kindly manner; so you will please consider this *most kindly*. It is a fact that, when we feel we are in the right on a point, we are likely to look at every one as extremely wrong. But it is the limit of un-Franciscan pride, to seek to remedy matters by calling attention in any unsolicited way to our own "perfections."

You may say, "But that is just what you are urging us to do."

It is not. Let that be clearly understood. You are urged to conform to a standard of modesty in dress; you are urged to make your attire trim and even modish that you may influence others to desire to imitate your own modesty; and you are also encouraged to voice your own opinion of the prevailing fashions, whenever the matter is being discussed, and whenever such comment is not out of place.

There is no possible defense for even the most well intentioned lay person to accost another free citizen as follows:

"Your blouse is three inches too low in the neck. You ought to baste a section of lace into it, so that it may be high as mine."

The person thus accosted would have every right to consider you a meddlesome busy-body. It is, dear sisters, our desire to lead by example, and also by precept when we have the right to exercise authority. But let us not hurt a good cause by indiscreet zeal in its behalf.

One of the sayings of our Seraphic Father in this connection, is worthy of note. He says:

"To the servant of God nothing should be displeasing save sin. And no matter in what way anyone may sin, if the servant of God is

troubled or angered—except this be through charity—he treasures up guilt to himself."

So, now that I have had a word of blame for both extremes, I can rest happy in the knowledge that each one agrees with me on at least one of the scoldings. May the duty come my way never again!

### The Secret is Out

A slip of soft satin or silk, in a dark color, is what I would call a woman's "ever present help." It can be worn with an overblouse for street wear. Then when one comes into the house, the blouse may be slipped off, and its place taken by a soft little house coat, in washable material if desired. If one is a busy housewife, this in turn can be laid aside in favor of a cover-all apron while preparing dinner or washing the dishes or performing any one of the many duties that are death and destruction to dainty wearing apparel. Through it all, the slip remains trim and neat, for it is not the lower part of the gown that is apt to suffer from being worn all day. This slip is made with the utmost simplicity, in two pieces only, and, if one is at all active, it may be made without any opening down the back or front, but simply slipped over the head. If, however, the wearer-to-be is blessed with too abundant flesh, or will not, like a cat, fit in where her whiskers will go, she may have the slip made with a placket either front or back. I am perfectly certain that "once tried, never relinquished." It is one of my "private and personal secrets."

### The Jewel of Inconsistency

Did those of you who seem to consider "cobwebby" garments a hot-weather necessity, ever stop to consider that men never have recourse to diaphanous clothing? And our husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends manage to keep as cool as ever we do, it would appear. I have seen a woman gasping with heat in a sheer blouse, which for all the purpose it served might just as well have been no blouse at all, actually have the inconsistency to envy the coolness of a man approaching clad in white trousers and a coat of blue serge. What would she have thought if one had suggested that she slip on the coat of her tailored suit at that moment? And yet, I'll wager that she really was warmer at the instant than the man was. Remember this, dear sisters, who boast that women can endure more than men!

Yours with the best of wishes for a happy vacation season.



# Fiction



## AN AMBASSADOR IN BONDS

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

"AND who," growled Peter Warren, "who, in the name of—of the Old Scratch—is St. Alexius?"

Peter's seventeen-year-old son Tommy, standing as a prisoner at the bar before the assembled family, lifted a pair of shining hazel eyes.

"St. Alexius," he replied, glancing from face to face, as if seeking some hint of sympathy, "St. Alexius is—well, what we call my patron, you see."

"Grrumph!" Peter clasped his hands firmly behind him. He was aching to box his son's ears. The young whipper-snapper had walked in upon them, home for his summer holidays at the ranch, bearing the glad tidings that he had, within the week, been baptized a Catholic. A Catholic—a Papist, like the Mexican ranch hands! He had, it appeared, fallen in with some wily old Jesuit, and now his name was Thomas Alexius.

"Grrumph!" snorted Peter. "Patron, is it? And what particular brand of foolishness does he stand for?"

Tommy's clear tanned skin reddened.

"Father," remonstrated Mrs. Warren. "I—I wouldn't—"

"Grr," from Peter, harshly.

Tommy's eyes twinkled.

"Well?" interrogated Peter. Tommy had a disconcerting way of laughing to himself which Peter found excessively irritating. He had never been very friendly with his young son. He managed to endure Anne, the daughter, a year Tommy's senior; he adored Frederic, his first-born, who had reached his majority, and knew as much as Peter himself about the business of California fruit growing; but Tommy was a misfit in the Warren scheme of things. Yes, indeed. Messing up his life, in his very first year at college!

"Well?" questioned Peter, glaring.

"N-n-nothing," faltered Tommy. "I was just th-th-thinking." Tommy usually stammered, under the influence of even moderate agitation; and if there was a thing above all others which Peter simply couldn't stand, it

was stammering. He had tried the remedy of a switch, when Tommy was little, but it had made matters worse. Tommy, presumably, would stammer to his grave.

"Come," snorted Peter, now, "stop th-th-thinking, and enlighten our ignorance as to St. Alexius. And talk straight, if you can."

"W-w-well," began Tommy, his eyes shining again, "St. Alexius was the s-son of a R-R-R—"

"S-sst!" interrupted Peter, snapping his fingers. "Now! Start fresh, and take your time. You make me dizzy." He clasped his hands behind him again.

"St. Alexius," said Tommy, slowly, his eyes downcast, "was the son of a R-R—. The son of a—Roman—nobleman. He went away from home on the night of his m-m-marriage, and lived in the Orient as a—a hermit, I guess—for s-s-seventeen years; and then, one day—" Tommy's eyes were lifted once more. "One day, he c-came back, and nobody knew him. And so he d-didn't tell them, and he lived under the stairs of his father's p-palace, as a b-beggar, until he d-died. And after his d-death, they found out who he was."

"And what was the idea, exactly?" demanded Peter. He felt that if there was a point to the story, he had missed it.

"Why, Father, he was a saint!" Tommy's eyes opened. "Don't you see? And then, when they knew he was—after he died, you know—they made the palace into a church for him."

"After he died? What use was it to him after he died?"

"Why, not for him, Father; for the people."

"You said, for him," retorted Peter.

"W-w-well, I meant—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Peter. "You don't know what you mean. I'd like to give that Jesuit who baptized you a piece of my mind. He'd know my meaning without much doubt."

"He's n-not a J-Jesuit, Father, I t-told you once before," objected Tommy. "He's a F-Franciscan."

"Nonsense! They're all Jesuits." Peter shrugged the subject aside with one large

shrug. "And I fail to perceive the sanctity of your friend Alexius. Just because a man lives under a staircase—"

"Father, it wasn't just because he l-lived under a staircase; it was—"

"Ran away and left his bride and made an idiot of himself," pursued Peter. "He ought to have lived under a staircase. Good enough for him, I'll be bound. Well! So now you've taken him for your p-p-patron, and got yourself t-t-tied up to R-R-Rome," scoffed Peter, watching his son flush with the sting of the mockery. "I've a notion to let you live under a staircase yourself."

Peter Warren was of an experimental turn of mind. He experimented with flowers, producing queer and sometimes beautiful results. He experimented with his fruit trees and pulled down the top prices of the market every year. He experimented with his chickens and his rabbits and his vegetables; his house was a conglomeration—though a comfortable conglomeration—of building experiments; even his wife and family did not entirely escape—witness, for example, poor Tommy and the attempted cure of stammering. An interesting idea now occurred to him. He would experiment on Tommy's religion. He had no great sympathy with any sort of religion, and Romanism was surely the last word in absurdity. All well enough for the Mexicans, who needed images to pray to, and fire and brimstone to scare them into decency, but for his son—! Tommy, he remembered, had always been rather fond of the Mexicans. Frederic, now—Frederic, as Peter was wont to put it, "walked up one side of them and down the other"; but Tommy had been, upon more than one occasion, heard to address some villainous old brigand as "amigo," and frequently found with some dirty young woman's dirty little black-eyed baby in his arms. Papiests, indeed! A pretty notion! The bottom should be knocked out of Tommy's world, and this ridiculous person brought to terms once for all.

Peter unclasped his hands, and with the capable and determined right one got a stranglehold on the offending baby curls.

"Father—" interceded Mrs. Warren.

"Grrr," growled Peter. "You young fool! I could flog you, with the greatest pleasure."

"You—young—fool!" repeated Peter. "You think it's a joke, hey? A great joke, hey? To come home to your family a Papist, hey? St. Alexius, hey? I'll teach you a trick or two. Come along here. Come along, the lot

of you. Now, then, Thomas Alexius, imitation, you know, is the sincerest flattery. D' you see this?"

The family crowded about to look over his shoulder. Peter had led his son—still by the hair—into the big front hall. Under the wide old-fashioned staircase there was, it happened a closet, built for the accommodation of wraps, umbrellas, and overshoes. It was one of Peter's building experiments, and was, for a closet rather roomy. There was a window, which could be raised; there was an electric light. Peter flung open the door of this apartment.

"Do you see this?" he inquired, dragging Tommy to the threshold. "Well, now, you just go and fetch your traps and some blankets, and clear these things out, and settle down in here, Mr. Alexius Warren. Do you get me?"

"Father!" gasped Mrs. Warren.

Tommy stood biting his lips. The hair-pulling had brought involuntary tears. Then he looked up, and the sensitive mouth quivered into another unmistakable grin.

"Get me?" demanded Peter, with a viciously expert yank.

"Y—yes, sir," stammered his son, between a gasp and a giggle.

"What are you laughing at?" roared Peter.

"Oh—Father!" murmured his daughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Peter knocked Tommy's head against the wall, for good measure.

"N—nothing," gasped Tommy meekly. "I was only th—th—thinking."

When Peter and Frederic came in from the orchards to "cleanup" for dinner in the cool of the evening, Peter found that Thomas Alexius had moved into his new quarters. His mother stood by the open door of the stair closet, in tears, watching Tommy, who was arranging a few books upon a tiny shelf in one corner. In the farthest nook under the stairs, a couple of army blankets and a pillow gave the impression of a bed. A crucifix eight or ten inches long hung on the wall below the electric light fixture. An old hassock was evidently to serve as a seat. Tommy turned, as his father came up, and smiled brilliantly.

"There's a lot more space than I thought," he said "It looks like a hermit's cell, all right, doesn't it, Father?"

Peter rumbled his hair, feeling puzzled. Tommy had not the appearance of one under a cloud. Was it possible? No, let him spend a week or so tucked away here, and it wouldn't be so funny.

"Where did you get that?" He pointed to



the crucifix. "I suppose your friend the Jesuit gave it to you."

"He's a F-Franciscan," said Tommy, patiently.

"Humph!" said Peter. "What are you stewing about?" he added, catching up his wife in the middle of a sob.

"Oh, Father!" Mrs. Warren's face went into her apron.

Tommy's eyes rested for a moment upon the maternal distress; then he met Peter's frowning regard with another vivid smile. There was a whimsical twist to it that to Peter conveyed a perfectly plain message.

"She can't see the joke," said Tommy's smile.

During the weeks that followed, Peter watched his son furtively, but Tommy did not seem to be in a very noticeable state of suffering. He did his various chores and usual jobs, indoors and out, helping about the ranch, and running errands for his mother, with the simple obedience of a child. His year at college, Peter decided, hadn't "struck in." And on Sundays he slipped out early to go to Mass, walking the distance of nearly three miles to the little Mexican church that stood on the first slope of the hills. He always returned in time for breakfast, radiant and glowing, and with a wonderful appetite. Anne wrinkled her nose, sniffing him suspiciously, on the first Sunday; and Peter didn't wonder. The idea—the very idea—of Tommy, kneeling at divine worship with a crowd of common laborers. His son, in such "low company."

One day, some six weeks after Tommy's return, Peter was mysteriously approached by his elder son, who beckoned him to a secluded spot behind the barn, at the close of a hot morning's work. Peter was tired and wanted his lunch, but something in Frederic's manner seemed to call for attention.

"Father," said Frederic, in a meet-me-at-the-old-mill-at-midnight voice, "do you know what Tom's been doing, every evening, this last month or more? I've just found out. You couldn't guess."

Peter shook his head. Tommy might be doing almost anything. Frederic buttonholed him impressively.

"He's carrying milk to José Ramon's wife, down by the tracks. Carrying milk for the baby. Tommy, carrying milk to that good-for-nothing loafer's shiftless wife."

Peter stared.

"You know," continued Frederic, "there's milk wasted, every night. We never use it all;

and Jerry just pours half of it out after milking. We've offered the stuff time and again to that devil of a peon, but he's too beastly lazy to carry it away. Well, it seems that there's a new baby, and it's sick or something. So Tom's turned milkman."

Peter scratched his head. It was too complicated for him to take in all at once. Then he exploded. His language was picturesque, and Frederic laid a quieting hand on his arm.

"Wait, Father. That's not all. Not by a jugfull. Listen. This Alexius business has leaked out, somehow. And between the milkman game and the beggar-under-the-stairs stuff they all think he's a saint. I understand they pick clovers, outside his 'cell' window, and carry 'em home to pray to."

Peter sat down on a handy stump. He felt a trifle dazed.

"You know, Father, he's always had a liking for these dirty brutes; heaven knows why! And now—can't you see it? He belongs to them, now."

Peter saw. He exploded a second time. Then he rose and went into the barn. From a dusty corner he produced a neat little rawhide whip. Frederic's face changed when he emerged.

"Father!" cried Frederic. "What's that for?"

"To beat eggs for an omelette," snapped Peter.

"Father! But—you can't do that!"

"Can't I?" retorted Peter. "What do you know about omelettes?"

Frederic was looking genuinely distressed. "Father, I didn't think—surely you won't—Father, not—not with that thing!"

Peter shook him off. "Go and catch gophers," he recommended.

Tommy was parting his curly locks at three square inches of mirror and making himself tidy for lunch, when Peter strode through the front hall. He looked up, as his father stood in the doorway of his "cell," and the smile faded from his face.

"Why, Father," he hesitated. "What—"

Peter's heart was hammering in his throat. It was no case for hair-pulling or cuffing; he was seeing scarlet. Tommy, with a quick light of alarm in his hazel eyes, was, for once, scared out of his perpetual laughter, and Peter felt a sense of triumph. Let the beggar-under-the-stairs prepare to enjoy a real adventure. He would shortly experience a number of new and interesting sensations. A saint had better be a bit of a martyr; it was good business.

"Father," said Tommy again, doubtfully. "Wh-what's the m-matter?"

Peter for reply shot out a hand and caught the boy by the collar, pulling him into the hall. Tommy, involuntarily, as Peter afterwards realized, resisted; he was frightened out of his usual gentleness to the point of fighting. The resistance put a match to Peter's piled-up fury, and it blazed magnificently. With a swift wrench, he twisted the boy about and flung him full length on the floor.

Tommy cried out just once, as the first blow of the whip cut through his thin cotton shirt.

Peter's return to sanity was marked in his consciousness by the sound of sobbing. It was, he recognized, his wife's voice. Yes, there she was beside him, in a sort of heap, bending over something. He was sitting in a corner, hunched against the wall, and the faces of Anne and Frederic were near, with a strange, unreal look about them. He stared about him vacantly, as his understanding slowly resumed its sway. He was squatting on the hassock, by the window in Tommy's closet under the stairs, and Anne and Frederic were peering in at the doorway. His wife, upon her knees, was bending over Tommy, who lay stretched on the pallet beneath the slope of the staircase.

"Mother," he heard Anne's voice, "do be reasonable. Let Fred carry him upstairs. This is no place——"

"Leave him alone," flashed Tommy's mother. "Hand me that camphor."

Peter, looking past her shoulder, saw his son's curly head turned on the little flat pillow. A pair of tired eyes opened, closed, opened again.

"M-mother," said Tommy. The eyes wandered, met Peter's an instant, without intelligence, and came to rest upon the crucifix hanging above Peter's head.

Peter—it seemed to him not of his own volition—slid off the hassock, and edged toward his son. He was half aware that his wife's hands were pressed against his chest, and his wife's tear-stained, angry face interposed itself between him and Tommy. He brushed her aside. Tommy's eyes, with the tired, far-away look, dropped from the crucifix, and for a second time encountered Peter's eyes. The absent expression gave place to perplexity, to fear, to pain. Peter gnawed his lip. Something was tearing at him like a wild thing. He clenched his hands, gulping desperately. Once more Tommy's eyes left him, seeking the crucifix.

And Tommy smiled—his little crooked smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

The value of time was a subject Peter Warren had never considered very deeply. Life on a California fruit ranch does not run on schedule. But when a man awakens to the fact that he has put ten years behind him, as one throws the peeling of an orange over one's shoulder, he may well allow himself a moment's reflection. Peter was reflecting very hard, indeed, on a perfect summer morning, as he walked up and down a graveled path in a secluded garden spot.

He was very uncomfortable and very elegant in a rasping collar and a tightly buttoned frock coat; his hands, securely clasped behind him, were encased in pearl gray gloves, and a modest flower adorned his left coat lapel. He walked back and forth, chuckling now and again, and shaking his head from time to time, as one in the clutches of a secret ecstasy.

An abrupt turn brought him presently face to face with a young man who had emerged silently from nowhere; a young man in a loose brown frock, with bare sandaled feet and a white cord tied about his waist. He looked at Peter with smiling eyes, his soft hair ruffled by the gentle, fragrant breeze. Peter stood off from him, as a man will who surveys a renowned and valuable work of art which he admires, but does not in the least comprehend.

"Grrumph!" grunted Peter. "Well! Are they all through? Too thick for me, at the last there."

He unclasped his gray kid fingers and stooped down to place his correct silk hat carefully on the grassy strip beside the path. Then he knelt on both knees in the gravel at the feet of his newly-ordained son, and kissed the palms of the two slim hands offered for his veneration.

"You did very well," he said, getting to his feet again and mopping his forehead violently. "Behaved very well. Must be an awful job, yanked about, you know, and all that. Where's your mother?"

"In the church, I think. Anne cried, didn't she?"

"Grrumph! Yes. Fine exhibition! Hot—stuffy—women bawling! Garden suited me. What are you laughing at—hey?"

Tommy's eyes were, indeed, twinkling; but the sensitive mouth trembled, too.

"I—I was th-th-thinking," stammered Tommy.

# LAMPS OF FIRE AND FLAMES

By MARIAN NESBITT

(Continued)

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## CHAPTER III

THE next morning, my guardian proposed to take me over the castle; and much to my relief, Sir Owen Orchardson, on the plea of having important letters to write, went off to his room. Rory had already settled down in his new home, and as we stepped out into the brilliant sunshine, he came racing along the terrace to meet me, wild with delight. From one stately room to another, from tower to turret, from library to chapel, from picture gallery to long disused dungeon, we went. It was all very historic, very interesting; and Lord Rossall made an excellent guide. I found the time go much faster than I expected; indeed I was quite astonished to hear twelve o'clock strike, as, at length, we sat down on the deep window seat of a quaint upper chamber in the north tower, known as the "Astrologer's Room."

"Well, Molly, what do you think of my home?" my guardian asked pushing open the ivied casement and letting in a warm stream of sunny sea-scented air.

"I think it is charming," I replied. "You must be fond and proud of it."

"Yes," he said, "I am. I would rather starve here than be rich anywhere else. I love every stone of it. It has become as much a part of my life as if it were a sentient thing. You will laugh, though, if I treat you to such confidences."

"No, I certainly shall not," I exclaimed emphatically. "Because circumstances have made me a wanderer for the past three years, you imagine, perhaps, that I can not sympathize with your attachment to your home. But I can. I know what it is to have one's heart bound up in some dear place, and then be obliged to leave it."

"Ah!" he muttered, his brows contracting suddenly, and a shadow falling on his face, "that must be bitter indeed. I had no idea you were so devoted to Ireland, Molly."

"Devoted is an appropriate word," I said, thinking tenderly of Uncle Neil and Biddy and the shabby old house by the "Chapel." My

sympathy went out to the man beside me. I liked him for his unaffected avowal. His almost passionate attachment to his beautiful inheritance was something I could thoroughly understand and appreciate. "You are more fortunate than I," I exclaimed, "you have no cruel guardian to send you away from Rossall as I was sent from my beloved Innistowel."

"Ah, Molly, believe me, I would not have done it, had I realized for a moment what that going meant to you."

"Then you would have been wrong," I said. "You did the best and wisest and kindest thing for me, I see that plainly now. Besides, terrible as the parting was at the time, it would have been harder still later, and I could not go on living there without Uncle Neil. No, you have no cause for regret."

"But you must have thought me a heartless, tyrannical wretch."

"I was far too miserable then to think about anything or to care what became of me; and afterwards, when I went abroad,—I believe it sounds dreadfully rude to say so—but I honestly believe I scarcely ever remembered your existence till Madame de St. Richard called me one morning a fortnight ago, and told me you had written, saying I was to come to England at once."

"And are you sorry?"

"In one way—yes. I dreaded going again to live among strangers, and you and Lady Rossall were strangers to me then, though now it seems difficult to realize the fact. What a dear little quaint round room this is! Did you really have an astrologer at Rossall in days gone by?"

"I imagine so; and doubtless he sat where we are sitting at this very moment, and watched the stars, foretelling future events and predicting the doom that was to fall upon different members of the family. Bye the bye,

have you heard of the Doom of Rossall? It is quite a well established tradition here."

"No, do tell me. It sounds quite medieval and exciting."

"Well, prepare yourself to be properly thrilled. It invariably falls upon one of the name of Eustace."

### THE STORY THUS FAR

Molly Desmond, left an orphan in babyhood, is reared by an uncle, a priest, and on his death is sent to Madame de St. Richard, a refined Frenchwoman, to be prepared to take her position among persons of culture. Her instruction is interrupted by a letter from Lord Rossall, her guardian, requesting that she come to England to make her home with him and his mother. She goes with Madame de St. Richard to pay a farewell visit to a favorite chapel and chances to meet Rex Fortescue. Molly is charmed with her new home and with the graciousness of Lord Rossall and his mother. Her first impressions are marred by the discourtesy of Sir Owen Orchardson, apparently her guardian's friend and evil genius.

"But what is it?" I asked. "Something very dreadful?"

"That depends upon your idea of dreadful. The fact is, so runs the story—a story which, I am bound to confess, has strangely enough proved true—that, from time immemorial, the unfortunate sons of our race called Eustace have been possessed—I use the word advisedly—with a perfect demon of jealousy. The Eustace temper has become almost proverbial; and certainly its owners must have found it anything but a comfortable heritage?"

"Then why on earth did your people give you the name?" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Because my father himself bore it, and wished to show himself superior to the old superstition. My dear child, you look quite awestruck; let us forget it and talk of something else."

"Oh, wait a moment, please!" I said; "I am so deeply interested. I have read of such things, of course, but—" I hesitated and he went on.

"To talk to any one who lives under a sort of ban is a new experience, isn't it? and"—smiling—"you would perhaps like to hear whether your erstwhile respected guardian owns the ancestral failing. To tell you the truth, Molly, I haven't the ghost of an idea. The only son of such a mother as mine, and a widow to boot—what can I know of my own limitations. From my very birth, I have been surrounded by love and admiration. Unquestioning belief and tenderest trust have always permeated the atmosphere of my environment. My temper has never been put to the test. How I should act, therefore, if placed in circumstances calculated to arouse the passion of jealousy I have no means of judging, seeing that, as I just now remarked, I have not once been tried."

"Oh, I hope—I do hope," I cried earnestly, "that you never will be."

"Amen to that wish," he answered, rising and closing the window.

"Where have you two been hiding yourselves all the morning?" enquired Sir Owen a few minutes later when we met at the luncheon table.

Lady Rossall was already on her couch.

"In honor of you, Molly," she said, drawing my face down to hers, "I am going to ask you to drive with me this afternoon, if you do not mind a sedate pace and a dull companion."

"To drive, my dear mother!" exclaimed her son in tones of keen satisfaction, "that is good news."

"Yes, I don't think I shall feel nervous with Molly. There will be so much to talk about. I shall forget my helplessness. Have you shown her everything, Eustace?"

"I believe so, Mother. Did I do my duty, Molly?"

"Yes, indeed," I said. "I have spent a most delightful morning."

"Ah! Miss Desmond," exclaimed Sir Owen, leaning towards me with his condescending smile, "you are still young enough to retain your enthusiasm."

"But, why need we ever outlive them?" Lady Rossall demanded. "For my part, Sir Owen, I do not admit the necessity. Let us keep our hearts green and fresh, even when we ourselves shall have grown grey and old. Let us hold fast to our ideals, and still faster to our persistent belief in the goodness of human nature."

"Dear lady, I envy you your sweet faith, but I do not emulate it. I am a cynic, Lady Rossall, a terrible cynic, I fear; and my confidence in the worth of my fellow creatures is practically nil. Life is a hard school; and I, alas, have been cruelly disillusioned. Don't you sympathize with me, Miss Desmond?"

"No," I said, "but I pity you very much."

"Well done, Molly! There's a snub for you, Orchardson," laughed my guardian.

"I assure you I never intended it as such," I hastened to exclaim, while Sir Owen looked disconcerted, and Lady Rossall smiled.

"I really am very sorry for Sir Owen. He must lose more than half the good of life."

"That is exactly my opinion," Lady Rossall said; "if we look askance at, and indulge in a rooted distrust of all our fellow-travelers on life's road, we not only alienate possible friends and delightful companions, but we condemn ourselves to perpetual loneliness, to isolation of soul and bitterness of spirit, to a narrow, hard-judging, self-centered existence, and the circumscribed, distorted outlook of those who refuse to mix genially with their kind. Believe me, Sir Owen, I speak from experience. You will find if you study it aright that to quote the words of one of my favorite poets—'still humanity grows dearer, being learned the more'."

"Pardon me, Lady Rossall, your poet was a woman, and naturally regarded the question from a highly imaginative, idealistic point of view."

"You consider, then, that women are incapable of forming sound judgments?"

"Yes; dear lady, I do. Of course, there must be exceptions to every rule, but such exceptions—in a voice of calm superiority—"are rare, very rare."

I felt my temper rising and secretly wondered how Lady Rossall could listen with such unmoved, smiling courtesy. I had yet to learn that this almost incessant sounding of the personal note was one of Sir Owen's most irritating characteristics.

"Are you also among the decadents?" I asked my guardian.

"My dear child—no! Pessimism is not at all in my line. Indeed, why should it be, seeing that my fellow mortals nearly always turn out better than I expect, and that I find ex-

istence an exceedingly good and desirable thing."

"So do I," I said, "on the whole."

"Forgive me, my dear Miss Desmond, you can have had so little experience," broke in Sir Owen; "you are 'a griefless girl in love with life and ignorant of love's grave.'"

"I beg your pardon," I returned, "I am by no means 'griefless' and as to being 'in love with life,' I've never found that railing at the inevitable helps one to escape the briars of this workaday world. Why don't you try to be a philosopher, Sir Owen? Philosophers are much happier than cynics. They don't expect, and consequently they are not disappointed. Besides, they know that always 'there is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distill it out.'"

"Yes," said my guardian, "but, as a matter of fact, how very few men ever do? They won't take the trouble; that is the reason Orchardson's a cynic. I've told him so more than once, and, of course, he always indignantly repudiates the suggestion. Nevertheless, the fact remains. It's simply laziness. There's no waste of brain and nerve tissue required for his sort of rôle. It's just the easiest part imaginable."

"My dear fellow, don't annihilate me," laughed Sir Owen with a laugh of well-assumed amusement; and the subject dropped. Lady Rossall, however, referred to it again later when she and I were alone.

The carriage was winding slowly up a little hill. Away to the left, the sea lay daz- zlingly bright and blue as sapphire in the hot June sun; the air was singularly still.

"You do not like Sir Owen, Molly?" she said in the low, sweet voice that had such a ring of sadness in it.

"I have not thought much about him," I answered, hesitating to give my true opinion of her son's friend. "I dare say he can be very agreeable to those who know him well. But, as a stranger, I confess I find him sufficiently puzzling. Does he ever say what he means, or mean what he says? Or does he only wish to pose as an enigma, too difficult to be solved by ordinary mortals?"

"I have often wondered myself," Lady Rossall replied; "I suppose his friendship with Eustace is an illustration of the aphorism, 'extremes meet.' For certainly two more diametrically opposite characters it would be hard to find. Personally, I consider Sir Owen Orchardson a most uninteresting companion, and I also intensely dislike his critical, carping views of life, though I try to believe they are partly assumed."

"But why should he be so unreal?" I asked.

"Because, my dear child, he will never allow himself to be simple. Poor fellow, pedigree is his tenderest point, and he can not forget the fact, that his father rose to a position of wealth

and influence entirely through his own unaided exertions. He—the old Sir Owen, I mean— came to London a penniless boy and left it a rich man, respected by all who knew him. He was a builder, I understand—or to speak more accurately, a bricklayer—in the first instance, and he made himself what he eventually became solely by honest industry and indomitable perseverance. I should have been proud of such a father, shouldn't you? However, his son feels different; and in consequence he is afraid to be natural, lest through that very naturalness he might betray his origin. It's the greatest mistake, of course; still we can't change our dispositions, I suppose. Why, here is Eustace! My dear, it's so hot; get in and drive home with us."

"That's exactly what I intend to do, Mother mine," her son answered, turning to close and lock the gate by which he had left the cool shadow of the overhanging woods before he came up to the carriage with three or four splendid dogs behind him. "What a glorious day," he continued, seating himself opposite to us; and I noticed, as he did so, that, in spite of his great height, he was never awkward or in the way. "I can see you have enjoyed your drive, Mother; you look better already."

"I feel better," she said. "Where is Sir Owen?"

"Reading in the hammock under the big cedar. Muscular exertion is not much to his taste, particularly on an afternoon like this."

I enjoyed that drive immensely. Both my guardian and Lady Rossall did their utmost to make me feel at home; and as I looked from the grey castle-crowned crag to the lovely green valley nestling cozily at its foot, I told myself that my lines had fallen in pleasant places. I little guessed—how should I?—with my eyes resting on that fair and peaceful scene—that here in this remote corner of God's earth, I should be awakened to the deepest and strongest emotions the human heart can know.

#### CHAPTER IV

The time sped by, and once more it was June and my birthday. I stood at the oriel window in my own room and looked at the shining summer sea, as once before I had looked across the gleaming waters of a little far-off lake.

"A year ago," I said to myself, "only one short year! And yet—" I leant my elbows on the sill and relapsed into a reverie. With one exception, no very special events had occurred to break the pleasant monotony of my life at Rossall. During the months that were gone, my guardian and his mother had thought for me, considered me, and contributed to my happiness by every means in their power. Few girls could have enjoyed such perfect freedom combined with such tender solicitude. Lady Rossall possessed the true

mother's instinct, united to a large toleration for, and a rare comprehension of the dreams and enthusiasms of youth. Her beauty fascinated me, while her loveliness of mind and character compelled my admiration even more than did her physical attractiveness.

In truth, the deep love and reverence she inspired, together with the passionate pity I felt for her patient suffering life, had much to do with an engagement to her son; for I was engaged, and to no less important a person than Lord Rossall himself. Madame de St. Richard was delighted. She "had always considered me sensible, but far from worldly wise," she said when sending me her cordial felicitations. And now I had outrun her fondest expectations. She little knew that it was, not worldly wisdom, but gratitude and an intense desire to please Lady Rossall that had helped me to drift into my present position.

Sometimes I could scarcely realize the fact. It seemed so strange that my guardian who, notwithstanding his courtesy to all women, had hitherto never shown the slightest preference for any single one—it seemed almost unbelievable, I say, that he should have chosen a young, inexperienced girl like myself. That he loved me deeply and sincerely, I could not for a moment doubt. His kindness, his gentleness, his unselfish devotion were unfailing. I could not but be grateful despite the misgivings that now and again broke like warning voices across my mental peace. That day these voices were aggressively persistent in their efforts to be heard. "Why," they asked, "did you make that solemn promise? Why did you bind yourself when all you have to offer is, at best, merely an affectionate gratitude? Do you not fear the demon-spirit jealousy? Have you no dread of the fatal Eustace temper, which may wreck your happiness ere ever you become a wife?"

Thus the torturing questions went on till I could only bow my head upon my hands and cry, "God help me! I did it for the best."

Though my attachment to my guardian was of the quiet, strictly unemotional kind, still I could honestly say that no other man's image had ever filled my mind, unless the remembrance of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon with Rex Fortescue—a remembrance carefully concealed in the hidden chamber of my heart—could be counted to me for disloyalty.

It was a dream, I often told myself, a golden summer dream. My ideal had gone out of my life forever, and the real, as represented by Lord Rossall, was henceforth to be my destiny. Nevertheless, the recollection of those sunny hours on the lake recurred to my memory with haunting insistence—perhaps because it was my birthday; and I turned away reluctantly at the sound of my guardian's voice at the door.

I still found it difficult to call him "Eustace;" for though we had been engaged more

than two months, we had seen but little of each other for nearly four, owing to the fact that Lady Rossall was ordered to the South, early in the spring, and of course I went with her. My guardian only paid us flying visits at intervals. He was seldom away from home for long, being an excellent landlord, and if not a particularly intellectual man, at least a clever, broad-minded, and very generous one, open-handed almost to a fault, and ever ready to give his time and his means to any movement, whether social, literary, charitable, or artistic, that made for the public good.

I tried to shake off the retrospective mood which lay so heavily upon me, and went out into the corridor, where I found Eustace awaiting me.

"Dearest," he said, as we went downstairs together, "I have brought you a little birthday gift. I hope you will approve of my choice."

I took the small leather case, so suggestive of something lovely and precious, and opened it eagerly; for what girl under twenty does not thoroughly appreciate a beautiful present?

I saw reposing on its bed of palest green satin, a shamrock brooch formed of the most perfect emeralds, set in diamonds, that glistened like dewdrops round the dainty spray.

"How charming! How sweet! How exquisite!" I cried, not a little touched by the thoughtfulness that had prompted his selection. "Oh, Eustace, you are too good to me! You spoil me utterly. What makes you?" I asked, clasping my hands round his arm with a vague feeling of compunction. "I have never done anything to deserve so much kindness."

"It is not a question either of 'doing' or 'deserving,' Molly darling. Neither is it a question of 'kindness.' I love you for the sake of what you are, and not of what you do. Nevertheless, you deserve the best this world can give, and I trust that the years to come will bring you all that heart can desire of joy and happiness."

"Thank you, Eustace, thank you ever so much, for both your good wishes and lovely present," I said, little thinking, as he drew me nearer and kissed me, that those words of his would one day return painfully and vividly to my mind.

We usually breakfasted in a charming room, named doubtless after some former chatelaine of the castle, "My Lady's Tapestry Chamber." The atmosphere was fragrant with the scent of flowers, and through the open windows the air blew in warm, yet fresh from the sea. Lady Rossall lay on her couch, not at the head of the table—that post had long been relegated to me—but at the side, and I stooped to kiss her as I passed, though already I had been to her room to receive her gifts and greetings.

"Mother," Eustace began, "I am expecting a visitor."

Not Sir Owen Orchardson, I silently hoped;

for my prejudice against him had not diminished on closer acquaintance. I also had an instinctive feeling, that, notwithstanding the warmth and apparent spontaneousness of his congratulations, he strongly disapproved of his friend's engagement, and would, if he dared, have done all in his power to prevent it.

"My guest will be a welcome one, I know," Eustace proceeded, coming round to receive his cup of coffee. "Mother can't you guess? No? Well then it is none other than your beloved nephew. I will read you what he says":

"Dear Eustace:

"I am back again in England, at last. How is Aunt Mildred? If you think she is well enough to have me, I should much like to spend a little time with you both. It seems long since I saw you and the dear old place. A line to my club will always find me."

"Short but sweet, isn't it Mother? I was sure of your wishes in the matter, so I telegraphed at once 'Come by all means, and as soon as you can.'"

"Quite right, I am delighted. Dear boy, what ages it seems since he went away."

"Molly," Eustace said, looking across at me with a smile in his red-brown eyes, "did you ever before meet a woman so unnatural as to prefer her nephew to her own son? Ah, Mother, you may try to pass it off, but I know who is your 'ideal knight.' However, I give Molly leave to admire my cousin as much as she likes, though I confess I don't want him to take my place all round."

During the hours that followed, I thought little of the expected guest. I had heard of this cousin, it is true. I knew that he was the son of the late Lord Rossall's twin brother, and, like Eustace, an only child. I knew also that he was the only other living representative of the family in the direct line. But he had been abroad ever since my arrival at the castle, and my interest in him was purely vicarious. It arose solely from a certain fact which came to my ears accidentally, and, I may add, unwillingly.

It happened that one afternoon, when I had been at Rossall about four months, Sir Owen Orchardson arrived unexpectedly; and, my guardian being out, and Lady Rossall not well enough to leave her room, I was compelled to entertain him.

It was a wild day late in September. The sea dashed impetuously on the rocky shore below; and constant showers of wind-driven rain streamed down the windows like passionate tears. It was impossible to go out in such weather, still more impossible, I told myself, to indulge in a long conversational duet with Sir Owen. Yet the latter alternative seemed destined to be my fate; for I could scarcely, with any pretence of courtesy, retire to my room and leave him to his own devices. Moreover, he showed very plainly that he had not the

slightest intention of entertaining himself. Indeed, directly we rose from the luncheon table, as if divining my desire to escape, he said, "Will you take pity on me, Miss Desmond? I have never properly seen the picture gallery, and I should be sincerely grateful if you would act as my guide. Good heavens!" throwing back his head with one of his peculiarly awkward gestures, "what an utterly dismal place this must be in winter. I wonder Eustace is not bored to extinction. I should positively die of dullness in a week!"

"Possibly," I returned, my temper rising, as it always did, at the insufferable superiority of his tone—"but then, you see, Sir Owen, you and my guardian are very different in your tastes, and Lord Rossall has many duties and many interests to occupy his time. I can assure you he never spends an idle moment."

"He is fortunate in having such a champion," murmured Sir Owen with a smile that somehow made the words seem like a sneer; while I led the way in silence to our destination. Once there I endeavored to confine my conversation entirely to the matter in hand. By this time I knew each picture and its history by heart. But I purposely avoided any reference to the Eustace temper; and it was with far from pleasurable feelings that I heard Sir Owen allude to it.

"Ah, that is the late Lord, I see, and an excellent likeness, too," he said, pausing before the portrait of Eustace's father. "A curious countenance and a still more curious character. He bears the look of destiny on his brow, don't you think so, Miss Desmond? For myself, I can read the 'Doom of Rossall' plainly there. As a matter of fact, he possessed the fine old family temper to a quite extraordinary extent. He might, and did, choose to ignore and despise ancient superstition. But he certainly did not belie his name, for a more jealous man never existed; and with his silent self-contained nature it developed into a perfect monomania."

"Really? I have never spoken to my guardian of his father," I said as repressively as I could.

"My dear Miss Desmond, I fully appreciate your delicacy of feeling; but, believe me, you need have no hesitation in discussing the subject, painful though it is. All the world knows that the late Lord's insane jealousy was the cause of his wife's accident and his only brother's death."

"Oh, surely not," I cried, startled out of my usual reserve by such a totally unexpected statement.

"Were you not aware of the fact? No? Well, it came about in this way: Lady Rossall was driving with her husband's brother when my lord came riding up. Something had occurred—some slight carelessness on the part of one of his grooms, or possibly an even more

trivial matter—to rouse the fatal Eustace temper, and when he saw his wife and brother conversing pleasantly together, his unreasonable wrath found vent. He ordered Lady Rossall to return home immediately; and when she hesitated, overwhelmed with surprise at the unexpected outburst, he seized the ponies' heads—they were very spirited—and a moment later, the little carriage was rocking and swaying down that steep hill behind the castle. The animals, blind with terror, had got completely beyond control. Lady Rossall and her brother-in-law were both thrown out. The latter never regained consciousness, and the former only recovered to become, what you see her—an invalid for life."

"How awful," I said.

"Yes; it certainly seemed a most unlooked for piece of retribution. The brother had been a widower for many years; but there was a son, and to this son Lady Rossall devoted herself with all a mother's affection. I have never met him, but I am told he is intelligent and clever—a deep thinker,' his aunt calls him; and though, of course, she is by no means an unprejudiced judge, I should imagine he must have a certain amount of wit and superficial learning, being half an Irishman."

"Thank you," I returned scornfully, "you are really too large-minded; I am wholly Irish myself, and I feel deeply grateful for your high opinion of my countrymen."

"Forgive me, Miss Desmond; I had no intention of wounding you."

"Oh, please don't apologize," I said. "You did not hurt me in the very least. Why, there is my guardian," and I hastened down the long gallery to meet him, only too glad to escape from my undesired companion. Sir Owen's story, however, had remained firmly impressed upon my memory, and it helped to invest the expected cousin with a sort of painful interest.

As eight o'clock struck, I stood before the glass in my room thoughtfully surveying my own reflection. The long mirror showed me a slight girl, not much above middle height, dressed all in white, with masses of wavy, dark hair; a small, pale, oval face, and serious, rather sad, grey eyes. I know I have many faults, but I think I can honestly say that personal vanity is not one of them, and I wondered—while I stuck some white roses into the exquisitely wrought silver belt which had been among Lady Rossall's birthday gifts—whether the new arrival would be as much surprised as I was at his cousin's choice.

Again the day was sinking gloriously to its rest. Crimson and gold and azure blent in one harmonious whole, and over the sea rose

"Rich cloud masses dyed the violet's hue,  
With amber sunbeams, dropping swiftly  
through."

Yet, despite the brilliant beauty of the scene, there was a weird wildness about it, a suggestion of coming change. Even in the restless sound of the deep, as it "moaned round with many voices," there lingered the hint of a rising storm.

I walked slowly down the corridor at the end of which was a large window also overlooking the sea. I often paused there to watch the gulls poising gracefully above the water or gleaming starlike against the gloom of a thunderous sky. To-night, however, to my surprise, I found that my place was already occupied. A young man stood leaning against the heavy mullion, contemplating the view with appreciative eyes. Something in the pose of the figure or the carriage of the head—or perhaps both—seemed not wholly unfamiliar. My heart began to beat fast with a strange mingling of hope and fear, pleasure and regret. Involuntarily I quickened my steps, and the next moment found myself face to face with Rex Fortescue!

"Miss Desmond, you here!" he cried in tones of unfeigned surprise. And was it my fancy, or did a look of gladness spring into his eyes?

"Yes;" I said as calmly as I could, "had you not expected to see me?"

"No, indeed; Eustace and I are very bad correspondents. I have not received a line from him for months; and though, of course, I heard long since from Aunt Mildred of your arrival, somehow I never connected the Miss Desmond, my cousin's ward, with the Miss Desmond I met at Grünberg—or rather on the lake near Grünberg, a year ago—"

"And I—" I said—"never dreamt for a moment that you—but—" breaking off suddenly—"how is it that you are not among the family portraits?"

"Because I have never thought it worth any artist's time or trouble to paint me," he returned in the pleasantest tones that thrilled me with agreeable memories and vague regrets.

His face was unchanged. Its nobility and strength of purpose struck me even more forcibly than before; and I felt a sense of peace and security as I stood beside him, looking out upon the familiar scene.

"Well, we have met again, after all, you see," he said, adding half to himself, "and you are engaged to my cousin. I had not heard of it till to-day, when Eustace asked me for my congratulations. I think he is a remarkably lucky fellow, Miss Desmond."

"Thank you," I answered, feeling painfully tongue-tied and ineffectual. In truth, a dumb spirit seemed to have taken possession of me, and though I hated myself for not being able to frame some more suitable reply, I could not do it. However, the gong sounded most opportunely and we went downstairs together.

(To Be Continued)





# Missions

## A MISSION SCHOOL AND ITS NEEDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**T**HE month of July should be especially dear to all the members of the St. Francis Solano Mission Association, for July 24 we celebrate the feast of our heavenly patron, St. Francis Solano.

St. Francis Solano was born in Montilla, Spain, March 10, 1549. At the age of twenty he entered the Franciscan Order, and soon after his ordination to the priesthood, he expressed his desire to preach to the Mussulmans in Africa and there, if possible, gain the martyr's crown. But divine Providence had designed him for a greater mission in America. In 1589, his superiors sent him to the distant Indian missions in Peru, South America. There St. Solano exercised his sacred ministry for twenty years with such zeal and success that he is styled the Patron of Peru and the Wonder-worker of the New World. On the feast of St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, to whom he was tenderly devoted, July 14, 1610, when the convent bell announced the elevation at holy Mass, St. Solano breathed forth his spotless soul, repeating his favorite little prayer, "Glory be to God"! He was solemnly canonized by Pope Benedict XIII in 1726.

This is a very brief sketch of the long life and great work of this wonderful missionary who brought so many countless souls into the Fold of Christ; who even after his death continues his apostolic labors as the special patron of all the Franciscan missions, and who by his prayers and merits assists the missionaries of our own day in their endeavors to gain souls for Christ. Hence, the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province did not have to seek long for a patron when they established their Mission Association, and we must say that a more happy choice could not have been made. From the very beginning of the enterprise, St. Francis Solano has shown himself our powerful advocate by obtaining for the Association the cordial approbation of the highest Church dignitaries in the country; namely, that of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, and that of his Eminence

Cardinal Gibbons. Moreover, the Most Reverend Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., J. J. Glennon, and the Right Reverend Bishop of Alton, James Ryan, have also heartily approved the society. With the approbation and God-speed of such men the Mission Association at once found favor with the faithful throughout the land.

Lest some should forget the great spiritual benefits enjoyed by the members of the Association, I shall briefly recount them here.

1. A special Mass is said for the members each week.

2. The members participate as benefactors in more than three hundred Masses said every month by the Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province.

3. They share in all the prayers and good works of the missionary Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and their charges, benefited by this Association.

N. B. It is well to remark here that members of the Association may apply their share in these Masses and good works to others, living or deceased, merely by making the intention to do so.

4. Members may gain an indulgence of one hundred days every time they recite three Hail Marys and contribute to the support of the missions either through an alms, or through work for the missions, or by encouraging others to these good works.

5. They may gain a Plenary Indulgence three times a year, viz., on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier, or on any day within the octave of these feasts. The conditions are: Confession, Communion, and prayers for the intention of the Pope.

The conditions of membership are very easy. Adults must subscribe yearly to FRANCISCAN HERALD, the official organ of the Association, and contribute an annual alms (no definite amount is specified) to the work of the Association. For members of the same family *one subscription and one alms* is sufficient.

At the earnest request of a number of priests, a new section of the Association was recently formed thus enabling children, whose parents do not subscribe to the HERALD, to become members of the Association. The conditions are that they assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion once a year, and give an annual donation of 10 cents for the benefit of the missions. It is the intention that this annual Mass be attended and the Holy Communion received by all the children members of a parish in a body. This is, however, not obligatory, and the children may offer up any Mass and Holy Communion they please for the welfare of the Association.

One of the reasons adduced by the priests who urged the forming of the Children's Mission Section was that a great portion of the *time* of our present day missionaries among the Indians is devoted to the instruction of Indian children. Once the children are gained for the Faith, it is not nearly so difficult to win over the parents. In former talks, I have given you a faint idea of what our Fathers are achieving for the Indian children in the Arizona Missions. To-day I am going to devote all my space to but one of these schools, the big mission school of St. John's in the Desert of Komatke, near Phoenix. One of the missionaries at this school writes about it as follows:

"We have among the Pima and Papago Indians in southwestern Arizona a large boarding school with an enrollment of 360 pupils. Like the Government schools, we have what

is known as the half-day system; that is, class work in the morning and industrial training in the afternoon. Thus there are gardeners, carpenters, plasterers, painters, butchers, cobblers, machinists, wood-sawyers and choppers, etc., among the boys alone. The girls are occupied by the Sisters in learning the arts and sciences suitable to their sex and condition."

Have you any idea, gentle reader, what it costs to run an establishment of this kind in the wilds of Arizona? Just listen further to the touching letter of Rev. Fr. Antonine, the superior of the school:

"Our actual annual expense for running the school is about \$45,000. This sum, however, is not even sufficient, and we must deny ourselves many useful and even necessary things in order not to run into debt. Government schools of the same size receive appropriations twice as large, besides the generous income from *their* large and fertile and well-cultivated farm lands. The number of our employees is altogether insufficient for our needs, because the

means to hire more are not at hand. One Father has charge of all the boys during the industrial training period. Just imagine this one Father superintending about seventy-five boys engaged in a dozen or more occupations! It is physically impossible for him to do justice to the children, and they are thus considerably handicapped in learning their respective trades. If we had a salary fund with which to employ some laymen to aid us in the industrial training of our wards, our schools could more readily compete with the Government schools,



St. Francis Solano, Patron of Indian Missions.

which, while training the mind and the body, leave the soul barren and unfruitful. Thirty-five miles southeast of us is the Sacaton Pima School, a Government institution not so large as our mission school, and it employs about thirty men and women. I may mention, in passing, that under the existing circumstances, owing to the lack of sufficient lay help, the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters are ruining their health and shortening their lives.

"Another thing that our mission sorely needs is a physician and hospital fund. A good physician, a children's specialist, visits our school twice a week regularly and in case of dangerous illness he comes daily if necessary. Phoenix is his home *seventeen miles away*. Hence he has to travel *only thirty-four miles every time he makes the trip!* Moreover, the doctor spends considerable time examining our children. All are examined closely to learn whether any has symptoms of incipient tuberculosis. This fearful plague of the Arizona Indians robs us annually of about fifteen of our little ones. Our physician is doing his utmost to reduce the mortality rate, but as we haven't the money to supply the children with the food that all doctors say we must give them to fight off tuberculosis—namely, plenty of milk and eggs—his best efforts will hardly meet with the desired result. This good man does not ask for regular pay. He answered an emergency call about a year ago at the mission and, seeing our distressing circumstances and the need we had of regular and medical attendance, gen-

erously offered his service provided we could in some way remunerate him for the expenses incurred by his trips. The hospital Sisters, too, at Phoenix have carefully nursed at least twelve of our children, some of them for quite a long time, and have thus earned our deepest gratitude. But we are unable, for lack of funds, to repay them for their generous charity, much as we should like to do."

Among those who will read these lines there may be many a father and many a mother whose darling child is lying abed racked with fever or wasting away from some dire illness, but who are able to give it all the care known to modern medical science. And are you not moved, my friends, by hearing the sad tale of these children of the desert on whom that dread specter, tuberculosis, had laid his wasting hand, and who, though under the care of solicitous priests and loving nuns, must needs, for the lack of sufficient funds, forego much that would render their illness less painful and their condition less pitiful? Ah, indeed, I am sure your hearts will go out to them in generous pity. Listen to their appeal for help, place your alms for their physician's fund in their wizened, outstretched hands, and hear their hearty "God reward you, God reward you"! As I mentioned in one of my former talks, the entire hope of our missionaries for the Arizona Indians rests on their schools. And Fr. Antonine assures us that without the alms of the faithful it is impossible for them to have the services of a regular doctor, and without a doc-



Sodality of the Blessed Virgin at St. John's Mission School.

tor their school will be a failure, and if the school fails, their missionary labors will be all in vain. A special Mass is said at the mission every week for those who aid them with an alms, while the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters, laboring at this mission school, twenty in all, make their benefactors share in their prayers and good works, not to mention the countless prayers and Holy Communion offered

for the friends and helpers of the mission by the three hundred and sixty Indian children living there. I trust, my dear mission associates, that you will not turn a deaf ear to their pleadings. You have generously heeded the cry of the famished children of far-off Europe. Will you be less mindful of hungry mouths and pinched limbs because the sufferers are at your very door, right here in our own country?

## THE MISSIONARY'S BETHANY

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

ANGELINE GORDON, a half-breed woman, who had been Fr. Verwyst's faithful housekeeper, returned to Bayfield, November 4, 1887, and so we two Fathers were alone. What was to be done? To do the cooking and housekeeping ourselves, was a difficult task, and to do without eating would have been a bit too angelic. In this difficulty, Vincent Roy, his wife Elizabeth ("Lizzie"), and her sister Mary came to our relief. This noble Indian family provided for all our wants and wishes. They brought breakfast to the priests' house every morning and did the general housework. Dinner and supper were served at the residence of Mr. Roy.

Dear reader, you have read in the sacred Scriptures of the house of Bethany whither Our Lord retired at times after the labor and fatigue of the day, where Martha was busy about much service and where Mary sat at the Master's feet listening to the word of life. The same can be said of the Roy home. There "Lizzie," the elder sister and industrious Martha, looked after the cooking and general housework, while Mary waited on the Fathers. Being of a quiet and timid disposition, she would take pleasure in listening to the stories, sometimes pious and sometimes humorous, related by the genial Fr. Verwyst.

Almost the entire family would assist daily at 6 o'clock Mass, rain or shine. Antoine Cournoyer, the father of the two women, lived on his farm about three miles from the church, in what was called "Upper Town," where the electric plant now stands. Antoine fell suddenly ill one day with an epileptic fit. I had attended him in his sickness, when one evening, the thought struck me, to visit old Mr. Cournoyer. Coming up stairs to the sick man I saw at once that he was dying. I quickly called his wife and daughters, the two Roys, and in their presence the pious man soon passed away. In their first sorrow, they wept like Mary and Martha when Lazarus died; but soon they poured out their heartfelt thanks to God, who had been so good as to call the priest unexpectedly.

The next morning at 6 o'clock, the two women were present at Holy Mass as usual—just as if nothing extraordinary had happened—walking the three miles! Also the aged mothers of Mr. Roy and of Lizzie and Mary would generally join in the visits to Mass whenever they were at the home of "Kitchi Besan," as Roy's home was called. That was truly a Christian home, a God-fearing home.

O, how pleasing it would be to God, how meritorious to our people, if they would imitate the edifying example of these Indians in their "Bethany" home of Superior! The faith and simplicity of these devout people had the character of the faith and love of St. Francis, to whose Third Order they belonged. One day, Mary, who was frail and sickly, could not go to church for Benediction; Elizabeth had to go alone. While in church, she conceived the pious idea of carrying home to her sister something that had been near Our Blessed Lord in His Eucharistic Home. So, making a genuflection on leaving the church, she naively opened the folds of her cloak to inclose some of the incense smoke, and on arriving at the bedside of her sister she opened her cloak as if to let it out.

All the members of the Roy household belonged to the Third Order of St. Francis and were worthy children of the Seraphic Father. When, later, the Fathers had their own housekeeper again, these pious and charitable women continued their hospitality toward the missionaries. Every week a little hand wagon was laden with bread, pies, jelly, and other eatables and hauled to the priests' house. The parents of Mr. and Mrs. Roy passed away after a ripe old age spent in the service of God, and Vincent and his devoted wife departed this life after a long and painful illness. Mary alone is yet alive, spending the remainder of her days in St. Francis Hospital in Superior, Wis. Like her namesake in the Gospel, she spends her time sitting at the feet of the Master. Her room is just opposite the chapel, where she can easily slip in at any hour of the day and hold sweet converse with Him.

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XX

*Disputed Points—Don Juan de Onate Resigns—Don Pedro de Peralta Appointed Governor—Soldiers Granted—His Instructions—To Treat Indians Kindly—To Establish an Incorporated Town—Regulations Therefor—Lands Assigned—Conclusions*

IT has already been stated that in 1608 a governor was appointed to succeed Don Juan de Oñate, and that a new custos or superior for the Franciscans was sent to replace Fr. Escobar. About their arrival and about the departure of Oñate all historians thus far have been at sea. Intimately connected therewith is the question about the beginning of Sante Fe, the capital of the territory. No conclusive evidence has thus far been offered that determines the date of the founding. The following documents, transcribed for the writer from the originals in the priceless *E. E. Ayer Collection* at the Newberry Library, Chicago, will go far to settle the disputed points. The first concerns the resignation of Don Juan de Oñate, and reads as follows:

“Don Phelipe by the Grace of God King of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, etc. Inasmuch as Don Juan de Oñate in the year 1607 has resigned the office of governor of the Provinces of New Mexico, and this resignation with other papers having been presented to Don Luis de Velasco, Knight of the Order of Santiago, my Viceroy, and Captain-General of New Spain, and President of my Royal Audience and Chancery who resides there, and he (Oñate) having resolved to leave and abandon that presidio with all the Spanish people that he has, unless within a certain time by my said viceroy be sent him new orders and certain aid he solicited, the said resignation was accepted, but he was ordered not to abandon the said provinces and presidio while I was being consulted and by me other measures had been provided and ordered. At the beginning of the past year of 1608 some soldiers and religious of the Order of St. Francis were sent to him, also provisions and other goods were provided for him at the expense of my Royal Treasury in order to encourage and cheer him. During this delay in time, my said viceroy advised me of said resignation and of the intentions of said Don Juan de Oñate, to whom I ordered a reply given by a decree of mine that in his place a person should be provided who appeared suitable and capable, in order that those settle-

ments and the people who there had been converted to our holy Faith might be preserved and advanced. On this occasion, some religious of said Order of St. Francis arrived in New Spain (Mexico) with the news and reports that more than 7000 souls had been converted to our holy Catholic Faith and were under instruction, and that on this account the Spaniards and the other religious who labored in that country were so much encouraged that they intended settling and founding a Villa; but as the said Don Juan de Oñate was still bound to leave from there and in accordance with this to return and to report on the resignation of said charge to my said viceroy, the licentiate Thomas Spinoza de la Plaza and Don Francisco de Leon, my fiscals in said Royal Audiencia presented papers accepting said resignation, and asking that another person be named in his stead, in conformity with what was thus ordered and disposed by my said decree. My said viceroy then, in order to take in this matter the resolution that might be most expedient for my service, held a few meetings with the Licentiate Pedro de Otolora, Diego Nuñez Morquecho, and Dr. Juan Quesada de Figueroa, judges of my said Royal Audiencia, named for questions touching New Mexico, from which resulted two decrees of the following tenor:

“Decree. In the City of Mexico on the 29th day of the month of January, 1609, His Excellency Don Luis de Velasco, etc., Captain-General of New Spain and President of the Royal Audiencia and Chancery residing there, having seen with the Licentiate Don Pedro de Otolora, Diego Nuñez Morquecho, and Dr. Juan Quesada de Figueroa, judges of the Royal Audiencia, the digest of the account of the expedition to New Mexico, letters, informations and descriptions, which recently were brought from that country by Fr. Isidro Ordoñez of the Order of St. Francis. Captain Gerónimo Marquez, and Juan Gutiérrez de Bocanegra, procurator general thereof, have said that, considering the state of things in that country and the converts to the Faith there, it was resolved

and determined that in conformity with what His Majesty has commanded by one of his Royal Decrees, dated Madrid, June 17, 1606, said population should be continued in the state in which it is without regard to a new expedition until, His Majesty having been consulted, it be expedient to order what may be proper for the conservation and progress and perpetuity of that country; and that for the defense of the missionaries, who may labor for the conversion of the natives and for the preservation of the converts, there should be a governor and fifty settlers provided with the necessary arms for said defense, who shall be compensated in conformity with the quality and the services of each one, and the Indians who may have to be apportioned in conformity with the instructions which for that purpose the said governor will bear with him, which must be done without prejudice to the apportionment made by Governor Don Juan de Oñate in virtue of agreement made with him; and inasmuch as in conformity with the reports that exist about the settlers who are in that country, who are seventy persons in number, thirty of whom may be able to bear arms, in order that said number of fifty soldiers may be completed, it is resolved and commanded that there be fitted out twelve soldiers, two more or less, as His Excellency may choose, with a salary customarily paid for one year, and that likewise be sent the arms that might be necessary to arm ten other soldiers from the said settlers, who may be more useful on occasion, all at the account of the Royal Treasury; and that likewise for the purpose contained in the said Royal Decree for the conversion and preservation of the natives six religious priests and two lay brothers shall be sent, and they shall be given from the Royal Treasury what is necessary for their journey; and for the other things that might be necessary to provide all remains at the disposition of His Excellency in order that in conformity with the necessity he provide what is expedient. Thus have commanded that it be executed Don Luis de Velasco, the Licentiate Diego Nuñez Morquecho and Dr. Juan Queseda de Figueroa. Before me, Alonso Pardo."

The other Auto or Decree of the Viceroy reads thus: "In the City of Mexico on the 29th day of January, 1609, His Excellency Don Luis de Velasco, etc., Captain-General in this New Spain, and President of the Royal Audiencia and Chancery who resides there, with the knowledge and consent of the Licentiate Don Pedro de Otolora, Diego Nuñez Morquecho, and

Dr. Juan Queseda de Figuero, Oidores of this Real Audience, assigned for the affairs touching the people of New Mexico, says that he gave and has given permission to Don Juan de Oñate, governor of those provinces, so that with his son he might come to this court because he had so petitioned his letters, and likewise by his agents in his behalf, so that he having come, his claims may be discussed according to which he must be compensated for the services which for his Majesty he has performed on this expedition. In his place it is resolved and provided that His Excellency name a governor with the salary that may appear to him fair. Thus it was commanded to be noted down by decree of Don Luis de Velasco, the Licentiate Don Pedro de Otolora, the Licentiate Diego Nuñez Morquecho, the Dr. Juan Queseda de Figueroa, before me, Alonso Pardo.

"Wherefore, in accordance with said Autos of those mentioned before, relying on the character and fitness of the person of yourself, Don Pedro de Peralta, and on the services you have done and I hope you will do in accord with my said viceroy, I herewith elect, name and designate you as my governor and captain-general of the said provinces of New Mexico, so that as such you may rule and govern instead of said Don Juan de Oñate for the term that may be my will and that my said viceroy, in my name procuring for their population increase and conservation; and that the native Indians thereof be settled and live in peace, and having been converted to our holy Catholic Faith may be maintained and protected in justice and good instruction by disposing and regulating everything else in said provinces as may be best for God's service and mine, preventing volunteer excursions against the Indians who might not be friendly, permitting that only the religious visit them, who should desire to go out in apostolic fashion to found and plant our holy Faith in such a way that there be sufficient missionaries for those who are at present at peace.

"Furthermore you will in as brief a time as possible proceed to the execution of the founding and settling of the Villa which is planned, in order that a commencement may be made to have and to live in some kind of orderly settlement; and as there are at your service and orders all such persons being and living in said provinces, as were under said Don Juan de Oñate, whom I command to obey you and comply with your commands, and to assist you whenever it may be necessary and you call

them, unless penalties which you may inflict and execute as on the rebels and the disobedient, etc. I assign you as salary for each year . . . . ., which is to be counted from the day on which by the testimony of the scribe it is certain that you have set out from the City of Mexico to prosecute the journey, 2000 pesos in gold, to be paid by my officials of the Royal Treasury, who reside in said City of Mexico . . . so that you may be able to procure what is necessary for so long a journey . . . Given at the City of Mexico on the 30th day of March, 1609. Don Luis de Velasco."

Another decree of King Philip, dated April 7, 1609, directs that "the said Don Juan de Oñate within three months after the notification shall come to the City of Mexico, in order that there it be discussed what compensation his services ought to receive, etc. In case he does not depart from the said country within the said period, etc., then the said Governor Don Pedro de Peralta, etc., shall urge him and shall have him escorted out by a guard, but with great moderation, etc."

On March 5, 1609, Viceroy Velasco allowed Governor Peralta a force of sixteen soldiers, each at a salary of \$450 in gold a year. For the first year this amount was to be paid in advance, so that the men might provide themselves with what was necessary on the long journey. The military men accepted were Ensign Hernando de Ocana, Captain Geronimo Marquez, Captain Pedro Burtada, Captain Manuel Francisco, Ensign Cristobal Lopez, Ensign Francisco Gomez, Ensign Alvaro Garcia, Pedro Ruiz de los Rios, Pedro Lucero, Luis de Herrera, Balthasar de Morales, Juan Rodriguez, Juan de Vitoria, Christobal de las Eras Coronado, Bartolomé de Montoya, and Juan González.

The *Instructions* given to Governor Peralta cover more than seven pages. They direct him to proceed to his destination with as little delay as possible accompanied by the soldiers and religious selected. He is to prevent all disorder, to pay for what is needed on the road, and to permit no ill treatment of Indians. He is to proceed at once to the organization of the Villa<sup>1</sup> to be composed of white settlers. The settlers shall elect four *regidores* or town councilors, and these shall choose two *alcaldes* or magistrates, who are to deal with civil and criminal cases within a circumference of five leagues of the town or Villa. They are to have no jurisdiction over Indians, who are to be ruled by the governor or his lieutenant. The

elections of *alcaldes* and *regidores* are to take place every year. The *regidores* are to choose their successors, and these again the new *alcaldes*. The governor's approval is necessary.

The *alcaldes* and *regidores* of the Villa for a period of thirty years may assign to each settler two plots of land for house and garden, two patches for an orchard, two for a vineyard and an olive grove, and four for the horses. They will provide for the irrigation of the lands. The settlers shall occupy their holdings for ten successive years. If they are absent without-leave, four months in succession, they shall forfeit the land, and it shall be let to another. The governor may also allow a constable and a notary to be chosen.

The *Cabildo*, that is to say the *regidores* and *alcaldes*, may pass ordinances for the government of the Villa with the approval of the governor.

The governor is then instructed how to deal with the Indians, and the viceroy concludes a paragraph thus: "Inasmuch as I have been informed that the collecting of the tribute imposed on those natives is done with harshness and much vexation and molestation to them, the said governor is charged to proceed in this matter in the way best in accord with justice and the relief of the royal conscience."

Furthermore the *Instructions* say: "Inasmuch as it has been understood that said country is inhabited by various nations, and that there are very few people in any one of them who speak various difficult and barbaric languages, . . . the said governor is charged, after consulting with the religious, to carefully dispose that all the Indians, especially children and young people, learn the Spanish language. . . ."

"Before assigning and parceling out the land, the said governor is charged not to permit nor to order any excursion to any other part of the country, because experience has demonstrated that greed has always left much to correct. . . . If any excursion must be made against hostile Indians, he will permit only the religious to proceed, and they will go after the apostolic manner to found and plant our holy Faith, in such a way, however, that those already at peace may not lack necessary instruction. . . . City of Mexico, March 30, 1609.—Don Luis de Velasco."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>*Peralta Documents*, January 29, March 30, March 5, April 7, 1609, E. E. Ayer Collection, Newberry Library, Chicago.

<sup>2</sup>Incorporated or chartered town.

From these documents here published, entire or in part, for the first time in English, it is clear that Oñate resigned in 1607; that his resignation was accepted in January, 1609; that he was told to await the arrival of his successor; that he did not found the Villa of Santa Fe; that Don Pedro de Peralta, the new governor, was directed to establish a Villa, or incorporated town, immediately on his arrival in New Mexico with the seventy men, women and children, then at San Gabriel on the Rio Grande and with the soldiers or settlers accompanying Peralta; that the new governor could not have arrived till late in the summer of 1609; that the Villa could not have been organized till the fall of 1609; and that this Villa, there being no other, must be the City of Santa Fe; but that we are still at sea as

to the exact date of the founding, the ceremonies that took place, and the person who applied the name or ordered it applied.

Read's deductions from Posadas are, therefore, not to the point, even if Posadas is accepted as an authority, since he says merely that Oñate "discovered" Santa Fe. Barreiro is even less conclusive, for he says that the new governor, provided in 1608, "resides at the Villa of Santa Fe," which was true as soon as Peralta arrived, and he could not have reached New Mexico till 1609, as stated. Peralta founded, as he was commanded, the Villa and resided there. <sup>3</sup>Nor was it King Philip II, who in 1602 honored Oñate with title of Adelantado. Philip III began his reign in 1598.

<sup>3</sup>Read, *Illustrated History*, 246-247.

## The Mendicants

The little dusty sparrows that wear a dress of brown,  
 Are little dusty friars in dusty sandals shod.  
 They rise before the sun is up; and when the sun goes down,  
 They sing a vesper-service to the glory of their God.

In the golden time of yesterday, the days of long ago,  
 The good St. Francis gathered the little eager birds  
 Around his feet and preached to them and taught them all they know,  
 And still they treasure faithfully the memory of his words.

We hear them hymn their Maker from their cloister in the trees  
 With ringing allelujas or penitential chant.  
 They beg upon our doorsteps, as their Rule of Life decrees,  
 For they are of the Order of the Friars Mendicant!

Oh, see that you refuse them not, the children of his care,  
 Who was himself a dusty friar in dusty sandals shod;  
 The chattering birds may lift their hearts to dizzy heights of prayer,  
 For the blessed Francis loved them and spoke to them of God.

—BLANCHE WEITBREC.





# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## SOMEONE AND SOMEONE ELSE

**T**HIS little story is not about you, of course—just Someone Else.

Someone, perhaps it was mother or sister, coming down to the monotonous task of preparing breakfast, recalled suddenly that Someone Else might find her task in the office or the shop monotonous, too; that fired Someone with a wish to start the day with something unexpected and pleasant. The morning-glories on the back porch laughed back and said, "Just the thing! Let us help." So Someone carried out a little table to the back porch, got out one of her spotless luncheon cloths, laid the places as for company, gathered flowers for a centerpiece, opened her last jar of blackberry jam, and put a generous "helping" of it in one of her treasured cut glass dishes. Then she flew to the kitchen. Luck was with her; the biscuits came light and flaky from the oven, and the bacon showed a golden brown, flanking the eggs poached just as Someone Else likes them. The butter was firm, the cream sweet and thick, and the fruit was served in one of the company plates. Someone was decidedly pleased with the appearance of that breakfast table, and the morning-glories were delighted.

What did Someone Else do, coming down and seeing what had been done to start her day right? Did she fling her arms about Someone's neck and say there was not such another in the world? Did she even speak a word of commendation? Ah, me! if she only had, instead of her querulous: "What on earth did you go to all this trouble for? You must love work, getting out all those dishes. I don't want anything to eat; I'm too dog-tired. I don't see why I have to work so hard when others have it so easy. I'm sick of it all."

Just why, I wonder, did Someone suddenly remember that she was needed upstairs or in the kitchen. Why was there a suspicious redness in her eyes when she returned? You were half through your breakfast then—of course I mean Someone Else was—and feeling bet-

ter, sorry for what you had said. But, O, my dear! your words of appreciation came too late. You had broken the wings of Someone's joy, shattered Someone's delight. When you had gone, and in your work had forgotten, she carried away the dishes and folded the luncheon cloth, as one to whom the day had grown again monotonous. Even the morning-glories could not make her see their message of cheer. But when the inevitable day comes and the hands that always served you so willing are folded and Someone goes away not to come back ever again, O, you will remember then, and you will never be able to look calmly at a morning-glory again!

I wonder why it is we treat our own so badly. If a stranger or an acquaintance does us a service, we are profuse in our thanks, we cherish the memory of it, and tell ourselves there is a lot of kindness in this old world after all. But our own serve us day in and day out, plan for us, never think any labor for us hard, and we take it as a matter of course, when we do not growl because of some flaw we can detect.

"God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world," sings the poet, and sings truly. It is only you and I who are wrong, and we are wrong because we are selfish, and we are selfish because we are ignorant. There never was a wiser man than St. Francis of Assisi, although the palm for wisdom usually goes to King Solomon. It was not "I" but "we" with St. Francis, and that "we" embraced every living creature. St. Francis could not hurt anyone or anything. Can you imagine that Prince of courtesy being ungrateful for the smallest service? Can you imagine even a dog running to him with a bark of welcome and receiving a rebuff?

The wrong—that is, the wrong in our own particular world—is of our own making largely, and is owing to unkindness, the fruit of the tree of selfishness, whose root is ignorance. And as we can not hurt without being hurt ourselves, we suffer now or at some other

time for our unkindness. Wise men recognize that the "law runneth forward and back," and, as St. Paul says, we are all members of one body, and when one part is injured the rest suffers.

Suppose you were to try to readjust the wrong in your own little world. Would not what the poet sings of be true for you?

### MIDSUMMER AND VACATION

THE summer vacation has a wide appeal. Several correspondents, mindful thereof, have favored me with letters on this interesting topic, and I give them the place this month of the customary chat. I should be glad if other readers would come to the Home Department to discuss matters of interest to women and girls. We are friendly folks in this home circle; besides, others would enjoy hearing what you have to relate.

A young woman whose work brings her into close touch with the dwellers in the congested districts of a city wrote to me:

"Vacation has its special problems for the mother. What to do with the children during the day and carry on the duties of the home, baffles the conscientious woman who knows that the efforts of herself and the teacher for the child during the school year may be impaired or lost in the few weeks of vacation. Time was when the admonition to keep the child at home might be heeded; but in the modern city home no provision has been made for the child, in its waking hours at least. It has only the street or the public playground. In the hope of remedying the situation, some parochial schools maintain a few classes during the vacation months and encourage the children to attend them and make use of the playgrounds the remainder of the day.

"Any one who travels about a city must wonder why the doors of schoolhouses and the gates of the playgrounds are locked, while the children are forced to play in the dirty streets or languish in hot rooms. We should turn them loose in those cool, deserted rooms, place those yards at their disposal from morning to night. The Young Ladies' Sodality ought to be able to supply a corps of volunteers to maintain order. What a relief it would be for the mother, sorely pressed for time and finding her usual duties more irksome because of the heat, to know that the children were enjoying themselves and at the same time were safeguarded! The hour of rest she might obtain for herself in the afternoon would not

be disturbed by fears for the children. She would resume her work refreshed, and the other toilers at the close of day would come home to find its atmosphere clear and refreshing—a solace surely after hours of labor."

On this subject of vacation for the mother and child, another correspondent wrote:

"I do not know if every mother dreads the thought of vacation as I used to dread it. I could not afford a house with a yard and I never knew a moment's peace with my two children in the street. One day a solution offered itself to me, but I hesitated to act on it, as it seemed to require some neglect of my household duties. As I was torturing myself one day about the children, while I slaved over the ironing board, I asked which were of more value, my own peace of mind and the children's welfare or polishing already clean windows and ironing wash rags. I then knew I should follow my impulse, and for the first time in the history of that clothes basket there began an assortment of articles for the iron. The rest were hung up to dry, folded smoothly, and laid away unironed.

"The next morning I packed a lunch basket and with a novel for myself, a story-book and a few toys for the children, they and I set out for a woods, with a brook running through, at the end of a trolley line. We had eight full hours of fresh air and sunshine. The children were so tired that they fell asleep at the supper table instead of teasing to be allowed to run out after dark. On many a Saturday afternoon, my husband joined us in our sylvan retreat. Three and sometimes four days of every week saw us there.

"One day we had a call from the owner of the wood who had heard of us and probably expected to find squatters on his land. Before he left, he invited us over to see his wife. The next time a rain came up, we went to the farmhouse instead of seeking refuge, as on other occasions, under the trees. Since then, things have improved for me. We have our own home and a large yard where the children can play without danger to their lives and morals. Not a little of the change I attribute to the vacations I took with the children in the wood. I learned to let the non-essentials go; I learned that it is better for my husband and children and home to be a strong, healthy, and happy woman than a faultless housekeeper, with nerves worn to a frazzle; that it is better to keep my children safe physically and morally than send them out twice a day in freshly laundered clothes;

that the health and happiness of a family are not dependent, in the long run, on hours spent over a cook-stove."

Then there is this interesting communication from one of our girl readers:

"During the war, I learned to drive an automobile and I was always wanting to make use of my knowledge, when peace sent me back to the typewriter. The unexpected does occasionally happen. A cousin was called out of town and let me have the use of his machine. I lay awake many an hour planning a vacation for mother and me. Of course, mother did not want to go and father's voice lacked warmth as he urged her to go. (Father still thinks it must be a dream that I drove a car for the Red Cross), but my brother-in-law brushed all their objections aside and insisted that she go.

"We had all kinds of disagreements and near-rows before we finally started. Mother wanted to stock up as if we were taking a desert trail; my cousin was as worried about clothes as if she were going to a reception at every town where we stopped; the boys did not see how they could get along without their balls and bats. After a few miles had been covered safely, mother and Cousin Evelyn conquered their fears and did not object when I began to burn up the trail. At noon we stopped at the side of the road and had luncheon. We rolled into the town where we were to spend the night according to schedule. Next morning we were up and in the country before the dew was gone.

"The roses began to show in mother's cheeks and the boys were almost unmanageable, when we ended our several days' tour. It is wonderful all the things mother stored up in her mind on that trip. Every once in a while she will recall something new—and somehow she always seems to remember those things when I am feeling a little down-hearted. I am fully convinced that no matter how your vacation is spent or where, the best person you can have with you is your mother. As for my vacation, I like to spend it on the open road."

### AS IN A BUILDING

Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation

All would be wanting, so in human life  
Each action rests on the foregoing event,

That made it possible, but is forgotten  
And buried in the earth.

—LONGFELLOW.

### HOW TO SAVE MONEY

**P**UT these questions on a card in your pocket-book and when you go shopping study them:

Do I really need the article?

Is the price asked much in excess of what I think the article is really worth?

Could I get the article somewhere else at a lower price?

Have these people something at a lower price which would serve the purpose equally as well?

Am I purchasing an article which in style, good taste, and quality is destined to last?

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**C**ONVENT GIRL, Denver.—Nothing higher can come to one than to be called by God to serve Him in a special manner, and persons who disregard this call are rarely happy; at least, such has been my observation. But in a matter so important, you must go to your confessor for guidance. The foreign mission field needs workers and so does the mission fields at home. When you decide, act. Do not spend the best years of your life considering your vocation and making up your mind to enter on it. In God's work, as in man's work, there is no place for the dawdler. If you are going to become a nun, become one and a good one.

**UNDECIDED GIRL, Cleveland.**—You write that you can complete your high school course, and you are undecided whether to do that or take up a business course and fit yourself immediately for a stenographer. Among your acquaintances in the business world, who are commanding the larger salaries, filling the more important positions? The men or women of education or those with only knowledge enough to "get by?" The business world is overcrowded with incompetent stenographers who become bewildered by a word of three syllables. Be glad that you have the opportunity to complete your high school course. Acquire all the knowledge you can and when you are finally in the position you seek, keep on studying. Remember that knowledge is power.

**ELVENTH HOUR.**—To obtain information regarding requirements for admission to the Order of Poor Clares you should apply to their monastery at Fifty-third and Laflin streets, Chicago.

## FRA DEO GRATIAS

Through the green forest, veined with morning light,  
Where Day rose smiling from the arms of Night,

Where breaking dawn and the last parting shade

Enchantment to the raptured vision made,  
And thousand half-heard notes of melody  
Sang soft God's little birds in every tree,  
The good monk Felix passed. His happy heart  
In all the young day's gladness had its part.  
Unto his eyes God's world was very fair;  
Unto his ears each bird-note was a prayer;  
Each leaf that waved a tender flag above  
Leaned down and whispered him of God's dear love;

All things were good, because God made them thus;

And all his cry was—*Deo gratias!*



He knew that Evil in God's world was rife;  
He knew how hard and sad was human life;  
But always saw he Good from Evil grow  
And that from Grief the flower of Joy did blow;

So ever in his heart this world did pass:  
For all His blessings, *Deo gratias!*



So thought and spake he; and so often heard  
Was this his constant and familiar word  
That men forgot to call his truer name,  
And "Deo Gratias!" hailed him as he came.  
The very children, as they stopped to greet,  
Would smile and cry about him in the street,  
Knowing he ever loved to have it thus—  
"Good day, dear Brother Deo Gratias!"



Now on his errand of fair mercy bound,  
He paused him, for an instant, at a sound  
That broke the morning sweetness of the wood  
With meaning all too easy understood.  
Message of strife and hate it carried clear  
To Brother Felix's unwilling ear.

All in a moment, as it seemed, he stood  
Where brother panted for a brother's blood  
Two youthful knights, once comrades leal and kind,

Now enemies, with hatred cruel and blind,  
Each in his hand his sword held firmly grasped—

The hands that once in cordial friendship clasped!



"Who stains the purity of God's young day  
With sin so foul? A brother wouldst thou slay?"

Monk Felix cried, with look that scorched and burned

Deep to each soul, till each in anger turned  
And threatened him, and in their wrath insane  
Knew not his heart beat happily again.

"For if apart I keep them, each from each,  
What care I for the scorning of their speech?"  
So hearkening to their words of bitterness,  
He cried, all joyous—*Deo gratias!*



"Thou fool, begone and cease thy driveling tongue!"

"God's fool am I, and so His praise be sung!  
But ye the devil's. See, he promiseth  
All things, and leads ye to eternal death.  
Fools be with me, and lift your hearts above,  
And praise your Lord and thank Him for His love!

Say *Deo gratias!*—put up your swords  
To praise the grace that lets ye hear my words!"



Lo, at his prayer to God addressed anew,  
God's grace fell swift and sweet as morning dew,

And as the glorious sun rose full in heaven,  
Each brother hand to brother hand was given;  
And on his way did Brother Felix pass  
With blessing and his *Deo gratias!*



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by ELIZABETH ROSE

### THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR NATION

**S**UPPOSE I were to ask you: "On what day did our country become a nation?" You would answer me very promptly: "On the fourth of July, 1776." But did it? There are three different dates that claim the honor.

On July 3, 1776, John Adams, afterwards second President of the United States, wrote to his wife:

"Yesterday, July 2, the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America—a greater, perhaps, will never be decided among men. A resolution was passed 'that these United Colonies are and ought to be free, independent States'—in a few days you will see a Declaration. The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God; and with pomp and parade, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth forevermore."

This is what *he* thought was Independence Day.

The Declaration of which he wrote was formally made on July 4, 1776, says Thomas Jefferson, who drew up that Declaration.

This is what *he* thought was Independence Day.

But all the members of Congress did not sign it on that day, for some of them were

absent. It was ordered that every member should affix his name, and this was not done until August 2, 1776. A new copy was made, and it is on this copy, considered the legal document of the Declaration of Independence (the original is no longer in existence), that the Signers wrote their names, and pledged to one another "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

Now, what do *you* think was Independence Day?

### The Visitation

Sweet Mary on her journey fares—  
Elizabeth has sent her prayers;  
She goes, unheeding fears or cares.  
Magnificat!

The flowers upon the wayside press  
About her feet for their caress,  
Her glance doth thrill, her touch doth bless.  
Magnificat!

Sweet Mary stands within the door;  
Elizabeth bows down before.  
Her heart is glad forevermore.  
Magnificat!

"Blessed art thou who at my word  
Hath come, nor left my prayer unheard,  
Mary, the Mother of the Lord!"  
Magnificat!

### THE BABY REPUBLIC

**O**UR Republic is a great one, indeed; the one real Republic of the earth, we fondly believe; but there are others that, though nothing like so large or so powerful look on themselves with quite as flattering an eye, and hold themselves just as wonderful. I want this month to tell you about one of these, the baby in the family as far as size goes, and yet the oldest of all. It is a

baby, too, that has made some stir in the world, as babies can do. Its name is San Marino, it is situated in the eastern part of Italy, and it was a republic before most of the present countries of the earth were divided as they are now, for it was born—get ready—in the year 403. Its founder was Saint Marinus, whose name it still fondly bears. Never but twice in its long history has it been deprived of its independence, once in 1503 and again in 1739, during civil wars in Italy, but in a few weeks, on both occasions, little San Marino was its own mistress again. No wonder! But a single road led and still leads to it, and that road runs right up a steep rocky mountain peak,

upon the republic's one town sits looking down with the greatest unconcern on all who approach. Even in the present day a military force, though with all the advantages of modern arms, would have a small chance of getting up that rock in safety, and in those days of old the chances were still slimmer, and largely obtained through treachery. Anyhow, San Marino sent its assailants down to the level again, with more loss to the enemy than to it. So it got to be agreed among San Marino's neighbors that the country was to be let alone; in fact, they assured the people they shouldn't be molested any more—which was very fine of them, considering that San Marino was in a splendid position to take care of itself without any one's help.

San Marino possesses about thirty-two square miles of territory, comprising, besides the mountain and town, some additional ground upon which are dotted a few villages. But the town dominates all. It has a castle, a church and a town hall. The government is administered by a Council of sixty members, thirty of whom are nobles—oh, it has its nobles, be sure! The record of the Roman Herald's College stands for the fact that a number of San Marino's families date back in unbroken line for 1000 years. (No one knows whether over here in our republic there was any families at all about that time.) The other half of the Council are peasants, for all are equal in this baby republic, which has been styled the most perfect one in the world. And everyone is a voter, whether up in his A B C's or not. A peculiar feature of the government is that there are two presidents, or governing captains, as they are called, whose terms are for six months only; they can not be re-elected either until three years have elapsed. I suppose they haven't time to quarrel with each other in that short time, although much in the quarreling line can be done in no time at all if the combatants feel in the mood. Still, as there are no records of such disagreements, our two Presidents must get along pretty well, proving that two heads are sometimes better than one. While the governing captains (*Capitani Reggenti*—there's some name for you!) hold office, they do not attend to their own concerns at all. Most of the people are farmers and cattle-raisers, even the nobles, so the other Sammarines or *San Marinensi*, as they are called, attend to things for them—about the only known instance where busying one's self with other people's business is a success.

San Marino has a population of about 11,000, and an army of 1,000 men, who generously offered their assistance to the Allies in the Great war. But, as a rule, it has no use for soldiers, as it is extremely peaceable in disposition, and other governments let it alone. The Emperor Napoleon, who at the beginning of the last century had made himself master of Italy, and was always trying to get hold of what didn't belong to him, respected little San Marino and said: "Let us keep it as a pattern republic." To show his good will, he even sent the people a present of four cannon, which they promptly sent back, with the comment that they had no quarrel with other nations, and no desire to kill any one. Napoleon had both, and his eagles and crowns have gone down in the dust, while San Marino's flag still waves in honor and freedom from the rocky heights.

The English consul of our small republic says that occasionally some of the *San Marinensi* leave home to seek work in other countries, principally as asphalt-layers and organ grinders. If they are not successful and have no money to return, their good little mother sends them \$200 to come home again. Did you ever hear of any other country doing a thing like that? I think the spirit of the saintly founder, Marinus, must linger in the bosom of his San Marino.

## HOW THE ELEPHANT SAVED THE HORSES

NEAR a Virginia town, lately, an accident happened to a freight train to which were attached cars conveying a circus company to another point. One car, full of horses, was overturned, and the helpless animals were prisoners. Some were killed, others badly hurt. The only way to get them out was to remove the top of the car as it lay on its side; but all efforts of the crew proved unavailing to accomplish this. At last a steel cable was brought and put around the obstacle. Then the largest elephant belonging to the circus was hitched to the cable. He seemed to know just what was expected of him, and in a twinkling he had pulled the roof off, with apparently no trouble to himself. Now it was found that a couple of iron girders ran across the opening, and the horses, wild with fright, appeared powerless to make their way between. The elephant, at a word from his trainer, inserted his trunk into the opening, curled it around the nearest horse and lifted him out!

in safety. This action he repeated until every horse was out. Let us hope these recipients of his good offices will not be so ungrateful as to say "Neigh!" if their good friend ever asks for a favor of them in return.

### WHERE DID SHE GO?

"I'm tired of gazing at you, old Earth,"  
Said a star to the world below.  
"I'm weary of all this shining down,  
And I'm going to quit the show.

"If you only knew how mean, old Earth,  
You look to me, and so flat!  
They say you're one of the planets, but now  
You know there's nothing in that.

"Talk about the planets—why, look at me,  
Mine is the sparkle and vim.  
You were never cut out to shine, old Earth,  
Your light is too poor and dim."

"You sure do hold you high," said old Earth;  
"But conceit's sure to get its fall.  
Suppose you trip on the Milky Way,  
And spill sparkle and vim and all?"

"Me!" cried the haughty, insulted star,  
And she swelled with such pride and ire,  
But she burst—and vanished along the sky  
In a stream of fading fire.

"Now why couldn't she, like me, roll on  
Without such bother and stir?  
Well, I'm still here," said placid old Earth,  
"But what has become of her?"

### BEANS AND PHILOSOPHERS

THERE was once an old pagan philosopher named Pythagoras, who took the notion that the souls of certain people got into beans after death. Now what do you think of that? The old fellow believed this so firmly that, according to some people, it cost him his life. Their story is this:

Being a very bright and learned man, his neighbors, not up to his mark, were naturally jealous of him, and after a while they really came to look on him as a magician, because he knew a great many things they didn't and could do many things they couldn't. This jealousy was carried so far that one day a party of them started out with the express intention of killing him. Poor Pythagoras had to run

for his life, and except for his own foolishness, might have escaped; but he came across a bean-field in his flight. With his belief about souls and beans, he couldn't make up his mind to tread upon the beans, so there he stood and waited for his enemies to come up and kill him, which they promptly did. It seems to me he would have been better off with less philosophy and more sense, like some "philosophers" of the present times. Some of unlucky Pythagoras' friends did not share his reverence for beans. One of them said that beans were evil for both soul and body; another accused them of injuring the sight. I wonder what they would have thought if they had known there was going to be a city, Boston, where enough money is paid out for baked beans in one year, it is said, to build two of our big battleships.

### THE SPIDER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

ONE of the most wonderful things in nature is the manner in which birds and animals build and furnish their homes, often giving valuable hints in this regard to their supposedly smarter human brethren. You all have seen a bird's nest, made with such care and skill and patience for the little ones that are to lie in it until their time comes to fly; and who hasn't watched the ants, busy at their delicate houses of sand? Each bird and animal knows how to make itself a home, in its own way, and knows how to protect it, too, except from the human enemy, who will tear a lacy web, trample a little sand-hill or carry off a nest with its darling little eggs inside. Our St. Francis wouldn't stand for that—he was the Big Brother of all these humbler lives that God created.

But of all the architects and builders of the animal kingdom, none, perhaps, is brighter, certainly none more fascinating to watch than the Trap-door Spider. She—our spider is a suffragette—likes heat, and lives only in warm climates. When it is time to make a home for her children, forty at least in number, she turns upon her spider-spouse and sends him adrift, for she will have none but her own ideas used in the job she has on hand, and wants none of his suggestions. When he is quite out of the way, without a possible loophole through which to peep and offer undesired advice, she digs a deep hole. When it is far enough down to suit her, she lines it with a fleecy web of her own spinning, and then starts to make a

door for the new house. This is always situated on a slope of ground, and the door is fastened at one upper corner with a thick cobweb hinge, so that when it is opened it will close of itself. There is still more to be done. Now the little house must be camouflaged so that it will be very hard for an enemy to discover it. So she actually gets fresh moss from around and dabs it all over the web door, that it may be hidden. Her work is well done. Still, when one has forty, at least, little ones to protect, one can't be too careful. If she fears her apartment is discovered, what does she do but tumble her children down to the bottom of the hole, and plant herself firmly against the door, trying to hold it shut with part of her numerous feet, while with the rest she holds on in grim determination to the walls of her home! If ever, in the course of your travels, you come across her frail door in the fields, be sure not to ring the bell—it will frighten her so. Just make out you are looking for another number and move on.

Behead and curtail a boy's name and leave moved swiftly.

Behead and curtail a person employed in a theatre and leave a personal pronoun.

Behead and curtail a copy and leave a poem.

Behead and curtail a peculiar noise and leave conjunction.

When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the initials of the three-letter words will spell the name of a famous essayist.

ZIGZAG

1. To annoy
2. A means of ingress
3. To strive
4. To practice
5. To appear again
6. Sorcery
7. Shares
8. Accepted
9. One of the fall months
10. A guard
11. Assailed
12. Slumbering
13. Made dear
14. A girl's name
15. Christmas time.

When correctly guessed and written one below the other, the zigzag beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower left hand letter will spell the name of a holiday. All the words contain the same number of letters.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

Beheading and Curtailing.....Pearl

WORD SQUARE. | PRIMAL ACROSTIC

Heart	Warrior
Eerie	Atlanta
Areas	Theatre
Riant	Eternal
Tests	Russian
	Loyalty
	Observe
	Opossum

Enigma .....Franciscan Herald

The following have sent correct solutions of June puzzles: John Connors, Jersey City, N. J.; Isabelle Baker, Casey, Ill.; Margaret Lomasney, Jersey City, N. J.; Mary Lawler, St. Paul, Minn.; James McNulty, Los Angeles, Calif.; Clarence Trummer, Teutopolis, Ill.; Marion Rebman, Jersey City, N. J.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

RHOMBOID

1. In pasture ..... \*
2. A beverage ..... \* \* \*
3. A precious stone .... \* \* \* \* \*
4. Spaces ..... \* \* \* \* \*
5. Narrow passageways.. \* \* \* \* \*
6. A large net ..... \* \* \* \* \*
7. A trap ..... \* \* \* \* \*
8. An epoch ..... \* \* \*
9. In pasture ..... \*

DIAMOND

1. In sweetness ..... \*
2. A hard-shelled fruit .... \* \* \*
3. A feminine name ..... \* \* \* \* \*
4. Excess quantity ..... \* \* \* \* \* \*
5. A claw ..... \* \* \* \* \*
6. A vandal ..... \* \* \*
7. In sweetness ..... \*

BEHEADINGS

Behead and curtail an organ of the body and leave a part of the head.

Behead and curtail clever and leave to impair.

Behead and curtail dispatches and leave the limit.



# Miscellaneous

## The Precious Blood

O, sacred drops! Mute outburst of the woe  
That in Gethsem'ne bowed the Master low;  
The scourges drew outside the judgment hall;  
The crown of thorns brought forth—atonement all  
For sins of every clime and every age  
That uncreated majesty outrage.

O, drops that marked the road to Calvary,  
So glad to kiss the dust for all—for me;  
The awful sacrilege accounting naught  
If Heaven for even one can thus be bought!  
O, drops that deluged Mary's heart in grief  
With respite none, nor shadow of relief!

O, drops that stained the Face whose light divine  
Earth's darkness had illumed with look benign!  
Wrung from a God, and wrung, alas! in vain  
For many hearts for whom that God would fain  
Lay down his life again, could this be so,  
That they eternal happiness might know.

Life-giving drops, refreshing every day  
The weary ones and faint along the way  
That, cross-encompassed, leads to Heaven's gate,  
Behind which all they long for doth await;  
Through you can they attain that bliss complete.  
O, drops adorable! O, draught most sweet!

—KATHERINE CASHIN.

# BACK TO CHRIST

By Fr. PHILIP, O. F. M.,

Rector of St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Illinois

NO one who has eyes to see can be blind to the fact that society is in a chaotic condition. A conflict of ideas and aims is raging around us which is as widespread and intense as was the late conflict in arms, on the battlefields of Europe.

In this gigantic battle of conflicting views and cross-purposes, the masses stand bewildered. They know not which cause to espouse or which leader to follow. Meanwhile, the struggle is increasing in intensity and bitterness, and day by day the zone of war is extended and new recruits flock to the standards of the several factions. Unless some middle ground be found on which opposing views and clashing principles are harmonized, the struggle of minds will develop into a struggle of arms, and the conflict will descend from the higher plane of mentality to the lower plane of brute force and physical violence.

The master minds of the age are trying hard to find some common ground on which to reconstruct distracted and disjointed society. But unless they begin their work of reconstruction upon that basis which the Divine Master laid 2,000 years ago, their plans will all miscarry, and their best efforts will come to naught.

"Back to Christ" must be the rallying cry of those who wish to remodel society. "Back to the Gospel" must be the slogan of those who wish to solve the vexing problems of our age. Christ and his gospel must form the rock-bottom foundation of any superstructure that will promise to endure.

But what do we see? Our modern architects who deem themselves competent to rebuild and remodel society, are all building on the foundation of naturalism. The supernatural, Christ and his gospel, and the Vicar of Christ are insultingly ignored. The names of God and Christ Jesus, the God-man, are never mentioned in the councils of the nations or in the documents which they draw up. Many of our modern leaders and reformers are rank infidels, positively hostile to God and Christ and his church. Free-masonry dictates its terms to those who rule, and anarchy to those who are ruled. Both factions are trying to rebuild society, but they are building on the quicksands of a mere human and natural policy. Who is not reminded of the parable of our Lord, so pertinent to present attempts at reconstruction: "Every one therefore that heareth these

my words and doeth them shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock. And the rain fell and the floods came and the winds blew and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock. And every one that heedeth these my words and doeth them not shall be like to a foolish man, that built his house upon the sand. And the rain fell and the floods came and the winds blew and they beat down upon that house and it fell and great was the fall thereof."

Christ is the rock on which human society must be rebuilt. All the evils, moral and economic, that deluge society, may be reduced to one fountain-head, whence the waters of iniquity rush forth and overwhelm and devastate modern society. That source is covetousness. Men are greedy and over-greedy for the goods of this world, men are money-mad. Money is the god of the twentieth century.

By covetousness I do not mean that low and sordid desire to make and hoard money for the sake of hoarding it—such covetousness is a form of insanity—but I mean that craving for the goods of this world, that hankering after money to gain the means of enjoyment or the means of social and political preferment. I mean that covetousness which wants money to satisfy passion.

St. Peter tells us that "the root of all evil is covetousness" and St. John expresses the same idea when he says, "All that is in the world is concupiscence of the eyes, concupiscence of the flesh and pride of life." The Apostle mentions concupiscence of the eyes first, because it is the root of the other two—sensuality and pride. Whenever the spark of temptation flies into the tinder of covetousness, the flames of sensuality and pride shoot high up to Heaven. Money is pleasure and power in a convenient and concentrated form.

People are money-mad because they are pleasure-mad. Many that need \$10 a week for board and lodging, need \$20 a week for luxuries and pleasures. The play-houses and movies and other resorts of pleasure are filled to capacity night after night. Thousands belong to that other class of which St. Paul says their "God is their belly." Extravagance in dress and display of fineries are apparent on all sides. People spend money as fast as they make it, and the beautiful habits of thrift, sobriety, moderation and self-restraint are no longer

cultivated or esteemed. If a shortage of money is a calamity to a community, an oversupply thereof is a menace and a curse.

We all know the important part that money plays in politics. The Newbury trial in Michigan and the accusations of Senator Borah against General Wood are the latest disclosures of the power of money in the game of politics. The more wealthy a man is, the more will everybody be at his service. No one can enter society or gain social prestige unless his money gives him a letter of introduction. Whoever is ambitious and wants power—wants money, because power is at the beck and mercy of money. The government itself is under the spell of the great money-interests of the land; and, like the man in the parable, the government may not be afraid of either God or the devil, but it is certainly afraid of Wall street. St. Paul does not overstate the truth when he says, "The desire of money is the root of all evils."

Let us, for the moment, forget the bustle and strife of our present times and gaze upon a quiet and hallowed scene enacted in a distant time and clime. Upon an elevation we see the figure of a man full of dignity and majesty. His features, though awe-inspiring, are full of tenderness. A great throng surrounds him and looks up to him with expectancy and reverence. This man is Christ Jesus, the God-man, the Master and Teacher of mankind. His mission is to make men better and happier. His doctrine is from heaven and leads to heaven. He is about to deliver his first sermon and to lay down the principles of his new religion. St. Matthew describes the incident with some formality: "And opening his mouth he taught them saying." Now, the first sentence of this truly epochal pronouncement is: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Poverty in spirit is, therefore, the keynote of the religion of Christ. Poverty in spirit is the very basis of Christianity. Poverty in spirit means detachment from the goods and riches of this world. Poverty in spirit is the virtue of the poor, who bear their lot with contentment and resignation. Poverty in spirit is the virtue of the rich, who keep their hearts detached from the riches they possess and regard themselves as the stewards not as the owners of their wealth. Poverty in spirit is the exact counterpart of covetousness; it is diametrically opposed to greed and lust for money.

Upon this foundation Christ, the divine Architect, has built up the fabric of his new religion. The same Christ Jesus also practiced

the lesson he taught. "He came into his own and his own received him not" is chronicled on the very first page of the Gospel of St. John. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head" is his own description of his mode of life. In abject poverty he was born, in grinding poverty he passed through life, and in supreme poverty he died naked on the cross. Such, my dear friends, is the sublime doctrine and the inspiring example of the Master, sent from Heaven to teach and typify the fundamental lesson of Christianity: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

This spirit of poverty, however, does not imply that the workingman is not permitted to better his lot or to improve his condition of living. He is even bound to do so in justice to himself and his family. A higher standard of living with less expenditure of labor is today the legitimate goal of the toiling masses.

The greatest document, next to the Gospel of Christ, on the rights of labor is the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On the Condition of Labor." According to that document, it is the workingman's inalienable right to better his condition by all such means as are fair and right and do not endanger the welfare and stability of society. On the other hand, it is the stern duty of every employer to pay at least a living wage even for the most menial labor, so that the employe and his family may live in frugal and decent comfort. But it is one thing to bend every lawful effort to better one's condition, and another to sow seeds of discontent and class hatred, to preach the gospel of anarchy—that all capital and private property is theft; that all class distinction is of mere human origin; and that all power and authority is usurpation on the part of a few to cow and subdue the rest. Such are the ideas and sentiments of anarchists and bolsheviks. Such is the language of greed and covetousness. Such are the ravings of men who must have their heaven here on earth by fair play or foul, because they believe in no heaven hereafter.

How different is the language of the Gospel! It says indeed, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," but it adds the consoling message, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Take away my faith and hope in things eternal, and I shall become a socialist and anarchist myself. But now I know that God who allows unequal conditions to exist here below, will equalize all things hereafter. In heaven the standards of value that obtain on earth, are all reversed. Many a poor man shovels coal for a dollar a

day to receive a pay-check for \$100 on the bank of heaven, and many a rich man manages a railroad for \$100 a day to receive a pay-check for \$100 on the the same bank—if so much. If we see the things of earth with the eyes of earth and measure them with the rule of nature, they are hopelessly disproportioned and unjust. But if we see them with the eyes of faith and measure them with the rule of the Gospel, then "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be brought low, and the crooked shall become straight and the rough ways plain." (Is. XL, 4).

It is a blessing to be a poor man or, at most, a man of moderate means. The man thus circumstanced should learn by heart the beautiful prayer in the Book of Proverbs: "O God, give me neither beggary nor riches; give me only the necessities of life, lest perhaps being filled I should be tempted to deny God and say Who is the Lord—or being compelled by poverty—I should steal and forswear the Name of God." St. Paul writes to his disciple Timothy: "Godliness with contentment is great gain, for we brought nothing into this world and certainly we can carry nothing out, but having food and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content." All this is but paraphrasing the saying of the Master: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Our Lord says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." He adds "in spirit" in order not to exclude the rich man from God's kingdom. But the rich man must be or become poor in spirit; i. e., regard himself as the trustee and not the owner, as the steward and not the proprietor of his riches if he wishes to find his salvation. It is indeed a rare thing to see a rich man take this attitude of mind and live up to it; so rare that our Lord says: "Amen I say to you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." It takes a miracle of God's grace to bring about the conversion and salvation of a rich man. God is able and willing to perform that miracle, but the rich as a rule will not let him. Hence the appalling words of the gentle Savior: "Woe to you that are rich for you have your consolation; woe to you that are filled for you shall hunger." Hence, riches are always a danger to those who possess them and excessive wealth is a positive menace to its owner and to the community as well.

The concentration of great fortunes in the

hands of a few is becoming a serious danger to society, because so many rich men nowadays employ their wealth to establish monopolies; to obtain excessive profits, to defraud their fellowmen and to purchase political power. The number of millionaires that sprang up during the war is said to be 18,000. The fact that it is possible under present conditions for the exceptionally able, the exceptionally cunning, and the exceptionally lucky to accumulate enormous riches, through the clever and unscrupulous utilization of special advantages, natural and other, has given rise to a just demand for the legal limitation of wealth. And although it is not easy to find a workable plan, some such plan must be found and enforced.

Several years ago Andrew Carnegie recommended an inheritance tax of 50 percent on estates more than a million dollars. The income tax, properly graded upward, is another measure of fitting the burden to the back. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of 5 to 4, that profit, taken out in dividend-bearing stock, is untaxable, works a veritable hardship on the country, especially on the middle and poorer classes. If it is unconstitutional to tax such profits, let the constitution be amended. The moral law is higher than the constitution. If all men are essentially equal, then elementary justice demands that the stronger shoulders bear the heavier burden. If the rich, and foremost the excessively rich, fail to learn their lesson that ownership is stewardship, why should they be shocked, if the poor fail to learn their lesson, that private property is sacred?

Is it fair that all profit and even all excess profit should go as dividends to those that supply the capital? Why should labor, the prime cause of all profit, go without its due share of the spoils? The workingmen, by clamoring for a system of profit-sharing, do not whine for charity, but demand justice. If the capitalist makes a decent profit on his investment, the laborer must acquiesce. But what if the capitalist makes 20, 50, 100 percent, or, as in the case of some coal barons, 1000 and 2000 percent on the invested capital? Should labor in no wise receive a premium over and above the stipulated wages? If it takes capital and labor to make profit, and if labor is the higher and more important factor in profit-making, why should labor alone not enter into profit-sharing? Is the laborer a mere machine, which the employer installs for his sole benefit? And if a special profit be the result of chance, of some lucky combination, why should luck be in the service of capital ever and labor never?

You may say the workingman receives the wages agreed on. True, but wages is an item of expense to the proprietor, but thereby not an item of profit to the laborer.

But I go one step further, quoting Father Ryan, the greatest economist of the United States: "The proposition that men are under moral obligation to give away the greater portion of their superfluous wealth or income is indeed a hard saying. No Catholic, however, who knows the traditional teaching of the Church on the right use of wealth and who considers patiently and seriously the extent and magnitude of human misery, can refute our proposition by solid arguments. Indeed no man can deny it, who admits that all men are essentially equal by nature and all intrinsically sacred and that all men have equal claims upon the common heritage of the earth." My friends, we have lived too long under the assumption that man may exploit man to the limit; that workingmen are mere human machines; that profit belongs to capital alone; that man may use his superfluous wealth as he pleases. We must admit that some measure of inequality is inherent in human society as willed and constituted by God. But the same God has given man an understanding heart, that he may reduce this inequality to a minimum. It is precisely this inequality which makes possible the practice of the sublimest virtues—of the virtue of humility and contentment on the part of the poor and of condescension and generosity on the part of the rich. If all superfluous wealth would be used to relieve the distress of the deserving poor, this world would be a better

and happier world to live in; because governed by the great principle, first announced by Christ Jesus: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I see, therefore, no salvation for society except by a return to Christ and the principles of His Gospel. Society must reform its soul, for the reform of the soul is the soul of every reform. "Back to Christ" must be our motto in the great movement of the reform and reconstruction of society. Unless we build on Christ and His Gospel we build on sand. Every true reformer must himself be imbued with the spirit of Christ and must saturate his program with the leaven of the Gospel. Would to God that another St. Francis might rise in our midst in these times of social unrest! By the preaching and practice of poverty and charity, St. Francis inaugurated a social and religious reform in the Middle Ages which changed the face of the earth and, in the Third Order, endures to the present day. I make bold to say that if all men, rich and poor, were to enter the Third Order, observe its rule, and live up to its spirit, the reconstruction of society would be an accomplished fact. St. Francis was filled with the spirit of Christ and his Gospel. That spirit made him the greatest reformer the world has seen since the days of Christ Jesus. St. Francis had learned his lesson for reform at the feet of his Master, who had whispered to him the secret: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

(This forceful address was made at the convention of the Catholic Union of Illinois in Quincy. We reproduce it as one of the most notable of recent utterances on reconstruction that have come to our notice.—EDITOR.)

## THE LESSON OF FRA JUNIPER

By MARY J. MALLOY

ALL the world was a-tangle with blossom and bloom as down the road bordered with vine and flowering bush came three brown *frati* Pacifico, Egidio, and Juniper, and held discourse that had seemed more fit for the shadowy, starlit cloister than the summer lane, all riotous of pleasant life and light.

The eye of Pacifico, in truth, was quick about him, as he went, to drink in the loveliness of God's handiwork with enjoyment that lifted up his heart; for Pacifico had been a great singer and poet in the court of kings, and he

knew where to find the beauty unseen of others. For very joyfulness of heart, besides, the merry laugh was ever at his lip, and still was he more content of the poor habit of a wandering *frate* than the wreath of the minstrel or the robe of the courtier.

Egidio walked beside him, gentle and quiet, nor saw the lush glory of the earth beneath for that far world on which his thoughts were bent. And Fra Juniper strode at their side, and in his humility wondered that he should companion men so learned as these.

"Now why should a man seek recompense

for a good action?" asked good Egidio. "Is it not enough that he hath power given him for such? And why wish praise or even thanksgiving for such? In truth, a good action is its own reward."

"This many a time!" exclaimed Fra Pacifico heartily, for he knew the world. "Alas, but too often, *Frate mio*, there is none other."

"If I do my neighbor a charity, let us say," continued Egidio, "should I ask return? Where then is my charity? And can the heart within me be the happier for praise and thanksgiving than because of what I have done?"

"Thanksgiving is also a virtue, a rare virtue," said Pacifico. "And praise is due a good action for that it is the work of the Lord within a man. Therefore, Egidio, do I say a good action doth call for both, and so should receive."

"Thy tongue is nimble and thy wit too quick for me, Fra Pacifico," answered Egidio. "But for all thy ready reply. I know, and thou besides, that a good work is a reward to itself."

"Thinkest thou so?" said Pacifico, his merry eyes dancing and his smile ready and bright. "Now will I go further, O my Egidio, and say to thee that a good action is more often in this topsy-turvy world a punishment to itself."

"'Tis a strange saying, this of thine, Fra Pacifico," interrupted Fra Juniper, deeming Pacifico a little mad to make such statement. "Thy meanings are too hard for me, belike, at time, but this one seemeth clear enough. Yet 'tis strange, 'tis very strange," with a shake of the head. "I know not what thou canst mean, Fra Pacifico, that a good deed should be its own punishment."

"Yet do I tell thee a truth, my Juniper, and if thou knowest it not of thyself, the Lord be good to thee and keep thee from discovery," answered Pacifico.

At the turning of the road, Fra Juniper left his comrades, for he was bound to a distant town, a day's hard walk to go and return, on an errand for Padre Guardiano.

"God save thee, Fra Pacifico," he called back as they parted company, "and send thee thoughts a man may fathom."

"God save thee, O Juniper!" answered Pacifico gaily, "and send thee enlightenment unborn of experience." So they went their ways.

But the saying of Pacifico lingered in Juniper's mind. He felt at odds with the world and with himself, as it were; his peace was gone. Then came a sudden thought. "I will try me some special good work this day," he said

to himself in his simplicity, "and Pacifico shall learn at nightfall that naught but good can come of good."

A groan broke in upon his reverie. By the wayside he beheld a poor old beggar, ragged and torn, unable apparently to drag himself further. Juniper's warm heart brought him at once to the side of the sufferer.

"What aileth thee, poor man?" he asked, bending above him.

"Help, good *frate*, help!" mumbled the old man. "I have walked so far and can no more. Lend me thy stout good arm and aid me to the town, I beg of thee, and God reward thy charity!"

With tender care Fra Juniper assisted him to rise, put the strength of his willing arm about the trembling frame and guided the tottering steps onward. So slowly did the old beggar move, that to a heart less kind, it would have been an irksome task. But Juniper, all on fire with love of his neighbor, felt no annoyance. At a rippled stream along the way he paused, seated his charge comfortably, and brought to him a cool drink from the gourd he carried in his pouch. The old man gratefully took and drank, calling the blessing of Heaven down upon the good *frate*. After a resting moment, the slow journey was resumed, nor were Juniper's good word and good thought lacking to his companion as they went. Suddenly—could he believe his astonished eye or ear!

"Less of thy preaching and prayers, *frate mio*, and more of thy property!" was what he heard, and he was thrown in the ditch at the side, and lo! no old beggar was there longer, but a young sturdy rogue, making off at full speed, the cloak of Fra Juniper—alack!—going with him, and his girdle and pouch. In the twinkling of an eye, he was from sight, and Juniper was left, coatless and amazed, scrambling out of the ditch to the middle of the road.

"The peace of God go—" He stopped suddenly bethinking him that this was no case for such benediction. A natural anger filled his heart for one instant at such ingratitude and treachery. Then a sudden-thought came over him.

"Is not this action I meant for a good one its own reward, O Fra Pacifico?" he said aloud. "For here have I not the joy of the charity I meant to do, for which the loss of my mantle can not be called punishment. And yet," added he, a little ruefully, "in the name of our Lady Poverty, where will I get

me another? Bene!" more cheerfully, "perhaps the rascal needs it more than I, and so it is by right of necessity his."

Putting loss and trouble from his mind, he went on till he came to an open field at the gates of a small town through which his journey lay. Here played a number of children with their *altalena* (see-saw) tossing up and down with shouts of laughter, while others about them waited their turn in the like merriment.

"Behold!" said Juniper, "here is my chance for a fine act of humility. Here will I make myself a mock for all to see; for, in truth, no sinner deserves more the scorn of his fellows."

With this, he crossed over and lifted one of the two children upon the *altalena* from off his seat to the ground, and bestrode the plank himself, thinking thus to draw upon him the mockery of all who saw. But the consequences were not such as he desired. His partner of the further end, frightened that he too be cast to the side, and angry in his childish heart, beyond the power of his childish tongue to express, slipped quickly off, leaving the whole to Juniper. Bereft of his cloak and cowl, covered with mud of the ditch, a shabby figure he was, and looked no more a *frate* of Francis, but some poor madman, in his violent swinging up and down. So was there no derision or contempt shown him; but in a very few minutes the whole crowd of children were upon him with stones and sticks, aided by some of their elders who noted the commotion. So was Juniper fain to make off, unsatisfied of his aspirations for scorn, and rather the worse bodily for his attempt at self-humiliation. He was indeed a sorry sight as he fled into the town, in such plight that no man would have known him for the holy religious that he was.

Within the town was the castle of the Lord Nicolo di Rieti, who had just received secret news that an emissary of the Lord of Viterbo was on his way, disguised as a fool in rags and patches, to gain access to his household and thus betray to his master the stronghold of Nicolo. So Nicolo threw his soldiers about the town without word to the people, that this spy might be taken and brought to him; and to the description given, no one entering Rieti answered so well as

Fra Juniper. Therefore was he brought before Nicolo, who would hear no word from him, but ordered him thrown until the morrow into a deep dungeon.

"Alack, what a day!" sighed Juniper to himself, sitting on the floor of his dark cell. "And Padre Guardiano's errand still undone, and never, perhaps"—an appalling thought striking him—"will Padre Guardiano know what has become of me, for surely this Nicolo will slay me on the morrow. But yet no evil have I done. A charity to my neighbor did I try, and a benefit of humiliation to myself, which is a charity likewise. I do not fear me," said Fra Juniper, "but indeed is this world a topsy-turvy place as saith Fra Pacifico, and mayhap it were better for me to be well out of it."

Now in Rieti stood a house of the *Frati Minores*, and one of the good religious, hearing of the criminal taken from the Christian-hearted retainer of Lord Nicolo, went to beg him that he might give the Church's aid to the condemned. This Nicolo granted him, bearing him company to Fra Juniper's dungeon, that he might first put question to the wretch he deemed him. But when they entered, good Fra Pietro, horrified, cried out:

"My lord, my lord, what is this thou wouldst do? This is no murderer in the night. This is Fra Juniper. Well do I know him—the companion of our Saint Francis!"

Then was all told, and Nicolo, loosing Juniper, humbly asked pardon of him and sent him home in all honor. So ended the day.

"More than one good action hast thou done this day, Fra Juniper," said Fra Pacifico, happy that his brother sat safe and sound beside him after all his perils, but filled with secret mirth at the tale that night unfolded. "Hast found their reward?"

"Good actions have I tried this day to do," said Fra Juniper solemnly. "My neighbor have I striven to aid, myself to put down; but, in verity, a truth hast thou spoken, O Fra Pacifico, for his bad deeds must a man suffer in the next world, but for his good ones in this."

And the laugh of Fra Pacifico was in cheer like a sudden wind of spring in the heart of a winter's chill.



## A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

THE Chinese, as every one knows, are adroit business men; but, as long as they remain pagans, this in-born talent degenerates into heartless selfishness. In the Celestial Republic, charity and mercy are still exotic luxuries: Invalids, old and poor, are often abandoned by their relations and expelled from their homes as a drain on the family larder and money-bag. They wander through the country, dragging themselves from village to village to beg crusts, the victims of terrible moral and physical sufferings, until death mercifully puts an end to their woes. Only the religion of the Cross brings light into this gloomy darkness of heathenism through the preaching and practice of charity.

Some time ago, a Franciscan missionary stationed in the neighborhood of the Shantung Railway was roused from his supper by a tremendous clamor in front of his home. At the gate, he found three old beggar-women who had fallen from exhaustion. A crowd of onlookers had gathered, but no one moved a hand to help them. The missionary, however, with the eyes of faith, perceived in these human wrecks the suffering members of Jesus Christ and immortal souls to save. Though poor himself, he took them in, gave them food and shelter and helped them make preparation for a Christian death.

This work of charity caused a great sensation in the neighborhood. The Chinese, guided in all their affairs by self-interest and entirely ignorant of the supernatural motive of charity, were much perplexed by the missionary's deed. They wondered what profit he was to draw from his treatment of the sufferers. Make them work? They were cripples. Sell them? Who would pay a cent for such worn-out wretches? Use their eyeballs to make those wonderful foreign medicines? Only children's eyes are fit for that. No satisfactory solution was found. The village sages conferred, smoked their pipes, scratched their heads — all in vain. The housewives chattered and conjec-

tured, but they were no more successful than their husbands. The mystery remained impenetrable.

One day, when after much gossiping and guessing the men had come to their wit's end and were about to disperse, a stone mason who had just returned from Manchuria, ventured to say that the missionary might simply have intended to perform a good work; that when ill during his travels he had been nursed in a mission hospital and had heard of some Christian law urging all men to love and help one another. This explanation was given no credence, and the poor fellow was looked on as little better than a fool to entertain such silly beliefs.

A white-haired patriarch, who hitherto had listened in disdainful silence to the various interpretations, lost his temper at this wild explanation. Rising from his seat, he exclaimed:

"Young man, you would teach us? I know it better."

He sent clouds of smoke from his pipe, then continued solemnly:

"You are all wrong. Do you think that missionary is feeding his birds for nothing? I know those strangers too well. These old women have only a short time to live. The cunning foreign devil is quite aware of that and is carefully watching the moment when they will breathe their last. For he will catch their souls and sell them to his countrymen at a heavy price."

A train chugged by, interrupting the speaker.

"See!" he cried to the assembly, "see these monstrous engines running with such tremendous swiftness, pulling along heavily laden wagons without any mule or horse. That missionary's countrymen will lock up those old women's souls in their engines to make them work, for there are spirits in them to work them."

A storm of applause rewarded the sagacity of this new Solomon, who by a single stroke had solved two riddles: that of steam power and that of Christian charity.



## NEW BOOKS

**The Holy Hour Manual.** By the Rev. Patrick Sloan. Manchester, N. H.: Magnificat Press. \$1.00.

In our opinion a manual of prayers ought to be an aid to devotion; and, the more the Sacred Text or the Church's liturgy is employed to suggest prayerful thought, the more helpful it will be to true devotion. This manual answers its purpose admirably. Those familiar with the Sacred Scriptures will find that the author has used his own words only to form a coherent arrangement of the texts, and the layman will gain new light on the Sacred Texts from their use. The instructive element of the manual, while not pronounced, insists on Faith through the teaching Church, Grace, Sacrifice and the Sacraments as the principles of holiness. The "visits" will lend themselves to the observance of the Holy Hour in common by a prudent choice of the forms of oral prayer carried in the appendix. Few in number, the prayers are chosen either from the sacred liturgy or from among those enriched with the Church's indulgences. We note that, in the case of the Litany of All Saints, the forceful orations for the general needs of the Church are not excluded, as in so many prayer books that have no reason for existence beyond profit to the writers and the publishers.

**Summary of Indulgences,** granted to the Three Orders of St. Francis. By a Priest of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual. Sold by Franciscan Herald Press, Teutopolis, Ill. 40 cents postpaid.

Franciscan Tertiaries hardly realize the almost untold number of indulgences the Church has deigned to grant them. They have not only the indulgences that from time to time were bestowed on their own Order, but participate in all those enjoyed by the First and Second Orders, except some reserved especially for persons living in the religious state. Aspirations that take but a thought, a few Paters and Aves said while Tertiaries are in a Franciscan church or have a moment or two of leisure in their daily tasks bring Tertiaries countless spiritual blessings, solely because they have embraced the easy Rule of St. Francis. Those who are not familiar with these heavenly treasures, will find them explicitly and carefully set forth in the *Summary of Indulgences*. It is an excellent compendium, too, for the First and Second Orders, for the compiler sets forth in a lucid manner all the indulgences peculiar to their state in life. A calendar of indulgences from day to day is an especially helpful feature of the summary.

**Missionary Mass Hymns** comes from the press of the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny, Ill. It is a pamphlet of simple, yet devotional and dignified songs for the principal parts of the Mass. The words are by Mrs. Evelyn L. Thomas and the music by Al. Karczynski. The price for six or more is ten cents, postage prepaid.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is to be congratulated on the improvement of

its monthly publication, the *Maryknoll Junior*, issued from Ossining, N. Y. The primary purpose of the periodical is to interest young people in the work of the mission society, which trains priests for the ministry among heathen. The *Junior* is characterized by marked virility and earnestness, and it covers a wide variety of subjects. The magazine is attractive typographically and is profusely illustrated with interesting pictures.

It is much to be regretted that the latest attempt—the most serious one—to introduce Fra Jacopone da Todi the Franciscan poet and mystic, to English readers should be made by a non-Catholic, Miss Evelyn Underhill. With the best of intentions to tell his story truthfully, she has, nevertheless, failed to give either a true account of him or to represent him as the kind of mystic he undoubtedly was. Something besides scholarship and research are needed to deal with Savanarola and Jacopone.—*Ave Maria*.

## A LETTER FROM VIENNA

VIENNA, April 12, 1920.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

I was most agreeably surprised to receive to-day the two food-drafts sent on March 16, for the American Relief Administration in Vienna.

This is the second week in which we are receiving not even the wretchedly small quantum of 1½ kilo of flour per person for one week; for the government has no more supplies at its disposal. It was in great straits, and I had consulted with my wife what was to be done if, at the end of this week, our small supply should be consumed and we should be without food. Then I heard a sermon preached by a Servite Father in our parish church. By a strange coincidence, the preacher's text was: "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, What shall we eat: or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things" (Matthew 6, 31-32). And, early this morning, the mail carrier left your food-drafts on my desk!

You wish to know, Reverend Father, whether you have been of service to us. Most assuredly. You can not imagine how great the misery is, how terrible the distress; and how far the general demoralization has gone. Newspaper accounts do not adequately describe the conditions. And there is no prospect of improving them; no hope of securing raw materials, coal, etc., so that our people may again begin to work. Why is it that the statesmen of the various nations do not finally attempt to offer assistance? Does the "way of freedom" lead but to the grave? Within six months, a time during which we can hardly exchange letters three times, the winter season will be again upon us. Must everything go to wrack and ruin? Therefore, if you are able, kindly collect and send us, also, clothes and shoes for men and women; for the coming winter threatens to be the most terrible in our history.

The Reverend Editors of FRANCISCAN HERALD may be assured of our most heartfelt thanks. May God reward them and their generous readers most bountifully.

Very respectfully yours,

G. S.



# Franciscan News

Italy.—Mgr. Ghezzi, who governed the diocese of Civita-Castellana, Orte and Gallese for fifteen years, is dead. This able and zealous Franciscan died among his religious brethren at Orte, whither he had retired to pass his declining years. He fostered a spirit of deep faith and piety in the three dioceses, which were combined under one administration. As Fr. James of Castelma, he was at one time Custos of the Holy Land.

The Vatican has confided to the Capuchin Fathers the Caroline Islands, following negotiations by Commandant Yamamoto, representative of the Japanese Government, to which the problems of the Caroline and Marshall Islands were entrusted by the Peace Conference. The Commandant is a fervent Catholic and a graduate of the Marists' school in Tokio.

Pope Benedict XV has granted Plenary Indulgences to those who visit a Church of the Capuchin Fathers on the following feasts: Jan. 19, Bl. Bernard of Corleone; April 30, Bl. Benedict of Urbino; May 21, Bl. Crispin of Viterbo; June 1, Bl. Felix of Nicosia; July 9, St. Veronica Juliana; July 24, St. Laurence of Brindisi; Sept. 1, Bl. Bernard of Ophya.

The order of Knight of the Crown of Italy has been bestowed on the Very Rev. Fr. Marcellus de Colognolo, Guardian of the convent of Capuchins in Venice, for his valiant service as military chaplain.

The Holy Father has raised to the dignity of a minor basilica the Sanctuary of Emmuas in Palestine, lately restored by the Friars Minor, and has conferred on it all the privileges enjoyed by such sanctuaries in Rome.

At the request of Fr. Antonio Santarelli, O. F. M., Postulator-General of the Franciscan Order, a commission has been appointed and approved to investigate the writings of the Servant of God, Fr. Valentine Paquay, O. F. M., in preparation for the introduction of his process of beatification.

Fr. Agostino Gemelli, O. F. M., the indefatigable editor of *Vita e pensiero*, founder of a university and champion of all things Catholic and Franciscan, has lately started two new magazines, *Revista del Clero italiano* and *l'Archivio italiano di psicologia*. The latter is a purely scientific review of affairs pertaining to experimental psychology. Collaborating in its publication with Fr. Agostino are specialists of the University of Padua, Milan, and Rome. Fr. Agostino's varied and unremitting activities have won the admiration of all Italy. He is now the editor of four papers in addition to his other duties.

The Capuchin Fathers may well be proud of the war record of members of their Order, as shown by a statement just issued by their General Curia. Forty-eight Belgian Capuchins fought on the side of the Entente, one being killed and twenty-five cited for bravery. The French Capuchins in the war numbered 320. Of

these, forty were killed and 240 won citations and decorations. Twenty-five were in service with the British, and twelve were decorated. No less than 1,900 Capuchins were in the Italian army. Figures for other countries have not been compiled.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has authorized the opening of an information process on the miracles and virtues of Sister Veronica Barone, a religious of the Third Order of St. Francis, who died in 1878.

The faculty of applying to crucifixes the indulgences of the Way of the Cross is granted *ipso facto* to all priest-directors of the Franciscan Third Order fraternities. It is valid until January 12, 1925.

The Very Rev. Fr. G. Martin Montoro, O. F. M., has been appointed Procurator-General of the Holy Land. The King of Spain recently decorated him with the title of Knight Commander of the Order of Isabel the Catholic.

Mgr. Barlassina, formerly auxiliary Patriarch of Jerusalem, has been appointed Patriarch to succeed Mgr. Camassei, recently created Cardinal.

A monument in memory of Don Bosco, a Franciscan Tertiary and founder of the Salesian Congregation, has been unveiled in Turin by former students of Salesian schools. It commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the venerable religious.

The authorities of the three Orders of St. Francis in Rome have decided to convoke an international congress of the Third Order at Assisi to commemorate the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order. Fr. Pascal Robinson, O. F. M., of the New York Province, who went to Europe last year in the interests of the Franciscan Order in Palestine, has been appointed a member of the committee on preparations. We hope that the international congress will be successful, as without such a gathering the provincial conventions will lose much in prestige and accomplishment.

The *Bollettino del Ters' Ordine Francescano* of Turin is authority for the statement that St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, to whom our Lord revealed His desire to have his Heart made a special object of devotion, was a Franciscan Tertiary.

**Germany.**—The Franciscan Fathers of the Convent at Diefurt have given the habit to Prince Alban, son of Prince Wilhelm of Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenburg. Prince Alban was received into the Catholic Church during the war.

Three great Franciscan missionary expeditions have lately set out from Düsseldorf for Brazil, South America. In May several Fathers, Brothers and Sisters departed under the direction of Fr. Denis Mebus. Another expedition, led by Fr. Louis Wand, went to the Vicariate of Santarem. In June the third expedition, consisting of a large number of priests, clerics, and candi-

dates set out for Bahia. The New World welcomes these zealous mission bands. Brazil offers great prospects for the spread of the Faith.

Fr. Leonard Lemmons, noted historian of the Franciscan Order, accompanied by two brothers, has gone from Bonn to the Holy Land.

The Franciscan Fathers of Salesia have lately held successful missions in Berlin. On this occasion, the Tertiaries showed themselves good lay apostles by encouraging attendance at the missions, helping to adjust disputes and quiet scandals. More than fifty Protestants were received into the Church. Among those that attended were many actors, professional dancers, Socialists, and even Spartacists.

**Denmark.**—Peter Schindler, the noted Danish writer, has been converted to the Catholic Faith by reading J. Joergensen's "Life of St. Francis." Joergensen is another Danish author and a convert.

**British Columbia.**—The first Christian burial among the Japanese residents of Vancouver has just taken place at the Japanese Catholic Mission, conducted by Miss Mary K. F. O'Melia, a Franciscan Tertiary and contributor to FRANCISCAN HERALD, who is assisted by another Tertiary. The Japanese was a woman who, with her husband, had been baptized after being instructed at the mission. She died fortified with the last Sacraments, while her friends were saying the rosary in the language of flowery Nippon. Among the mourners were many who, though not of the Faith, watched the funeral rites with attention. Miss O'Melia is a woman of fine education, a linguist, and an enthusiastic Tertiary. She is accomplishing much good among the Japanese, who are learning to love her mission and our holy religion.

**France.**—M. Paul Duquaire, prefect of the Third Order Fraternity of Lyons, has taken his seat in the French Senate Chamber. He is an orator of much talent. He has always employed his power in the service of the poor and the defense of true democracy. Although sixty years old, he volunteered for service in the war and was stationed in a dangerous sector near Nancy.

**Belgium.**—The Franciscan Fathers of Brussels have established a literary circle under the patronage of St. John Capistran that is the most active of its kind in Belgium. Many Tertiaries are members.

**Holland.**—Distress is universal among the religious in Holland. One particularly sad case is that of the German Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood at Beek en Donk, where 150 Sisters are living in the direst poverty. One of the Sisters recently wrote to FRANCISCAN HERALD: "The price of food is terribly high, and our German money is ten times less in value than formerly. We are hardly able to keep body and soul together. In Africa and here in the Motherhouse we have no work that is paid for, like teaching and nursing. In Africa our work is one of pure charity, and here in the Motherhouse the Sisters are trained for the religious life. The world does not know what we are suffering, because our German friends are not able to help us as they did before the war. Some people may not think we are suffering because our Convent is in Holland. If we could explain condi-

tions to them, they would understand that being in Holland is all the worse for us. We should be far better off in Germany."

**India.**—The serious straits in which some of the foreign Franciscan missionaries find themselves as a result of the war is shown in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith by Mgr. Coppel, Bishop of Nagpur, in which he says in part: "I regret to have to inform you that a number of missions in this diocese are to be suppressed through want of money. Seven stations were supported directly from Germany, by means of a small Congregation of Franciscan Brothers working with our priests. They have been interned since the beginning of the war and are now to be repatriated. For five years I have been trying to keep up these missions, but the task is hopeless; I am at the end of my resources."

The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary won warm appreciation by their self-sacrificing labors during the recent plague in the Hyderabad region. Their work was commended formally by the plague commissioner, and indorsed by the Nizam's Government, in the following words: "I can not speak too highly of the care and attention bestowed on the poorest of the patients by these noble women, who calmly faced death in their work of mercy."

The Rt. Rev. Angelo Poli, O. S. F. C., Bishop of Allahabad, East India, is seeking assistance in the United States in establishing a seminary for the training of Indian priests.

**Brazil.**—Senora Telia Pedriero de Abreau Magalhaes, a distinguished woman of the aristocracy and a fervent member of the Third Order, has entered the congregation of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, after becoming a widow. Her nine children were given to the service of the Lord, three sons becoming priests and six daughters Sisters of Charity. Madame de Abreau Magalhaes received the habit from one of her sons.

**Argentina.**—The Rio Cuarto Third Order is erecting a well-equipped school in one of the most congested districts of the city. Both classrooms and workshops are provided. Native children will be educated free of charge.

A statue has been erected in Buenos Aires to Juan Perez, the famous Guardian of the Convent of La Rabida and the friend and protector of Christopher Columbus.

**Canada.**—The part the Third Order of St. Francis has played in the history of Ireland was the topic of an interesting address delivered recently before the Tertiaries of Ottawa by Dr. J. K. Foran, K. C., Litt. D. "Three times was Ireland saved from influences sufficient to overwhelm any race on earth by means of an institution that is not adequately recognized in the great materialistic world of to-day," said Dr. Foran. "In brief, at three memorable periods in the story of Ireland was the race enabled to survive the deluge of persecution, by taking refuge in the Ark of the Third Order of St. Francis. And no occasion could be more fitting to recall those three events than this year, when millions the world over, including Ireland, with her vast contingent, are about to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of that Third Or-

der." The first period he mentioned was the dark days of the penal laws, when the Third Order defied tyranny and conserved the Faith; the second was the participation of thirty thousand Tertiaries in O'Connell's re-election to Parliament after he had been unseated, because he declined to take the oath of spiritual supremacy of the King; the third was the support given Father Matthew in his successful crusade to save the people of Ireland from intemperance.

Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Deguire has been designated Commissary of the recently erected Franciscan Provincial Commissariat of Canada by the General Definitory of Rome.

The Third Order in Canada has suffered a great loss in the death of Sir John Malachy Bowes Daly, K. C. M. G., formerly Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, who died at his home in Halifax. Sir John acted successively as private secretary to four Lieutenant Governors of Nova Scotia. He was elected Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia in 1890 and, despite the fact that he was a devout Catholic, was chosen for a second term. He was active in many patriotic and philanthropic societies. In 1902 he took the lead in a protest by the leading Catholics of Halifax against the declaration in the oath of accession that the King is spiritual head of the Church. Sir John was made a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George in 1900. Despite his staunch support of the Catholic Church and his activity as a Tertiary, Sir John was highly regarded by a wide circle of non-Catholic acquaintances and friends.

Women Tertiaries of Montreal now have a house devoted entirely to their use, and they hope to make it the nucleus of Third Order activities. Two buildings have been combined, and facilities have been provided for meetings and social affairs, and the entertainment of women Tertiaries who are passing through Montreal.

M. L'abbé L. Mangin, founder of the Servants of Jesus and Mary and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, died recently. He promoted the association which had for its object prayer for the blessing and assistance of priests.

According to latest reports, the number of Franciscan Tertiaries in Canada exceeds 65,000. This is not surprising, considering the great encouragement given the fraternity throughout Canada by the hierarchy.

**Joliet, Ill.**—One hundred and seventy novices were received into the Third Order following a retreat conducted by Fr. Leo, O. F. M. The attendance was about 700. Among the novices was the Rev. H. G. Van Pelt, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, who made an address in which he expressed thanks to God for the honor bestowed on him. Many young men received the scapular and cord.

**Carey, Ohio.**—On Sunday, May 30, over 100 professed Tertiaries of the Fraternity attached to the Cathedral Chapel in Toledo, Ohio, headed by their Director, Rev. Francis Macelwane, went on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Consolation at Carey, Ohio, which is under the charge of the Conventual Franciscan Fathers. Along with them went quite a concourse of the faithful to venerate Mary before her miraculous Image. At the solemn Third Order services held in the afternoon, twenty-nine postulants

were clothed and two novices made their profession, the Very Rev. Fr. Aloys M. Fish, Guardian at Carey officiating. The Toledo fraternity is in a flourishing condition, and under the zealous leadership of Father Macelwane is rapidly nearing the two hundred mark.

**Rockford, Ill.**—The Poor Clares Colletines have obtained a new monastery through the kindness and assistance of Bishop Muldoon. The buildings of a large sanitarium are to be remodeled.

**Oldenburg, Ind.**—The Cincinnati Province of Franciscans suffered a great loss in the death of Fr. David Kersting, O. F. M., who had many fruitful years as a pastor. Fr. David was ordained in 1877. He at one time was assistant at St. John's, Cincinnati, and Sacred Heart, Detroit, Mich. He then served as pastor at Batesville, Ind., Oldenburg, St. Joseph's, Louisville, Ky., and again at Oldenburg, where he remained twenty-six years. Bishop Joseph Chartrand of Indianapolis preached at the funeral, which took place at Oldenburg.

**Chicago, St. Augustine's Church.**—One hundred and seventeen persons have been received into the Third Order this year. The English speaking branch, established on March 28, is growing rapidly. Special service and a sermon on St. Joan of Arc marked the Tertiary meeting on May 16, the day this new Tertiary Saint was solemnly canonized. The English and German speaking branches honor St. Elzear and Bl. Delphine, and St. Joan of Arc, respectively, as their special patrons.

Tertiary men and young men from Chicago, Joliet, and Milwaukee met in St. Peter's Hall on June 2. Fr. Hilarion, chairman of the local executive board of the coming national Tertiary convention, explained what plans have been perfected for the gathering. Fr. Ulric and Fr. Leo also attended. "The path of the Tertiary Congress," said Fr. Hilarion, "is clear and open. The reverend Directors and a few of the many reverend friends of the Third Order have already united to make remote preparations for the congress. Now the Tertiaries themselves should become active, so that the success of the congress may be assured." A general organization committee was then formed, with Anthony Matré, K. S. G., as chairman. It will unite the men of the various fraternities. Each fraternity will have one representative on the general committee and also a sub-committee to assist the general committee. The local executive committee met on June 16 to discuss preliminary plans.

**Sonoma, Cal.**—Through the efforts of the Sonoma Valley Woman's Club, the old mission bell is to be restored to Sonoma. This historic relic is now in the Sutro Museum in San Francisco. Mrs. Robert P. Hill and Mrs. Dora Steffen, a committee of the club, interviewed Mrs. Emma Sutro Merritt and were presented the bell. It will be hung with impressive ceremonies in the Mission San Francisco de Solano. The Mission bell was taken from Sonoma sixty years ago to be repaired. It was never returned and eventually it became a part of the Sutro collection. It is inscribed with the date 1823, the year Fr. Altimira, the Franciscan missionary, founded the Sonoma mission.



# Franciscan Herald

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## The Message of St. Francis

“The greatest democrat the world has ever seen”—thus has a non-Catholic writer dubbed St. Francis of Assisi. Indeed, the Saint was nothing if not democratic. He was of the people and labored and lived for the people. His sympathies were all with the people—the poor, the lowly, the oppressed. These he sought to aid by lightening their burdens and brightening their lives.

He founded three Orders and gave them each a thoroughly democratic form of government. His heart and his call went out to all alike, rich and poor, serf and lord, maid and lady, merchant and peasant, knight and priest, doctor and tradesman. Thus was St. Francis instrumental in removing one of the gravest dangers threatening medieval society—excessive class consciousness, which leads to class hatred or the warfare of all against all. He democratized society by bringing it to recognize once more the principles on which it is founded: authority, obedience, justice, and charity.

Unlike many prophets of modern democracy, however, St. Francis did not labor to destroy the existing form of civil society. He did not postulate the absolute equality of all, the unrestricted liberty of the individual, the sovereignty and omnipotence of the people's will and its all-sufficiency as the source of right and duty. He did not denounce lawfully acquired wealth as theft, or the legal exercise of power as autocracy. He did not proclaim the right of man and forget to insist on his duties. He was not, as some of his Protestant admirers would have us believe, the forerunner of Luther and the standard-bearer of the revolt against Rome, but a loyal son of the Church and a staunch defender of all law and authority. The liberty he preached is the liberty of the children of God, and the democracy he advocated, the democracy of all those that follow Christ “as free and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as servants of God.”



# Editorials

## THE POPE ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

ON the refusal of Congress to ratify the section of the Versailles treaty dealing with the league of nations, President Wilson determined to submit the question to the electorate of the country. Whether or not the league of nations will be a real live issue in the coming political campaign, depends to a great extent on the enthusiasm and determination which the friends of the President and of the league will bring to the fight. So far as the people are concerned, the league of nations, if not the whole peace treaty, is dead, and we are of opinion that it will require a good deal of fervid spouting to arouse even a mild interest in them.

The people have no faith in the President's league of nations, as a panacea for human ills, because they feel instinctively that it is the work of politicians, who reckon little of the welfare of human kind, if only they can secure to themselves and their countrymen the fruits of victory. For, however sincere our own President might have been in wishing to benefit mankind by uniting all nations in one universal brotherhood, the statesmen so-called with whom he had to deal were too wily and narrow to permit his utilitarianism to triumph over their selfish nationalism. Perhaps it is well for the world that the league of nations, as framed at Versailles, is destined to be stillborn; for, since it disdains the co-operation of the Catholic Church, the one existing society of nations, and of the Papacy, the only center of Christian unity, what hope could it have of stability?

Yet, it is evident that a society of nations, founded on Christian justice and charity and supported by the Catholic Church would be of incalculable benefit

to the world. The Holy Father has lately issued an encyclical letter in which he exhorts the peoples to unite in one great brotherhood. At the same time, he shows, if ever so delicately, how this consummation so devoutly to be wished may be brought about. He says in part:

It would be truly desirable, Venerable Brethren, that all States should put aside mutual suspicion and unite in one sole society or rather family of peoples both to guarantee their own independence and safeguard order in the civil concert of the peoples. A special reason, not to mention others, for forming this society among the nations, is the need generally recognized of reducing, if it is not possible to abolish it entirely, the enormous military expenditure which can no longer be borne by the States, in order that in this way murderous and disastrous wars may be prevented and to each people may be assured in the just confines the independence and integrity of its own territory.

And once this League among the nations is founded on the Christian law in all that regards justice and charity, the Church will surely not refuse it valid aid, inasmuch as being itself the most perfect type of universal society. Through its very essence and its aims it has wonderful power for bringing this brotherhood among men, not only for their eternal salvation but also for their material well-being; it leads them, that is, through temporal happiness so as not to lose the eternal. Indeed, we know from history that when the Church pervaded with its spirit the ancient and barbarous nations of Europe, little by little the many and varied differences that divided them disappeared; in time they joined together in a homogeneous society from which originated modern Europe which, under the guidance and auspices of the Church, while it preserved for each nation its own characteristics, culminated in a compact unity bringing prosperity and greatness.

Thus speaks the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Father of Christendom. His words are heavy with

the wisdom of ages and well worth pondering by the wise and the mighty of the present age. But will they do so? It remains to be seen whether the Georges and the Millerands and the Fochs and the Wilsons have vision enough to see the salvation of their own countrymen as of the world in speedy disarmament, in sincere reconciliation with the enemy, and in wholehearted co-operation with that historic Church which through the ages has proclaimed with trumpet tongue its message of peace on earth and good will to men.

### BREAKING WITH TRADITIONS

**W**E are living in an age of revolutions. The spirit of innovation and subversion is stalking abroad and threatening to change the face of the earth. It is the characteristic of every revolution, not only to trample under foot existing institutions, but to destroy the very seed from which they have sprung. Every sudden and radical change of political conditions implies a breaking with the past wherein the present is rooted.

The first great rupture with traditions occurred at the time of the social, political, and religious upheaval in the sixteenth century. Then for the first time a number of European countries voluntarily turned their backs on the past and foolishly sacrificed their religious traditions by separating from the center and source of all European tradition, the heart of the universal Church, the bulwark of religious and political liberty—the Roman Papacy.

And what was the result? A gradual decline of Christianity as a vital, active force in the life of the separated nations. Protestantism raised the banner of private judgment and of religious liberty, or to speak more truly, license, and proclaimed the supremacy of the individual. This individualism or subjectivism at once transgressed on the moral order and demanded the repudiation of all standards and codes of morality but the individual

conscience. Thus was man made a law unto himself. He was to acknowledge no restraints, except those he chose to place on himself.

Very soon these principles of Protestantism made themselves felt also in the economic order, and the way was open to the grossest kind of materialism. The medieval spirit of Christian solidarity gave way to the spirit of liberalism, of unrestrained economic competition, that is to say, of brutal egotism, which has found its culmination in the capitalism and pauperism of our own day. The French Revolution with its declaration of human rights and its masonic dogma of liberty, fraternity, and equality, was in reality nothing but an apotheosis of the ego, for it only emphasized the rights of man without considering his duties. The latter were ignored more and more, until eventually the exploitation of the weak by the strong came to be regarded as a self-evident right.

But the revolution had as little respect for political as for religious and economic traditions and institutions. The separated nations could no more brook the rule of an Imperator Pacificus and of a Pontifex Maximus. The medieval idea of a great republic of nations was lost in the contentions consequent on the loosening of the bonds that tied the nations to Rome. A narrow, selfish nationalism took possession of the peoples. International politics were regulated no longer in accordance with the principles of Christ but by the maxims of Machiavelli. The nations became more and more estranged, suspicious, and hostile. Wars increased in number and in extent and intensity, finally culminating in the great cataclysm which has deluged the whole world in a sea of blood and tears.

No one who is at all familiar with the past and observant of the present, can fail to see that most of our misery is the result of the sins of those who wantonly broke with a past so rich in promise of a bright and glorious future. If today the peoples are altogether out of sympathy with their historic traditions,

it is owing to the fact that they have been taught to despise them as unworthy of remembrance, if not to destroy them as positively hurtful to their interests. No modern statesman can hope to remain long in popular favor if he is, what is opprobriously termed, reactionary. Yet the world needs nothing so much as a decided reaction, a complete reversion to ancient principles and customs and traditions and institutions. The reconstruction of Christian society must begin precisely at the point where its disintegration began.

### THE PATCH IS THE THING

**W**HAT is needed is the courage to wear old clothing. As things now go you might think a suit of clothes as sensitive as a reputation: one stain, one rent, and the structure is undone. Heroic persons who have dared have found that after the cuff is frayed the coat may nevertheless still be worn, in all essentials as warm and decent as before; they have found that trousers slightly fringed may still be sound at heart; they have found that a waistcoat burned by a falling cigarette will still keep out the wind. The shininess of serge is not positively organic; the broken threads in tweed may be caught up and the entity preserved; where worsted has grown too thin it may be patched. The patch is the thing. The taboo against it has cost us more than our government or our gum. We must disestablish that taboo. Once there was a technique for the patch; it had traditions and a literature:

Patch beside patch  
Is good housewifery;  
Patch upon patch  
Is sheer beggary.

Let us highly resolve that no suit is ready for the ragman until patch touches patch. Let us show our patches as we show our wounds, proudly. Our clothes are the shock troops in our war with work and weather. Though they grow old and frail, let us prize, pension and preserve them.—The Nation.

### THOUGHTS ON MILITARISM

**T**HINK what an amazing business that would be! How inconceivable, in the present state of our national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, to put fairly into words, that the wealth of capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such wars costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves; sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bring about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.

—JOHN RUSKIN,  
"Of Kings' Treasuries."





## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

**I**N order to achieve the great purpose to which it is devoted, namely, the regeneration of society, it is above all necessary that the Third Order of St. Francis be well organized. This organization can be brought about only by a closer union of the individual Tertiaries in the fraternity, and by a more intimate union of the various fraternities themselves in one grand brotherhood of St. Francis. Organization is the well-arranged union of the single parts of the whole, in which each part has its own peculiar functions to fill. Thus, organization in the Third Order means the systematic arranging of all the activities of the Tertiaries to the end for which St. Francis instituted the Order. The Third Order, as you well know, is no mere confraternity, no mere Apostleship, of Prayer. It is a real and active order, a labor union in the full and real sense of the word. St. Francis and holy Church wished the Tertiaries to form a sort of *élite* among the pious Christians living in the world; a corporation, whose members should actively assist the clergy in the vineyard of the Lord. That the Church desires the unity resulting from organization is evident from the Letter *Tertium Franciscanum Ordinem* of Pope Pius X. He writes:

"There never has been a time when the cares and thoughts of the Roman Pontiffs, Our Predecessors, have not been directed to making all the Franciscan Tertiaries one body, as it were, illustrating the charity of the Seraphic Father by their union of hearts . . . And this same charity should flourish not only among the Tertiaries of each sodality but also among the different sodalities of Tertiaries; just as is the case with various monasteries of all orders of religious, so the sodalities are by their nature bound together in a friendly federation. Here it is well to repeat what we wrote to the Tertiaries of Rome on December 17, 1909, 'It is known that united forces are more effective than individual forces, and we see how earnestly the enemies of Catholicism combine in order the better to carry out their evil purposes. Therefore, to resist them properly, it is necessary

that all the good unite, and chief among these all—who by their membership in the Institute of the Patriarch of Assisi should be an example of Christian life and feeling and promote and maintain Christian faith and morals among the people.'"

Hence, Tertiaries must work not only for themselves; they must not be satisfied with saving their own immortal souls, but they must also be concerned about the sanctification and salvation of their fellow men. The first step in carrying out this purpose of the Third Order is to join, if possible, the local Tertiary fraternity, regularly to attend its monthly and special meetings, willingly to accept any office or duty that may be imposed on you, and to engage with a will in all the charitable and social work that the fraternity may demand of you. It is evident that this social and charitable activity must be systematic and well regulated if it is to be successful. The Third Order cannot fulfil the sublime purpose of its founding by being simply a vast, confused, disorganized body of pious Christians. It must be an army drawn up in battle array ready to fight the battles of God and the Church against the wicked world and the gates of hell. But an army must have organization, lest its very vastness lead it to destruction.

It is true that the organization of the Third Order is in the first place the duty and the work of the reverend directors. But the directors are powerless unless they have the hearty and whole-souled support of their Tertiaries. Let the reverend directors, therefore, organize their Tertiaries into fraternities according to the method laid down for this purpose by the Church and so earnestly recommended by Pope Pius X. Let them, after the manner of Bl. Angelo, that renowned missionary of the Franciscan Order, make the Third Order one of their chief cares in the holy ministry and by their zeal strengthen the Tertiaries in their holy vocation and gain numerous recruits for the Order. And in this noble apostleship let the Tertiaries eagerly

assist their reverend director—consoling him by the purity of their lives and encouraging him in his endeavors for the spread of the Third Order by doing all in their power to help him realize his efforts in things Tertiary.

Happy the parish that possesses a flourishing and zealous Tertiary fraternity! Men of distinction and good name, to whom others look for guidance and example, deem it an honor to call themselves Tertiaries in such a parish. Behold how they frequent the Sacraments; see what lively interest they take in religion and everything that pertains to it. And, contrary to the expectations of many, to whom religion is almost a bugaboo, these men are by no means long-faced Puritans, fanatic devotees, or rigid Pharisees, but men of irreproachable character, of sound business principles, of engaging manners, to whom their holy Catholic Faith is not a mere Sunday dream but an everyday reality, and who are proud to make its moral code the norm of all their daily actions, private and public. They are

the men on whom the pastor can reckon in all his efforts for the betterment of his flock; they form the picked troops in the army of God.

And what should be said of the Sisters of Penance in such a parish? They are, indeed, worthy daughters of the Patriarch of Assisi, in whose spirit they are working and with whose seraphic love they are filled. Well may we apply to them the words of Holy Writ in praise of the virtuous woman: "Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her. She will render him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She hath put out her hand to strong things; and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor. Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not



St. Louis IX.

eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her."

With such men and women—Brothers and Sisters of Penance—in every parish of our country, should we then be surprised to see their truly Christian spirit imparted to their fellow Catholics? Should we then be surprised to see the world of our day leave the paths of sin, as it did in the days of St. Francis, and tread the narrow road of virtue and self-denial? Should we then be surprised to see men and women of every rank in life bid farewell to the joys and goods of the world and retire to the cloister there to continue and perfect that spirit of heroic charity which they had imbibed as Tertiary children of the Poverello?

Ah, my dear Tertiary friends, you have received a noble vocation from God. Indeed, yours is no common walk in life. You are members of that vast body of Christians on whose shoulders rests the duty of bringing

the world back to Christ. Arise, therefore, in your strength, noble army of the great St. Francis. Mobilize your forces under his victorious banner; band yourselves together in carrying out the wonderful program of your holy Order. The national convention of the Third Order to be held in Chicago in the fall of 1921 will give you an opportunity to show what your fraternity has done to realize these ideals. If up to the present you must shamefacedly acknowledge that you have done little or nothing in this regard, be up at once and doing that the jubilee year of your Order may not still find you among the laggards. *Restaurare omnia in Christo*—"To restore all things in Christ"—Let this motto of the great Tertiary Pope, Pius X, be the motto of all the Tertiaries in this country, and then the Seraphic army of the Third Order, drawn up in battle array, will be terrible to behold for the powers of darkness and it will lead the other soldiers of Christ on to a glorious victory.

## THE MOTHER OF A KING

By MARY J. MALLOY

IN the south aisle of her son's magnificent Lady Chapel in Westminster Abbey, beneath an exquisitely wrought tomb of marble and gilt, lies all that time and the stern law of mortality have left of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry VII of England, a devout member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and a woman of whom it was written, "Every one that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her."

Around her cluster Tudor and Stuart, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh—a posterity it was well, perhaps, for the noble soul of the Lady Margaret that she never knew. Too many of them were noted for either the vices or the tragedies of their lives; a strange companionship, even in death, for one of whom it could be truly said that "all her ways were pleasantness and all her paths were peace".

Margaret Beaufort, mother of the monarch whom Bacon calls "the English Solomon", was the daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and Margaret Beauchamp, daughter of Lord Beauchamp of Powyke, and widow of Sir Oliver St. John. The Duke was the

grandson of John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III, and "beloved companion in most of the valourous deeds of the Black Prince, his brother". The Beauforts were his descendants by his third wife, Katherine Picard, whose sister Philippa, by the way, was the wife of the poet Chaucer. They were on the top wave of prosperity and honor when Margaret opened her eyes upon the world and life offered her nothing but felicity. She was born in 1441, at Bledsoe, Bedfordshire, an estate belonging to her mother, sole heiress of the Warwick Earls. Educated with far more care than was then usually bestowed on one of her sex, young Margaret was intuitively responsive to the efforts of her teachers. While neglecting none of the strictly feminine arts of the period, she did not stop at these. One of her special studies was the science of medicine, as practiced at the time. It is told of her that she never allowed a day to pass without an effort to console and heal the wounds of both soul and body, exposed to her by the sick and sorrowful at the gates of her princely home.

Her naturally good disposition was strength-

ened from earliest childhood by the deep religious impressions her mind received from a careful and loving mother. Her father died when she was three years old, but the affection with which she regarded the memory of both parents went with her through life and even beyond, as is evidenced in the many bequests left in her will for prayers for their souls. At Wimborne, where her father was buried, is still to be seen the tomb she erected in his honor, on which lie the alabaster effigies of his wife and himself, side by side, hand clasped in hand. The force of this touching memorial of filial love is a little weakened, however, to the unimpassioned observer by the fact that the Duchess of Somerset, after the death of her second spouse, bestowed the hand so lovingly linked in his upon Lord Leonard Welles.

"Very cheerful was she, courteous, dignified, humble, gentle as well, patient, kind, regardful of all"—this was the verdict pronounced upon Margaret as she grew up. Fortunate, indeed, was she to be so acclaimed by contemporaries, when it is so well-known a fact that a prophet is seldom honored in his own country. It was not long before suitors began to come forward for so desirable a maiden. She was barely in her teens when proposals were made for her hand, on account of "her great towardness of nature and the likelihood of inheritance", says Bishop Fisher, the friend and confessor of her maturer years and the victim of her savage grandson, Henry VIII. He tells so quaintly the story of her first marriage to Edmund Tudor, half-brother of Henry VI, and son of Owen Tudor and Katherine of Valois, the by no means inconsolable widow of Henry V, that it would be a great pity for a modern pen to spoil it trying to improve on its simplicity.

"In her tender age," he says, "many sued her to marriage. The Duke of Suffolk most diligently procured to have had her hand for his son and heir. On the contrary part, King Henry the Sixth did make means for Edmund, his half-brother, then Earl of Richmond. She, doubtful in her mind what she had best to do, asked counsel of an old gentlewoman, whom she much loved and trusted, who did advise her to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel did she follow and made her prayer so, full often, but specially that night when she should, on the mor-

row after, make answer of her mind determinately. A marvelous thing! The same night, as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer, calling upon St. Nicholas, whether waking or sleeping she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her, arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him to be her husband. And so by this means she did incline her mind unto Edmund, the king's brother and Earl of Richmond, by whom she became the mother of the King Henry VII."

With all due respect to both lady and bishop, one rather fancies that Margaret had some small suspicion of what she was going to answer before she invoked the good St. Nicholas.

This marriage, contracted before she was fifteen, turned out more happily than might have been expected from her youth. It was of short duration, however. Edmund Tudor died in the following year, a few weeks after the birth of their son. The young widow made a second alliance with Sir Henry Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham. There were no children by this marriage, and for years the Lady Margaret led a quiet and undisturbed existence, residing principally in Wales, absorbed in her motherly cares for the delicate Tudor boy whom it seems almost a pity she tended so successfully, considering that he was to give to the world "that blot of blood and grease upon the page of English history, Henry VIII," as Dickens aptly describes him. When Edward IV seized the throne, however, she was no longer allowed to occupy so inconspicuous a position. Although his claim was recognized, the new monarch doubted the loyalty of young Henry of Richmond; and the position of both mother and son became very uncomfortable. That of the latter, in fact, grew so perilous that he finally fled to France with his attached uncle, Jasper Tudor, always his staunch friend. This was a step from the frying-pan into the fire, as the pair soon discovered. The Duke of Brittany, upon whose coast they were cast by a terrible storm, met his involuntary guests in anything but a hospitable spirit, not wishing to invite trouble with England. He promptly shut them up in prison. Jasper soon regained his liberty, but poor Henry remained on French soil, practically a prisoner, for fourteen years.

His mother's communication with him never ceased all this time. She found means to send him assistance, kept up his spirits and

heart by her own unflinching courage, moved heaven and earth in his interest, and contrived somehow or other to baffle every attempt of Edward, and afterward of Richard III, his successor, to obtain the person of her son. During this time of stress and suspense, her husband, Sir Henry Stafford, died. The Lady Margaret, undismayed, followed the example set her by her mother and accepted a third spouse, Lord Thomas Stanley, afterward Earl of Derby. He, like herself, was no novice in contracting matrimonial alliances; and this last match seems to have been made largely for the benefit of her son, as Lord Stanley was a man of great influence and held the office of Lord High Constable of England under both Edward and Richard. These numerous marriages are rather repellant to our ideas of the fineness of Margaret's feelings, but it must be remembered that in those days a woman of rank and possessions had little safeguard from the rapacity of a king or his powerful nobles unless provided with a protector who could make himself respected and hold his own—incidentally also hers.

At all events, this third marriage, whether one of policy or affection, justified itself; for Lord Stanley was a brave and gallant gentleman, and a friend, indeed, to the young Earl of Richmond. Throwing off allegiance to the monster Richard, Stanley espoused the cause of Henry, and it was his hand that placed upon the head of his stepson, on Bosworth Field, the diadem of the slain tyrant.

It was on the evening of that eventful day that the Lady Margaret met her son again after their long and sorrowful separation. Fresh from the field, he hurried to her who seems to have been the best and most unselfish influence of his cold nature. On his accession to the throne, his mother withdrew from public life as far as was in her power. Her one object was to live in obscurity and oblivion. Her power with the king was great, but she never used it except for grave and weighty reasons. Henry, on his side, was determined that she should share his honors. He never took any important step without consulting her, and he was wont to refer to her as his "dearest and entirely beloved muder". Here be it told, to her everlasting praise, that Margaret of Richmond's favor with her own family was one of her greatest triumphs. Her mother, her son, her husbands, her mothers and brothers-in-law, the young wife of her son—all worshipped at her

shrine. She must have possessed most unusual magnetism and attractiveness. Some writers mention her "austere piety"; but this austerity did not prevent her taking part in all court functions and enjoying all court amusements that were becoming and innocent. In the midst of graver records preserved in the Herald's College, London, we come across—a little fly in amber—her "Statutes for Reformation of Dress", drawn up at request of the king. One of its provisions is, though entertaining, somewhat of a puzzle, even in these days when the bizarre has lost its power to astonish. She announces that "a Countess is allowed a Trayne before and another one behind, but a Baroness no Trayne." Why could she not have allowed the trainless Baroness the "one before" of the over-supplied Countess? And how did the Countess manage said "Trayne before"? The question must give us pause—there is the statement in black and white.

Although woman suffrage was unheard of in his day, Henry made his "muder" a Lady Justice of the Peace. "Many decisions of hers, delivered as such, are still on file at the Record Office in London," says a recent delver into antiquities. A still more important trust was placed in her hands by her son—the bringing up of his young children, Henry, Margaret, and Mary, after the early and pitiful death of their mother, Elizabeth Woodville.

And here is a mystery without solution. No happier choice of a guardian could have been made, and no such trust more faithfully carried out. Yet two at least of these three grandchildren have left the record of their maturer years in indelible shame on the pages of history. Well, indeed, for Margaret of Richmond that her eyes were closed in the sleep of death before the years to be had unfolded themselves to her sight.

With these varied interests of her life, the king's mother blended others, that have left a more than passing impression on her times and even on our own. She it was above all who encouraged in England the new art of printing, and it was to her that Caxton dedicated one of his first achievements, setting forth in its preface his gratitude for her patronage. Poets, artists, learned men of different countries arriving in England knew where first to go. She built and endowed out of her own purse the great Colleges of Christ and St. John at Cambridge; founded a free

school at Wimborne, her father's burial place, where a priest was "to teach grammar free to all who should apply". She paid the tuition of numberless poor scholars at the University of Cambridge, and left endowments for sermons at both Cambridge and Oxford for the benefit of "all Christians liking to hear and profit". Her charities were boundless. No form of human misery appealed to her in vain. She even kept continually in her own house twelve poor people, whom she fed, clothed, nursed personally in illness, and to whom she gave Christian burial, filling their places at once with others. Besides all these things she found time to be an author, though principally through the medium of translation. Several of her works have been preserved. One of these, still to be seen, bears the title, "The Imitation and Followynge of the Blessed Lyfe of our most Mercyfull Savoure, Chryste, from Doctour Jhon Gersen, his Tretyse De Imitatione Christi."

The Lady Margaret died June, 1509, three months after the death of her beloved son King Henry. The best picture that can be presented of this noble and remarkable woman is that drawn of her by Bishop Fisher in his eulogy on her in Westminster:

"She was courteous and liberal to every person of her acquaintance. Avarice she hated, especially in any that belonged to her. She was of singular easiness to be spoken unto, and full courteous answers would she make to all that came unto her. Of marvelous gentleness was she to all folks, but especially her own, whom she trusted and loved right tenderly. Unkind would she be to no creature, nor forgetful of any kindness or

service done her, which is no little part of very nobleness. Not vengeable nor cruel was she, but ready to forgive and forget injuries done her at the least desire or action for such. Merciful and pitiful was she to such as grieved and were wrongfully troubled, and to them in poverty, sickness or any other misery. Good was she in remembrance and of holding memory; a ready wit had she, and right studious in books. She had, in a manner, all that was praiseable in a woman, either in soul or body."

Dean Stanley in his "Westminster Abbey" thus speaks of her:

"The last English sigh for the Crusades went up from those lips. She often was heard to say that if the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the Turk for the tomb of the Savior, she would most willingly attend them even as a laundress in the camp. The bread and meat doled out to the poor of Westminster in the College Hall is the remnant of the old domestic charity she founded in the Almonry."

The schools, the endowments, the bequests for perpetual Masses left in the will of Margaret of Richmond, have long since, by the sacrilegious hand of the reformer, been despoiled, plundered, turned to other purposes; in many cases, they have entirely vanished from the knowledge of men. A few still remain, under other names, attributed even to other donors. But her memory is still green.

"She sleeps in the grateful remembrance and is enshrined in the hearts of all good men and women; of the disinterested lovers of England, the religious churchman, the humble students, and most of all in the hearts of the suffering and poverty-stricken."

## APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

**A**UGUST, probably because of the opportunity it offers for us to obtain the great Indulgence of Porziuncola, seems to me the most Franciscan month of the whole year. It is warm and sunny, like the Poverello's own heart, for Brother Sun shines out his bravest. The woods and hills are at the very maturity of their glory—not quite ready for autumn attire, not quite—

"Ah-ha," interrupts a triumphant voice from

the gallery, "I knew it was Agnes Modesta talking all the time. She needn't think she can fool us by trying to be spiritual. Not four sentences and she brings in something about attire."

All right, Agnes admits the atavism. She is willing to go further and admit that all nature seems to her as an exquisite garment, wrought by the Infinite Designer. She does also most highly wish that in preparing cover-

ings for these mortal bodies of ours, we might strive for the care and attention to detail which marks the clothing of the woods, the hills, the gorgeous plains, and the vast prairies. God has given us the pattern of true beauty in the clothing of nature, and to man He has given the intelligence necessary to put those principles of beauty into practice. Many say that as the Almighty has placed us in the world, so should we remain if we wish to achieve perfection of beauty. Do those who speak in that manner reflect that if we adopted that attitude, we should never dream of building houses, of cooking food, or in fact of doing any of those things which differentiate us from the mere animal.

God has paid man the great compliment of leaving him to clothe himself, to feed himself, and to house himself as he sees fit. He has given to man the mind necessary to work out ways and means for taking care of his body, and this is a fact which many of us do not fully appreciate. Just how far man has perverted his God-given right in the manner of his clothing, is shown in no clearer instance than in the dreadful things he has done to some of our present-day fashions. (Don't bristle with wrath, Brother Tertiaries. Though I say *he*, of course you know I mean *she*.)

Ah well, though women's fashions are more or less of a hodge-podge these days, there is an advantage which may be drawn even out of that fact. It is this: when a woman does earnestly desire to conform to a standard of modesty, she can do so without exciting undue comment. Witness the girl of whom I wrote in the June issue, who drew others to imitate her Modesta styles by taking care that they were sufficiently modest to attract as a "new fashion." The time has been when *The Style* was *one* style, and any one deviating from it would draw attention to herself. Not so these days. So remember that, dear Sisters, if you are inclined to hesitate in adopting the standard of dress reform advocated in the columns of this magazine.

### A Word for Very Young Ladies

Mothers are beginning to put on their thimbles, get out their tape-measures, and wonder how they are going to arrange a system that will keep Mary and Dorothy from growing out of their dresses overnight. For the time is approaching when they must be outfitted for the coming school term. It is, then, the acceptable time to say a word about garments for

young girls—let us say for girls under fourteen.

First of all, remember that the standards to which our children conform while they are growing up, are those which will influence them after they come to woman's estate. How can mothers expect their young grown-up daughters to have any respect for decency of attire when they have been permitted to go through their little-girl and young-girl days without the slightest thought of any such thing?

Of course, our children who are receiving their schooling under the expert guidance of our teaching Sisterhoods, will undoubtedly be required to appear at school at least in respectable clothing. But—this is just the matter I wish to emphasize. Does it occur to you that, if it becomes necessary for a child's teacher to insist upon a change in its fashion of dressing, there has been a grave, an irreparable wrong done to the receptive mind of that child?

Let us consider an example: Little Mary Jane, aged ten, makes her debut in the parochial school, near her home. She comes from a "good family" and, as all good children should, regards her parents as paragons of excellence. Up to this time, all her instruction has been received at home, and so she has never been tempted to revise her views on this point. She makes her first appearance in the class-room clad in an incredibly brief French dress, tiny puff sleeves, low round neck, and—summit of abominations—*socks!* The Sister in charge says nothing at the time, for she knows too well what objection will mean, but she resolves to speak to the mother of little Mary Jane. She does so. Mary Jane's mother is indignant, and assures the Sister that it is absurd to speak of a little child's clothes being immodest. She intimates that there must be something radically wrong with any one who criticises Mary Jane's get-up, be it Sister or priest. She hints darkly at the possibility of putting Mary Jane in some other school. Finally, after much objection of the same kind, she capitulates to the extent of agreeing to send Mary Jane to school in clothes more suited to her surroundings. But she continues the original type of costuming after school hours.

Time passes, and Sister finds it necessary to make some serious remarks to the class on the necessity of appearing at Our Lord's Table modestly clad. Mary Jane sits dumbfounded. It has never occurred to her that the things her mother put on her were not proper for all occasions. With a child's merciless logic, she

pounces on a brand-new idea. One of her idols has shown its feet of clay—but which one? If her mother is right, her teacher must be wrong; similarly if her teacher is right, her mother must be wrong—perish the thought!

Still, some one said—she thinks it was her mother—that Sister is consecrated to God. In that case, Sister wouldn't be likely to lie—

The little mind is in an intolerable mix-up. A black smudge has been made upon that plastic soul, which time will never entirely efface. And whose fault is it? If mothers would only remember that their work is one of co-operation with God in directing those little clay-cased souls of their children along the path that leads to Heaven, I think there would be less friction in dealing with the other representatives of God—pastors and teachers. Certainly, a great deal of scandal would be avoided which is now given to our little ones.

But—back to clothes. My personal preference for young girls is the pleated dark blue or white skirt and the blue or white middy blouse for school wear. A blue serge skirt and white middy gives a trim yet thoroughly comfortable costume, which is easy to keep clean and which allows full play to the muscles of the growing child. A middy of white drill is next to indestructible, and it may be easily washed, as it requires no starch. Then, too, girls usually like them—and there is really no reason why they should not be consulted when their likes and dislikes do not interfere with principles. A middy may be as expensive, or as inexpensive as any other type of costume, so rich and poor alike may wear them, and be as one—which is as it should be. For winter wear, they may be obtained in dark blue flannel in all sizes, and they are charming when worn with the skirts of dark blue. Only, *remember the Four Points!* See that there is a shield fastened into the blouse which comes up to the base of the throat. Do not try to achieve the same effect of pinning the V-shaped neck more closely together, for that will only pull it out of shape and put a serious temptation in the child's way to unpin it directly she is out of sight of home. Of course, some middys are fashioned so that they lace up the front and are easily adjusted to a moderate height without the chemisette shield.

Some mothers do not care for the middy blouse; in which case there are other simple, easily laundered styles of garments that they may adopt for their girls. It has been my experience, however, that girls who are usually

dressed in the regulation middy blouse, or else the Peter Thompson sailor suit, (which is quite as desirable, though usually more expensive and more difficult to launder than the ordinary middy costume) are the most likely to be perfectly unconscious of their attire. This is certainly the ideal to be striven for. Children are as responsive to the consciousness of being well and suitably dressed as their elders, and for old and young alike, the purpose should be to be so well dressed that our clothes, once on, do not enter into our thoughts.

Here are a few rules which should apply to the attire for girls under fourteen for all occasions:

1. Let it be simple. Nothing is more disgusting than the sight of a young girl who is a veritable "working model" of her mother or grown-up sisters.

2. Let it be suitable. Sturdy materials for every-day wear, with perhaps fine linen or batiste for summer "best" and fine wool for winter. The silk-clad "junior" is hardly in her element.

3. Let them be modest. Sleeves below the elbow; skirts below the knee; stockings above the knee; and necks reasonably near the base of the throat. (Though a trifle more leeway may be allowed in the case of young girls than in that of grown-ups.) Girls' garments do not usually sin in that respect, as do those of their older sisters; still it is well to take thought of "necks" even at that.

If the pleated skirts are made on a sleeveless underbody, and a large tuck is placed under the arms, they may be made to keep pace with a growing girl—oh, for at least a couple of weeks! \* \* \*

Now, I regret to say that I have taken up the most of my space. I'll just hint that a standard of skirt length for grown-ups is being worked out, and I trust it will be ready for presentation next month. It is becoming necessary to settle upon a norm, for with the ever ascending skirts we are likely to become somewhat confused, even with the best of intentions. So, watch for the pronouncement that will soon appear in these columns.

We shall be glad to hear of the results that follow an adoption of the standard so far. Write and tell me how the "Four Points" have worked out in your own cases, and how you think the work of the crusade may be furthered. Remember that the HERALD is *your* magazine, and as such it welcomes your suggestions and co-operation.





# Fiction



## CLOSER THAN A BROTHER

By L. M. WALLACE

**B**AXTER swung open the door. It was massive and carved of English oak. Baxter bowed, stepped aside, and Ralph Waldron passed in.

"Mr. Farrar will see you in the library, sir." Respect overburdened the servant's voice. Contempt smoldered in his eyes.

The second door turned softly, and as silently closed. Ralph drew his breath hard and looked straight before him. The gentleman at the desk arose and extended his hand—a long hand, white, hard, with almond finger nails. "Well, so you have arrived. Be seated. You left your Uncle Andrew's—?"

"At seven this morning."

"And you had been with him?"

"Since Uncle David sent me there."

"To be precise—four years."

"Yes, sir."

"And you had lived with David four years prior to this."

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly—that was the agreement at which we arrived when the death of your unfortunate mother made it necessary for us to undertake the responsibility of rearing you."

"Yes, sir."

"The coming four years is the period during which I shall provide for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"My duty—merely my duty—I shall do that; but I shall do more. I shall give you an opportunity."

"I am grateful, sir."

"Gratitude is more truly judged by deeds than by words. It is possible that you may be grateful. Time will tell. Andrew has informed me—and his opinion is a confirmation of David's—that you are a mental, moral, and physical weakling—a fact not to be wondered at, since your father was nothing—yes, nothing. I told Alice so nineteen years ago. Events verified my words. All girls are fools. Now as to the opportunity, you are to attend the Collegiate High School. It is possible that your mother may have bequeathed to you a particle of the Farrar intelligence. It has not been discernible up to the present time, but it may develop. Therefore, as a spur, if such dormant powers exist, I offer you this opportunity. Do well in your studies; be an honor to the Farrar name, and I shall give you the

legal right to bear that name, and educate you for any profession you may choose."

The gentleman glowed in the warmth of his own magnanimity.

"I thank you," said Ralph, with a despairing glance following the great man's eye and a sick fear that his garments were awry. "I am most grateful, sir."

"That remains to be seen. Baxter will show you to your room."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good evening."

The interview was ended. Ralph passed along halls and up stairways. He finally reached the room, and Baxter retired. Ralph drew a deep breath and looked around him. The apartment was large, well-lighted, reasonably well-heated, exceedingly clean. No necessary thing had been overlooked; even a case of reference books looked down upon his desk.

"This is my opportunity," he whispered hopefully.

Week after week, the first semester rolled along. Ralph sat in the corner chair of the last row at school. The brain-blessed youths rose and spoke volubly. Instructors poured forth their knowledge. It occurred to few to notice the lean, droop-shouldered freshman. Once a question was addressed to Ralph. He arose, the blood pounding in his ears. The classroom swam in giddy circles. He heard his voice, strange and distant, grating the silence. Perspiration broke on his forehead. His collar gripped his throat as if to suffocate him, and no words came. He sank into his chair and the class continued.

Examination week arrived. Perhaps, if timidity had not tied his tongue, he might have comprehended more of what the learned professors explained. Perhaps, if he had known that sleep is needed as well as cramming—perhaps, but then he did not know these things; and when the crisp white slips were laid upon his desk, he found his months of midnight toil had brought him only one grade above the passing mark.

At the dinner table, Mr. Thomas Farrar seemed more than usually engrossed in his Noon Edition. Ralph hoped he might forget to ask for those examination slips. There might yet be a possibility of bridging the chasm. Pitifully hope beckoned him; but Un-

cle Thomas folded his paper, removed his glasses, finished his coffee, and then, "Is your failure complete or partial?" he asked.

"Partial," began Ralph. "I can, by extra study, make up." He choked on the words and fumbled in his pocket.

"You need not trouble to hand me the slips. I know from the Collegiate authorities your standing—two absolute failures, two studies conditioned, one grade which is exactly one per cent above the lowest requirements." Mr. Farrar paused and smiled; confirmation of long formulated opinions is gratifying. "This is, of course, what was to be expected. Late hours, extreme nervous tension, alternate redness or blearedness of eyes—no, I am not going to put unpleasant questions, because your word carries no weight whatever. I knew what was to be, expected. Your father was addicted both to drink and to drugs, it matters little which is causing your ruin. I do not even ask concerning your ways and means of obtaining money to spend on stimulants. Certain salable articles are missing, but I expected as much."

"Uncle Thomas, I—" began Ralph.

"Excuses do not mend delinquencies. You have proved yourself to be incapable of education; but I still owe a duty to the Farrar name. Fortunately you cannot disgrace it, since you do not bear it. But I shall prevent your bringing shame upon the family. Therefore, you will live henceforth with an acquaintance of mine in a city some hundreds of miles from here. Yes, I shall support you—I prefer to do so. You will receive a room, rent free, three meal tickets a day, one suit a year and ten dollars a month; for just that period of time in which—I do not say in which you lead an upright life—but merely in which you do not let it become known that you have any connection with our family. Do you understand?"

Fury convulsed the youth's face. "You—you—!" he gasped.

"Be calm if you have sufficient control of your nerves to do so." Mr. Thomas arose. "Consider the matter settled. Pack your grip. Your train leaves at two-thirty."

Bitter injustice, multiplied humiliation ate at Ralph's soul.

Through a mist he saw Baxter strapping a suitcase. Baxter preceding him down the hall, Baxter on guard in the train. Later, when the weary rattling, banging, grinding hours had passed, he saw Baxter sleep. Ralph swiftly and silently rose from his side, crept along the aisle and on to the platform. The train jolted to a standstill, and he stepped off into the darkness. The rain beat on his face. The black storm whirled round him, but within Ralph's soul there raged a fiercer combat, and the hour-glass of despair told out its sand in years.

Ralph should have stood in the strength of his conscious rectitude, and by his virtues forced the respect denied him. He knew it, but he was very human. From city slum to city slum, wherever humanity's outcasts slink, Ralph shuffled, most miserable among the miserable. For in legions they go down to hell, those victims of the world's scorn, distrust, and insults.

Morning was about to dawn for Ralph, even at this blackest hour. But he knew it not; he felt only the stinging cold, as once more a wanderer, he clung to the rods of a freight train carrying him he cared not whither. On both sides, the light sped by, a bright splash blurred by motion. He heard the whistle shriek its warning and was glad. What town? It mattered little. It was a stopping place in which to stretch his cramped legs, a begging place where stale crusts might be found.

The freight train panted out on the side track, the tramp slid down under the car, slunk down around the cattle pens and out into the open flats. Then Ralph stretched himself and drew a long breath. He stood on the hard gray earth, swept clean by mountain winds. He felt the tang of cold in his nostrils, the warmth and kindling vigor of the sun.

Before him lay the town, harsh in outline and unfinished, potent with the rough beginnings of human industry, beautiful in its hopes, in its dawning future. The primeval pine trees whispered of the past; and beyond, a triple peak thrust its snow, reddened with the glow of morning, into the eternal silence of the sky.

Ralph was unconscious of what passed, but he breathed deeply. The impulses of the newborn day stirred in him. No longer he shuffled, he walked; and from his lips there came a boy's whistle, the lilt of some refrain born of the joy of living.

"Howdy, stranger, are yo the kid ole man Ecker sent out?"

Ralph started at the voice and turned. A pair of kindly eyes were fixed on him, good eyes, although one was "gotched." A blunt-fingered right hand was stretched to him. Joy pierced his soul; for the first time he had been rated as a man. His shoulders squared, his shifting eyes looked out straight, as through him passed the pressure of that grasp.

"You are mistaken," he said. He wondered at the energy of his own words. "That is, I was not sent out by Ecker, but I'm looking for a job."

"An' I shor got it. Kin yo ride?"

"I worked some on a farm."

"I'll se yo gits a gentle horse, then. The work ain't nothin' dangerous, jist ter help me drive this bunch of steers up Tuba way. Thirty a month an' board; how's thet? Mudd, Eb Mudd's my name."

So, while the day was still in its early hours, Ralph rode on a little pacing sorrel at the off

side of the herd while Mudd swung along on a lean young roan.

Somewhere between Tuba and Moavie stood the Hestler ranch. Here, when the cattle had been sold, the travelers rested.

Now, hospitality is a western virtue, and the sons of the mountains have ever practised it. Old Man Hestler rolled the quid with his nether jaw and, "Say, Mudd," he called, "yo ain't fergot how ter rattle out the Spanish fandango, hev yo? We got a banjo, an' yo kin play it. By hek! we hes a dance at this hyre ranch ternight; whut yo say?"

There was much scurrying around the ranch, beating and baking and scouring of kerosene lamps. Ralph saw Tess Hestler carrying a bucket of water, and of course she did not carry it far. Under her directions he worked, got the juniper and nailed it over the fireplace. While she scrubbed the five chairs and the bench, he covered two tomato can boxes with saddle blankets, put a plank across from a nail keg to a vinegar barrel, and draped the seat so formed with a Navajo rug.

Then came a buckboard with the Ferris girls, and the Huyler girls on horseback; no other maids did the land afford. But the lads arrived from the Ferris ranch and Huyler ranch, from Tuba City and Moavie, from the desert that stretched round. No wind travels swifter than that which carries news of a dance to cowboys' ears.

Ralph sat in a corner. To Tess he confided that he did not know how to dance, and forthwith she led him out on the floor. A dozen times she danced with him and smiled at the black looks of her old beaux. "Stranger is staying with us," Tess explained, and laughed over her shoulder as they whirled away.

Once they were alone. Tess was flushed and tired. They stepped out under the stars. Then Ralph spoke; joy had loosed the cords of his timidity. From some forgotten storehouse he brought forward the lore of the stars,—not wondrous as to learning, but great and awe-inspiring to little Tess.

"You know so much," she said, and looked up eagerly at him. "Why don't you make something of yourself? You ought to be more than a cowerder. You've had chances that the other boys never dreamed of?"

Ambition woke in Ralph's soul, and with it a wild hope. "If—oh, I could do something if I but had you, Tess—" He stared; she was gone from him, frightened by the intensity of his tone.

Then the night gloomed over Ralph, more bitter because of the swift-winged brightness of the day. He wandered out into the waste land. He felt no anger against Tess; she had been kind to a stranger, but that she should love such a one as he! The blighted years rose out of the past and jeered at him. The drink thirst roused and the drug longing burned. His

shoulders drooped, his feet shuffled through the sand.

"Buck up, kid!" Mudd's hand struck hard on Ralph's shoulder. "Yo don't take Tess fer a fool, do yo? She'd be one ef she'd give her heart ter a stranger, first day she seen him."

"First day or last day, the girl would be a fool that married me," groaned Ralph. "I've dragged myself in the gutter, but I hope I'm not yet dog enough to drag Tess there. I spoke before I thought of what it must mean to her. My mother—Lord I was only a little fellow!—but I remembered what she suffered. She married my father to reform him," and Ralph laughed bitterly.

"Well," drawled Mudd, still with his hand on the wanderer's shoulder. "Yore mother was a fool, if she tried thet job—weak in head as she was strong in heart; and yit, I reckon, every man that hes played the man hes owed his goodness to a woman. Ef I ever kept the road at all, I owe it, under God, to the women thet have lit my ways; first my mother, then my wife. An', yo kid, why don't yo buck up an' show what's in yo? Settle down right hyre. Keep ter the hills; thur ain't no liquer there but the wine the sunshine brews in yore veins. The West don't never ask fer the was or the has been; it asks fer the is. An' I got one bit of hope fer yo, too, kid. I seen Tess lookin' out across the plains after yo. She had tears in her eyes—thet's whut showed me the lay of the land. Say nothin' ter Tess for a year or so; jest live straight and act kind; an' after a while—why then—"

Ralph shook his head. "My mother—God what that woman did suffer!—and I—my father meant to reform, but—well—"

Mudd's voice grew tender as a woman's. "Kid," he said, "the knowin' of yore weakness is the best strength you've got; thet is, if, when the hour of struggle comes, yo lean hear on yore Friend."

Pain and hope fought in Ralph's heart. "You might not be there, Eb," he replied forlornly.

"I wasn't meanin' this hyre friend. I mightn't do no good. I was speakin' of thet other Friend, closter than a brother. You don't know Him much I reckon. The din of cities drives Him out, but He is allers nigh in the stillness of the plains. Lean hard on Him and fight it out."

Ralph looked out across the plains and Eb waited. The moon came from beyond the hills. The God-filled silence of the desert wrapped them round. Hope triumphed in Ralph's heart and grim determination set on his lips.

A little home nestles near the triple peak. It rings with the joyous merriment of childish voices and is blessed with tender devotion and sweet content. Ralph Waldron has learned the power of that Friend that is closer than a brother.

# LAMPS OF FIRE AND FLAMES

(Continued)

By MARIAN NESBITT

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## CHAPTER V

"EUSTACE," I said, "are you quite sure you must go?" "Quite sure, Molly darling. What time could be better. Rex is here and will stay till I return. I can absent myself without the slightest anxiety, for I know I could not leave you and my mother in better hands."

There was absolute trust in his tone, and as I looked up at his tall strong figure standing near me in the moonlight—we had come out to talk on the terrace—a strange feeling, half of dread and half of compunction, filled my heart.

"Stay with me," I pleaded, clasping my hands on his arm. "Do stay, Eustace; I want you." In truth, I did need him more than he guessed, for during the delightful weeks that had passed since Rex Fortescue's arrival, my conscience had reproached me more than once for the keen pleasure I experienced in his society. Should not Eustace have been my first thought? Should not the man who loved me fill my mind to the exclusion of all else? I believed so, and the knowledge that such was not the case caused me many a sharp pang of remorse.

"Please stay, Eustace," I said again.

"Dearest," he answered, "I would gladly, but Orchardson asked me months ago to join him in this yachting cruise. I promised, in fact, long before I ever saw you; otherwise, you may be sure I should not have consented to any plan which would take me away from you."

"But could you not put Sir Owen off?" I asked. "I don't like him," I added with sudden vehemence. "I can't bear to think he will be always there trying to influence you, doing his utmost to make you look at things from his own perverted point of view!"

"My darling, are you not a little unreasonable? I hate having to refuse you; yet what can I do? Besides, it will only be for three weeks."

### THE STORY THUS FAR

Molly Desmond, left an orphan in babyhood, is reared by an uncle, a priest, and on his death is sent to Madame de St. Richard, a refined Frenchwoman, to be prepared to take her position among persons of culture. Her instruction is interrupted by a letter from Lord Rossall, her guardian, requesting that she come to England to make her home with him and his mother. She goes with Madame de St. Richard to pay a farewell visit to a favorite chapel and chances to meet Rex Fortescue. Molly is charmed with her new home and with the graciousness of Lord Rossall and his mother. Her first impressions are marred by the discourtesy of Sir Owen Orchardson, apparently her guardian's friend and evil genius. The end of a year finds Molly engaged to Lord Rossall, though more from gratitude for his kindness than from love. He explains to her that the men of his family have always been known for a demoniacal jealousy, but believes he has broken the spell. His cousin arrives suddenly for a visit, and Molly's heart stands still when she finds he is—Rex Fortescue.

"Well, of course, if you must go, you must," I answered reluctantly, "all the same, I wish—"

"Yes?" he said, as I hesitated, "tell me."

But the remembrance of the celebrated Eustace temper flashed across my mind. Supposing any careless word of mine aroused that fatal spirit of jealousy, what misery for Rex, for me, for us all. I hastily drew into myself. "Oh,

don't ask me," I said, "I am fanciful to-night, and one can't explain such feelings. Perhaps it is the fault of the moonlight, which makes everything look so fantastic. I won't be so silly to-morrow, Eustace."

The next morning he went. I had tried to keep him and failed, but not—an inward voice told me—through any want of sincerity in my efforts. The same small voice, however, whispered that failure was by no means a burden too heavy to be borne. It was not my fault that I was destined to spend three weeks in daily intercourse with Rex. Circumstances had left me no choice in the matter, and I determined to enjoy the bitter-sweet pleasure to the full. Afterwards—well what did it matter? I alone should suffer. I alone should wear that crown of sorrow which only the remembrance of past joy can give. I alone should have to face the isolation of the years that burn and break, because my hand alone had raised the barrier which "shut my life from happier chance." Yes, now it was too late; I knew how different the world might have looked for me had I never promised to marry Lord Rossall. But regrets were worse than useless. If I had been guilty of an error in judgment, duty, gratitude, affection—not to speak of honor—compelled me to abide by it. I am aware that women are not generally supposed to possess the latter quality, at least in its finer sense. However this may be, I can only say that I deemed myself absolutely bound to remain true to my word.

## CHAPTER VI

The days passed—golden days that slipped away like dreams of delight. Rex and I were nearly always together. He taught me the real meaning of the word friendship in its highest, purest, and noblest form. His greater soul unconsciously drew mine upward. His keen intellect changed my whole tone of thought. From him I learnt the beauty of self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; and in his presence experienced the rare happiness of perfect comprehension.

"Do you believe in predictions?" I asked him one day.

"What sort of predictions? Weather forecasts?"

"You are only pretending to misunderstand," I said, hastily turning the pages of an immense tome, bound in brown leather, and fastened with curiously-wrought brass clasps. We were in the library, Rex writing at a distant table, while I, seated in the south window, studied the old History of Rossall. "This is the sort of prediction I mean," I continued, stooping over a certain page, yellow with time, and reading aloud the following lines, dated 1423:

Gif a Eustace die to the world, men say,  
Then the Doom of Rossall schall pass away.

"Has a Eustace ever died to the world, Rex?"

"No, and is never likely to, I should imagine. Certainly the present one won't."

"Well, hardly," I said, pushing the ancient volume aside, and leaning my elbows on the sill. Sweet wafts of heliotrope stole in through the open casement, and seemed to mingle in some indefinite way with the quaint jangling old rhyme still echoing through my mind:

Gif a Eustace die to the world, men say,  
Then the Doom of Rossall schall pass away.

But no Eustace had ever so died—not even during the ages of faith when men's hearts, despite lawlessness and cruelty and bloodshed, turned more swiftly to their God—one day glorying in the pride of life, the next wearing out "in alms dues and in prayer" the somber close of their mortal career. It was scarcely probable then that, in this hurrying twentieth century, one would be found willing, by such means, to remove the mysterious "doom" from his name and race. For a man of noble birth and many possessions, with modern views and modern ambitions, might well be pardoned if he felt that duty called him to the world rather than to the cloister.

The bees hummed drowsily in the fragrant air outside. I could hear far below, on my right, the soothing murmur of the sea.

"Molly," exclaimed my companion's voice, suddenly breaking the thread of my musings,

"surely you don't allow yourself to believe those old fables? Take the Eustace temper, for instance. I grant you that in some cases it has proved true to its name. But look at my cousin, where does the jealousy come in there?"

"I don't know—I'm not certain," I said slowly.

"Then, why on earth did you——?" Rex began, and then pulled himself up abruptly.

"Come for a row," he said. "It's a glorious afternoon, Aunt Mildred is resting, and this warm salt breeze will blow those gloomy old superstitions out of your brain."

I ran away to put on my hat and coat, and a quarter of an hour later, our little boat was dancing merrily over the sparkling water.

"You look grave, Molly," Rex remarked after a long silence.

"I feel grave," I said, "I have undertaken a responsibility which is too heavy for me. Yet I did it for the best. Life is very complex, don't you think?"

"Sometimes," he answered; "but duty is generally simple, and that is the guide we are bound to follow."

"Is duty so simple?" I asked. "Oh, Rex, if only it were! To me it more often appears like a will-o'-the-wisp, instead of a steady beacon light. One tries to follow it, and one finds oneself in a trackless bog of doubt and difficulty."

"Not if one keeps straight ahead. It is no use analyzing one's motives too closely. Persistent self-questioning, whether it relates to feelings or actions, is apt to induce weakness and irresolution. But though we cannot always see our way clearly nor forecast the result of our most conscientious decisions, we must still hold bravely on, remembering that

Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

"You are much stronger, much nobler than I," I said, thrilled by the note of pain in his voice. "Oh, Rex, tell me—a promise once given should be kept at all costs?"

"At all costs," he repeated shortly, but he turned his face from me as he spoke.

"Eustace comes home to-morrow," I remarked irrelevantly.

"Yes, and then I must go."

"Go?" I echoed blankly. "Why?"

"Because I have been here an unconscionable time already," he answered. "I know perfectly well I could never outstay my welcome; still——"

"Oh, Rex——" I began, and then broke off suddenly.

"Molly, don't torture me," he cried, with a ring of such keen agony in his tone that my heart almost stopped beating. "We have got to face and bear this thing," he went on in a

curious restrained sort of way, while I sat white and silent. "For your sake—for mine, it is necessary that I should go. You must see that."

"Yes," I answered, forcing back the sob that rose in my throat, "forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive. We must both suffer, God help us. But it's no use talking about it."

No use! Ah, the bitter inexorableness of it all. My spirit seemed to freeze at the thought, and the old, old question that has been echoed and re-echoed by suffering humanity from time immemorial rose in my mind. What is the good of it all? Why struggle blindly after a possibly mistaken ideal of right? Why spoil our life for a chimera? Better seize the happiness that lies within our reach, better grasp the golden fruit of the heart's Eden, rather than forego it for the Dead Sea apples of loyalty and honor.

I looked at the grave, sad face opposite. It was a true index of the character behind it; and its expression said more plainly than any words that Rex Fortescue would never—even in thought—"be less noble than himself." As I looked, my eyes were blinded with tears for

Duty, loved of Love  
O this world's curse, beloved but hated—came  
Like Death between us.

I had given my word to Eustace—I could not go back.

The boat rocked on. We two were alone with the sea and the sky. For a long time neither of us spoke; but at last Rex pointed to a lurid mass of clouds in the west.

"We had better be turning homeward," he said. "There is going to be a storm."

Yes, it was gathering fast. Already a long, low roll of distant thunder broke the listening silence and echoed solemnly among the caves and headlands of the rocky coast. Before many minutes had passed, the waves, lashed into sudden fury, played with our frail little craft as though it were an empty cockle shell. The wind, which only a short while ago had sounded "like a silver wire," now raced across the water in violent moaning gusts, now sobbing itself into an awestruck stillness. Ribbons of forked lightning, sometimes blue, sometimes rose color, streamed across the sky and illumined with flying flame the inky blackness rising so rapidly behind us. The crash of the thunder, only emphasized at intervals by a sharp crackling report like the firing of a volley of musketry, became almost continuous.

I glanced at my companion's face, just distinguishable in the dimness. There was no trace of disturbance upon it; and in my own heart, instead of fear, rose a sense of exaltation. I felt no dread of the contending elements. I forgot the parting, so soon to take place. I forgot the aching sting of vain re-

gret, the bitterness of the "might have been." I only remembered that we two were alone together, face to face with death. It was a soul-stirring thought, and for the moment "grief became a solemn score of ills."

Oars seemed useless. We could but sit and await the issue. Strong cross currents swirled us hither and thither. It appeared incredible that so small a boat should live in such a sea. Again I glanced at Rex. "We are in great danger, are we not?" I said, leaning towards him.

"Yes; do you feel afraid?"

"Afraid—with you?" I exclaimed.

"Indeed," he said, "you might well be. I reproach myself deeply for not having taken better care of you. I ought to have seen—"

"You could not. It was much more my fault than yours. We were talking and did not notice."

"It was my duty to notice. You are in my charge. If things go wrong, Molly, Eustace will have cause to hate me."

"You shall not blame yourself," I cried passionately. "Oh, Rex, I would rather die with you than—"

"You have no right to say such things to me," he interrupted almost angrily. "Don't you see, can't you understand how hard you are making it?"

I hid my face in my hands. I could not meet the pain in his eyes. Truly in my own selfish suffering I had scarcely measured the silent depths of his. The tide was running in very swiftly, and the boat, swept ruthlessly on by the giant breakers, was suddenly lifted high and dashed straight into one of the big hollow-sounding ocean caves wherewith the coast abounded.

A few minutes later, Rex, who had succeeded in throwing out the hook and making us fast, lifted me after him on to a rocky platform well beyond reach of the water.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, "you are safe for the present."

"The present," I repeated, as I stood beside him, rather bewildered by the roll of the thunder and the roar of the surf pouring out of the mouth of our retreat, only to be hurled back again in blinding clouds of spray as a fresh wave rushed in, "surely we are above high water mark?"

"I don't think so," he answered. "But we can rest for a minute or two, and then I will explore."

"Rex," I began hesitatingly, after a long silence. "I want to tell you one thing. I may never have another opportunity and I should not like you to imagine that worldly motives prompted me when I consented to marry Eustace. It was wrong of me, but I just allowed myself to drift into it. He was so good to me—far too good, and dear Lady Rossall seemed to wish it, and so—"

"You need not explain, Molly, I quite understand. Indeed I know you a great deal too well even to misjudge you."

Nearer and nearer crept the waves. Rex left me and tried to discover some outlet, but I could see he entertained slight hopes of success. I sat on with my hands clasped round my knees, forgetful of danger, dreamily recalling his words and tones. Presently I heard his voice ring out triumphantly far above. I rose and made my way towards him, and he showed me a sort of rude staircase hewn in the rock. We climbed it, he in front and I following. Up and still up we went. The way seemed endless.

"This must have been a smugglers' cave," he remarked, as we toiled on and eventually reached a rough opening leading on to the moors. The storm was already rolling away to the east, and the sun shone brilliantly on

the still stormy sea. We were safe, though, looking across that waste of angry surging water, it seemed little less than a miracle.

An hour later, when footsore and weary we entered the hall of the castle, we found Sir Owen Orchardson leaning negligently against the carved chimney piece. He and Eustace had arrived rather sooner than they intended.

I could not have told why, but the sight of Sir Owen just at that particular moment caused me a vague feeling of uneasiness. He glanced from me to Rex and from Rex back again to me with a cynical smile—I inwardly termed it a sneer—upon his large face.

"I trust, Miss Desmond, that these three weeks have passed as pleasantly for you as they have for Rossall and myself," he remarked in his aggressively cordial tones; but I merely bowed and went upstairs in silence.

*To Be Continued.*

## GEMMA'S CURLS

By MARY J. MALLOY

LITTLE GEMMA sat by the hearth. Tears trickled down her rosy cheeks like the rain that poured without. In truth it was an evil day—the floodgates of the heavens seemed to be opened; torrents of long delayed and welcome rain fell fast and furious on the parched earth below, and pierced the hard crust that spade could hardly turn. All the countryside rejoiced, except Gemma. The farmers looked at one another smiling, and said: "*Dio sia benedetto!* The *seccherezza* is broken." The flowers lifted their dying heads with new impulse of life, throwing the sweetness of their breath out upon the carrying drops; the small streamlets leaped their banks, overflowing in pure delight upon the welcoming breast of Mother Earth that held them close. So it was that all things rejoiced except little Gemma. There she sat, a picture of despair. But there was petulant anger also within her young breast as she looked over at Comare Faustina, sitting at ease on the long low window-bench, fingering her rosary and giving thanks for the grateful rain.

"I will not go!" she cried suddenly. "I will not go, I tell thee, Comare. No, not for Madonna Lucia or Padre Antonio, or all Padre Antonio's convent of friars! Why did not Fra Giovanni stay when he came this morning, asking for the fruits of Madonna's gar-

den because those of their own had perished for want of water, and there was no food in their house? Why, I say, did he not stay and gather himself, as she sent him word should be done, for their evening fare? Oh, how the rain poureth, and all our men gone to the bridges that they float not away with the rushing torrents! And I, poor Gemma, must go out in wind and storm to pluck for the dinner of the holy *frati!* What cares Madonna Lucia that Gemma's head be wet with the rains and she made ill, no doubt, so that the holy *frati* have their carrots and their onions and their cabbage for their evening meal?"

"Eh, eh!" interrupted Comare Faustina. "No doubt thou wilt die of a little wetting. Thou wilt be made ill, but more ill will it be for thee some fine day, perhaps, that thy head with its much beloved curls of hair—those curls of which thou thinkest so highly and so much—be not wet in so good a cause. Eh, eh, let the poor *frati* suffer! Well dost thou know they stay at the bridges this day and comfort those that suffer by the flood and do man's work at the river that thou and I be safe down here. Even have they left the saintly man Padre Antonio alone on his sick bed, up above there on the hill. He cannot stir; he lieth all day with none to tend, and no food have they for him unless Madonna gives them of her

store. *Si, si*; let the holy man suffer and the good *frati* starve, because thy curls must not be wet by the rains of God. A hard heart hast thou, Gemma. Go thou to the garden as thy mistress bids, and the good deed shall keep dry thy curls."

"I mark me thou goest not nor even makest offer," retorted Gemma, ill pleased. "Why goest thou not thyself to the garden to pluck of the vegetables, since thou thinkest so highly of the good deed? *Ahi*, so goes it—one does the work while twenty talk."

"Give me thy basket, thou Satan's imp!" cried Comare, stung by young Gemma's flout. "*Si!* I will go myself and do the charity thy younger limbs refuse."

She rose with some difficulty, because of stiffness, but in all the dignity of righteous rebuke. "Stay within, thou, and keep thy precious head in curl, and pray to good God to send thee some day a furnishing for the plentiful room within."

She made a step as if to set out. Gemma regarded her disdainfully yet a little uncertainly, but made no move until Comare, with slow, perhaps even lagging step, approached the door and opened it.

"Thou blessed rain," she said, looking out, yet showed no great desire to brave its welcome, for the blessed rain was, in truth, a trifle rough.

"*Dio mio!*" she exclaimed again, involuntarily, and gazed hard at Gemma. "Now surely it is indeed a great act of charity that one should go without in such weather to help a neighbor, and the act of a very good Christian indeed."

"Thou speakest as well as Padre Antonio himself, Comare," mocked Gemma. "A very good Christian art thou, then, and God reward thy great charity. And so little dost thou care for thine own trouble in the matter. Why, I thought that by this time thou wouldst have been into the garden and up the hill, thy basket filled with the cabbages, onions, and carrots for which Fra Giovanni besought Madonna Lucia. Comare, Comare, if my hair stay in curl as long as thy foot lingers, I need have no fear of its growing straight forevermore."

Comare Faustina, now thoroughly angry, turned on her.

"If thou thinkest I fear to face the wind and rain of the good God—"

"Eh, no!" said Gemma, well pleased, and her good humor beginning to return. "Why should I think thus of thee? But—thou art not yet gone."

Comare Faustina was speechless again, for the second time within the hour. No words would come to her lips. Without another look or another instant's delay, she stepped boldly out into the storm. The next moment Gemma's strong young arms were about her, Gemma's lips pressed her cheek, and Gemma's tremulous voice cried to her, as she drew her forcibly back into the room.

"Comare, I am a wicked, wicked girl. Give me the basket, and for the love of the good God and pity for His poor servants will I go to the garden, and it may be my curls will not suffer after all."

With a gay laugh, she snatched Faustina's light shawl, wrapped it around her own head and was off—to Faustina's utter astonishment and, it must be said, her no small relief.

Through rain and wind rushed Gemma, the basket on her arm filled with fresh, crisp vegetables from Madonna Lucia's garden that might well give strength again to a sick man, and a kindness in her heart that might bring comfort to his pain. Padre Antonio, pale and thin, lay on his pallet where they had dragged it to the low gallery that hung over the convent gate, that thus he might taste of the glorious freshness of the rain. Looking down the hillside, he saw with surprise a slender figure, all but spent, toiling up the slope. Carrying a heavy burden on her arm, her head bare to the driving rain, all unprotected from the rudeness of the wind that had long since torn from her Comare's borrowed shawl, Gemma was a sorry figure when she finally reached the gate. Then Padre Antonio saw pityingly that another rain ran down her cheeks, and there came up to him, lying there above, the sound of a piteous sob.

"Now, why should this little one be abroad in the storm?" he thought. "And lo! it is Madonna Lucia's little handmaiden. Thou poor maid," he called out weakly, "come beneath the shelter of the gateway and speak thy need, although, alas, I can not raise my hand to do thee service, and the brethren are all away, down at the village."

"Nay, Padre Antonio," answered Gemma simply, raising her eyes to where he lay. "It is for thy need that I have come. Madonna sendeth thee of the fruit of her garden, begging God give thee health and strength once more, and asking thy blessing beside, for these three days is she ill on her couch and suffers much. And she says to thee that from this day forth her garden is for thee and the *frati* to use at pleasure as at need."



"And hast thou come up the hillside in all this storm to bring us that which in truth we need, thou good child?" enquired Antonio, greatly touched. "Why has not the gardener come in thy stead?"

"I am the gardener, *Padre mio*," Gemma smiled. "Marco—why, he is with the rest down at the bridges, so there was none to pluck and bring but—" She threw out her hands lightly, and felt her importance and the coming of commendation for her valiant deed.

"God bless thy charity, my child," said Padre Antonio. "Thou hast battled with the storm, and art of heart even stronger. Few I know who would so have ventured for poor *frati* in their need, and thou but a tender girl. Wonderful!"

Gemma was in the seventh heaven. She forgot her plight, the distress and discomfort of return through the storm; she forgot the unkindness of Madonna Lucia in sending her out to brave the elements for others, unheeding of her; she even forgot the cherished strands that lay now all undone and wet along her glowing cheeks. A smile curled the corners of her lips and flew to hide in the depths of her beaming eyes. Her head drooped no longer, but rose in conscious pride. Padre Antonio had called her wonderful.

Then a storm arose in her young heart. A short, sharp struggle was it. With a gulp that sadly shook her powers of speech she burst forth.

"Praise me not, *Padre mio*. I am not wonderful at all! I am not wonderful at all! I am wicked, as I told Comare. I did not wish to come up the hill to thee or the *frati*. I felt no kind heart within me; I feared the wind and the rain; and, oh, oh! *si*, I will speak the truth to thee—I feared the spoiling of—of—my—curls. And I came because Comare Faustina shamed me that she should go in my place to do a good act for my neighbor, and I can not ask the blessing of the good God or let thee think me better than I am."

The rain descended again, very fiercely this time, and Padre Antonio, despite of his weakness, could not forbear to smile at the distress veiled in the flowing locks that now, indeed, had lost all beauty.

"But I will ask the blessing of the good God for thee instead," said he gently, "and well do I believe He will give it thee for thy real charity and brave humility. And now, go safely through the rain again, and feel no harm

from it, nor the touch of its wet upon thy garments, and for thy curls, that so generously hast thou sacrificed" (the smile broke into sunshine on his lips) "be they forever as the good God gave them thee!"

Then up the hill came hurrying Fra Giovanni, and Gemma, giving her basket to him, ran straight homeward through the rain, feeling no harm from it nor no touch of its wet upon her, as Padre Antonio had promised; one dance of feet, eyes, and happy heart.

"Comare, Comare!" she cried, bursting gaily in upon Faustina, still there in the window seat, beads in hand, praying her safe return. "Padre Antonio has his dinner and I my curls unharmed. See!" She shook her pretty head at Comare, who stared open-mouthed, for on the rich, soft curls and on the girl herself there was not the slightest sign of storm or spoil. She could not believe her eyes, hardly her ears as Gemma went on. "It is as Padre Antonio promised me. He said I should go untouched through the rain, and that my curls—my curls, do you see, Comare?" spreading out the luxuriant mass in roguish triumph before her overwhelming antagonist, "my curls, dost thou understand? should be forever as the good God made them for me."

Comare Faustina's tongue was loosened.

"The Saint!" she cried. "The holy Padre! It is a miracle he hath worked!"

Then she looked disdainfully at Gemma.

"Thou and thy curls!"

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The **Porziuncola Indulgence** was the first *toties quoties* plenary indulgence granted by the Holy See. St. Francis obtained from Pope Honorius III, in Perugia (where the latter was chosen on July 18, 1216) the extraordinary privilege that whoever, after a contrite confession, visits the little Church of Porziuncola near Assisi, gains a plenary indulgence. The Pope granted it for August 2, beginning with the first Vespers, and the same year, 1216, the Saint announced the great favor on August 1, at the dedication of the little church. Later Popes extended this indulgence to all churches in charge of Franciscans, but they added the conditions of communion and the prayer according to the intention of the Pope for all churches besides that of Porziuncola, where only confession is prescribed. Pope Innocent XI, January 22, 1687, declared that the indulgence can also be applied to the Poor Souls. —*Summary of Indulgences.*



# Missions

## A MISSION FARM

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

WHEN one hears about the missions, one usually pictures to himself a little chapel in some desert place or mountain fastness where a zealous priest is quietly engaged in imparting the truths of holy faith to a small band of dusky listeners. That the Father must very often lay aside his holy habit and like an ordinary laborer don overalls, ply his hammer and saw, shoulder his pick and shovel, and work until his anointed hands are red with blisters seldom if ever occurs to us. And yet there is not a priest in all our missions but must perform many duties quite alien to his sacred calling. But they do this gladly since they realize that it is part and parcel of the missionary's life to teach his wards, not only how to save their souls, but also how to keep body and soul together. Last month I told you about our mission school at St. John's in the Desert, near Tucson, where besides the ordinary schooling the Fathers also give their pupils an excellent manual training. While succeeding admirably in their efforts, they are greatly handicapped by the lack of a farm, which is an absolute necessity for the proper training of the boys—practically all of whom are destined to be farmers—and which would prove besides a most valuable asset in the maintenance of the mission. But I am going to let Rev. Fr. Vincent, a veteran Indian missionary, tell you about the proposed farm for St. John's Mission. He is fully convinced both of the need of a farm for the boarding school and also of the great advantages that will accrue to the mission from it. In a recent letter to the *HERALD* he writes:

"The Indians are farmers by nature and necessity. The Government allows each man, woman, and child ten acres of farming and grazing land. This is their sole heritage of the vast territory they once roamed so freely and called their own, and from it they must live. Hence the imperative duty of our school to teach the children farming. But how do

this without a farm? From books? As well try to teach sewing without a needle or making bread without flour. Our Indian children all seem to hail from Missouri—'Show me!' is their motto.

"They are anxious to learn and have an in-born ability for farming. Their parents are even more anxious for them to learn how and when to seed, how to plow and cultivate, how to ridge and irrigate, etc., etc., and can you blame them? Indeed, not, for on it depends their livelihood. You readily see, therefore, dear friends, that a farm, with the proper implements, teams, cattle, etc., is a necessity for our boarding school. Without it it is well-nigh impossible to keep the parents satisfied or the children in school. Some thirty miles distant is the Government school, which makes farming its main issue. The Government owns from three to four hundred acres of rich alluvial soil, twenty spans of sturdy Missouri mules, tractors and farm implements without number, a splendid herd of about thirty Holstein cows, a cotton gin, flour mill, blacksmith shop, pigs, goats, chickens, bees, and a host of instructors that give the boys the best of their practical knowledge and the last word in intensive farming. And they really do turn out first class farmers, but, alas, very poor Catholics! But our Indians are in many things very similar to their white brethren, and material advantages have frequently for them a greater attraction than spiritual gains. I speak from personal knowledge, and I am therefore not at all surprised that the boys in our Catholic mission school are so restive with such material inducements as it were constantly before their eyes.

"If St. John's Mission is to remain the center of missionary endeavor in the wild Southwest, then it must keep abreast of the times. Our children receive a thorough instruction, both theoretical and practical in their holy religion. Yet, if our school wishes to continue its saving influence, it must teach them how to gain a decent livelihood. Their temporal ad-

vancement must go hand in hand with their spiritual development. Thus the sainted and much admired Spanish Padres evangelized the native Californians and Mexicans. Every mission was rich in lands, cattle, shops, and mechanics.

"But is there any possibility for us to acquire a farm in our wild, desolate country? This is not only possible but very easy. The Government is willing to give St. John's Mission eighty acres of good land only one mile and a half distant from the school. Thus the farm itself will cost us nothing. But to put it in good working order will cost about \$7,000. It will have to be fenced in, cleared, and leveled; a well must be sunk and an engine installed for pumping water for irrigation and

this fabulous fund, camouflaged 'missionary,' will find its way into our mission district to pervert our Catholic Indians and steal them from Holy Mother Church. Already the emissaries of heresy are going from house to house telling my Indians that Protestantism is synonymous with enlightenment and progress, and that they will soon have that old, out-of-date, and unenterprising Catholic Church securely locked in a prison cell, where it can no longer do harm to unoffending Indians. To counteract this pernicious influence of Protestant missionaries, we must give our young Indians a thorough schooling in their holy Faith and a good practical training in the art of gaining their livelihood. The former we have until now given them. Will you



Pima Children at St. John's School, Arizona

watering purposes. Teams and cattle and implements and all that goes to make up a complete farm must be secured. Once in running order the farm, far from being a source of expense, will make the school practically self-supporting, supply our children with the fresh and nutritious food they so much need, and give our lads besides ample opportunity for learning the farmer's art.

"And what are \$7,000.00? For us, indeed, an insurmountable obstacle in the realization of our long deferred hopes. But in this age of ours when people speak no longer in thousands but billions, and drives are ever on for this and that charity, \$7,000.00 are but a drop in a bucket. The Interworld Movement proposes to gather \$1,300,000,000.00 for missionary (!) work, and, my friends, you can believe me when I say that a nice big lump of

not aid us to give them the latter also?"

My dear Mission Associates, if you stop to think that during the past year the Fathers of our Province have sent over \$50,000.00 to our Indian missions—all received in alms, for a great part made up of the mites of the poor—you will not say: "Indeed, I should like to aid the missions, but what good will the penny, I can afford do when the need is so great?" Ah, no! for the Franciscan missions have been established and supported not by the rich gifts of the wealthy, but by the pennies of the poor. Coming from the many and enriched by the gracious blessing of Heaven, these alms of the faithful have enabled our Order to engage in mission activity that has been and still is the admiration of the world.



ORESTES CARDINAL GIORGI

## The New Cardinal Protector

In the last issue of the "Acta Minorum" we find this letter of the Very Rev. Serafino Cimino, General of the Franciscan Order, announcing the appointment of the new Cardinal Protector of the Franciscan Order.

"In a private audience granted us by our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, on our return from our visitation tour through North and South America, we, in compliance with the precept of our Holy Rule, humbly petitioned his Holiness to appoint a successor to our late lamented Protector, Cardinal Giustini.

The Holy Father most kindly received our petition and, in a letter written to the Cardinal Secretary of State by his Holiness on April 24, the joyful news was communicated to us that his Eminence Cardinal Orestes Giorgi had been appointed Cardinal Protector of our Order by his Holiness.

This is indeed welcome news, which immediately filled us with joy, and greatly lessened the grief we experienced on receiving the intelligence of the premature death of our well beloved Cardinal Philip Giustini. Our new Cardinal Protector was enrolled in the Third Order of St. Francis about forty years ago, and this gives us the assurance that he will be a trustworthy guide and protector to the Order in its needs.

His Eminence solemnly entered upon his charge on May 2, in our Church of St. Antony of Padua (Rome).

By this letter we wish to inform you, dear Brethren, of the Holy Father's choice and at the same time take occasion to express our hearty thanks for the favor granted. Furthermore, we urge you to pray to God without ceasing for the welfare of the Supreme Pontiff and of his Eminence the Cardinal Protector of our Order, who according to the intention and words of St. Francis has been given us, 'in order that we may always be obedient subjects of the Holy Roman Church and remain firm in the Catholic Faith and true to our solemn promise to observe poverty, humility, and the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ.'



### ASSUMPTION

It is the night when heaven's gates  
Their golden portals opened wide;  
And down to earth God's angels passed,  
His Mother's tomb to watch beside.  
The glorious hour to wait upon  
When they should bear her to her Son.

It is the night when all the earth  
Was fragrant with the lilies strewn—  
Celestial lilies—by their hands  
Within that Mother's empty tomb.  
For she, the lily of the earth,  
Had bloomed to new, eternal birth.

And to God's heaven, in bliss supreme,  
Mary they brought, its flower and Queen.

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XXI

*Arrival of Governor and of Fr. Custos—Santa Fe—Christian Population — Before Plymouth Rock—Lummis on Missionary Success—"Pueblos" according to Gregg—Father Salmeron—His Activity—Controversy between Governor and Custodio—Both Recalled—Royal Instructions to New Governor and New Custodio—Tribute or Taxes from Indians*

IT is quite probable that the new Fr. Custos, Fr. Alonso Peinado, with eight or nine Franciscan friars accompanied the new Governor, Don Pedro de Peralta, to New Mexico late in 1609, but there is no evidence. Not even the names of the companions of Fr. Peinado are known. For the next ten years in fact, owing to the lack of documents which were destroyed in 1680, the history of this period, as Bancroft says, is wellnigh a blank.

The first definite mention of Santa Fe itself, according to the same historian, does not occur until January 3, 1617, when the town council of Santa Fe petitioned the king to aid the *nueva poblacion*. This document relates that "although the friars had built eleven churches, converted 14,000 natives, and prepared as many mote for conversion, there were only forty-eight soldiers and settlers in the province." In reply, the king on May 20, 1626, ordered the viceroy to render all possible assistance to the town council and settlers.<sup>1</sup>

Thus "in 1617—three years before Plymouth Rock—there were already eleven churches in use in New Mexico," Mr. Lummis marvels. "Santa Fe was the only Spanish town; but there were also churches at the dangerous Indian pueblos of Galisteo and Pecos, two at Jemez (nearly one hundred miles west of Santa Fe, and in an appalling wilderness), Taos (as far north), San Yldefonso, Santa Clara, Sandía, San Felipe, and Santo Domingo. It was a wonderful achievement for each lonely missionary—for they had neither civil nor military assistance in their parishes—so soon to have induced his barbarous flock to build a big stone church, and worship there the new white God. The churches in the two Jemez pueblos had to be abandoned about 1622 on account of incessant harassment by the Navajos, who from time immemorial had ravaged that section, but were occupied again in

1626. The Spaniards were confined by the necessities of the desert, so far as home-making went, to the valley of the Rio Grande, which runs about north and south through the middle of New Mexico. But their missionaries were under no such limitations. Where colonists could not exist, they could pray and teach, and very soon they began to penetrate the deserts which stretched far on either side from that narrow ribbon of colonizable land. At Zuñi, far west of the river and three hundred miles from Santa Fe, the missionaries had established themselves as early as 1629; . . . and in the same period they had taken foothold two hundred miles deeper yet in the desert, and built three churches among the wondrous cliff-towns of Moqui. . . . The church in the pueblo of Picuries, far in the northern mountains, was built before 1632, for in that year Fray Ascension de Zárate was buried in it.

"A few miles above Glorieta, one can see from the windows of the train on the Santa Fe route a large and impressive adobe ruin, whose fine walls dream away in that enchanted sunshine. It is the old church of the pueblo of Pecos; and those walls were reared two hundred and seventy-five<sup>2</sup> years ago. The pueblo, once the largest in New Mexico, was deserted in 1840; and its great quadrangle of many-storied Indian houses is in utter ruin; but above their gray mounds still tower the walls of the old church which was built before there was a Saxon in New England. You see the 'mud brick,' as some contemptuously call the adobe, is not such a contemptible thing, even for braving the storms of centuries. . . . The missionaries also crossed the mountains east of the Rio Grande, and established

<sup>1</sup> Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 159.

<sup>2</sup> Lummis wrote in 1893.

missions among the Pueblos<sup>3</sup> who dwelt in the edge of the great plains. . . . The churches at Cuaray, Abó, and Tabirá are the grandest ruins in the United States, and much finer than many ruins Americans go abroad to see. . . . Ácoma, as you know, had a permanent missionary by 1629; and he built a church. . . . That shows something of the thoroughness of Spanish missionary work.

"A century before our nation was born, the Spanish had built in one of our territories half a hundred permanent churches, nearly all of stone, and nearly all for the express benefit of the Indians. That is a missionary record which has never been equalled elsewhere in the United States even to this day; and in all our country we had not built by that time so many churches for ourselves."<sup>4</sup>

The oft-quoted Fr. Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón appears to have come to New Mexico in 1618. Bandelier<sup>5</sup> says "Fray Zárate Salmerón lived as missionary among the Jémez in 1618." Bancroft<sup>6</sup> writes that Fr. Salmerón labored for eight years in the missionary field of New Mexico, toiling chiefly among the Jémes. As Fr. Salmerón returned to Mexico with his most valuable *Relaciones* in 1626, the year of his arrival is correctly given by both Bancroft and Bandelier. During the eight years of his ministry he claimed to have baptized 6,566 Indians, mostly of the Jémes nation, although he labored also at Cia and Sandía. In the language of the Jémez, which he understood well, Fr. Salmerón wrote a *Doctrina* or book of instruction on the Christian Doctrine.

Unfortunately in the latter part of the second decade a heated controversy arose between Governor Peralta and Fr. Custos Peinado. What it all was about can only be guessed from the royal instructions issued to the successors of both on January 9, 1621. It appears that Fr. Peinado complained that the Governor interfered with the work of the missionaries, even going so far as to appoint the *fiscales* or village police around the pueblo churches, which was of course contrary to the instructions given the same Governor on his appoint-

ment; that the Governor demanded tribute from the Indians, etc. Almost daily differences would arise to the no little disedification of the wondering neophytes. Cruelty and oppression sowed the seed for hatred against the Spaniards indiscriminately, and rendered missionary efforts futile. The offenses of the Governor and his officials must have been grave, indeed, considering that Fr. Peinado thought himself obliged to have recourse to the power undoubtedly conferred on him by the Bulls of Leo X and Adrian VI.<sup>7</sup> These gave him absolute jurisdiction in all cases pertaining to ecclesiastical affairs, and authority to impose censures on all persons of whatever station or rank when they were guilty of misdemeanors specified. At all events, the unsophisticated Indians must not observe that even a Governor could oppress the natives or otherwise transgress the laws of God with impunity. Whether this authority in this case was wisely exercised, it is impossible, in the absence of original documents, to determine. The presumption is in favor of the missionaries; for Spanish officials, here as elsewhere, too frequently desired to exploit the Indians in order to enrich themselves or their friends, or, at least, in order to show their superiority over the spiritual guides and protectors of the Indians.

Governor Peralta, on the other hand, accused the Fr. Custos of declaring that the Governor could not decide any governmental matter without consulting his Reverence;<sup>8</sup> that he subjected the territorial officials to public penances and so lowered them in the eyes of the people;<sup>9</sup> and that the Fr. Custos made the claim that his authority was supreme in the territory.<sup>10</sup>

Both sides appealed to the Royal Audiencia<sup>11</sup> at the Capital of Mexico, which in turn referred the delicate case to the king. The criminations and recriminations resulted in a severe reprimand from the viceroy to Governor Peralta and from the Fr. Provincial to Fr. Peinado, according to Read and Bancroft. At

<sup>7</sup> See the Bulls in *Missions and Missionaries of California*, IV, 304-305, 799-802.

<sup>8</sup> When they touched ecclesiastical and mission matters, doubtless.

<sup>9</sup> If the officials lowered themselves by their public misconduct and oppression in the eyes of the people, public redress was imperative. Peralta is pleased to suppress something essential.

<sup>10</sup> In ecclesiastical and missionary matters it was supreme. Furthermore, missionary superiors were frequently directed by the viceroys to watch over the conduct of governors, especially with regard to Indians. This rankled in the haughty minds of the officials.

<sup>11</sup> "Supreme Criminal Court of the colonies, and itself formed the Court of final appeal in civil cases, in fact it was together the legislative, executive, and judicative body of the colonies."—F. W. Hodge.

<sup>3</sup> "A general term for all Catholic Indians of New Mexico, and their villages," says Josiah Gregg, p. 264, Vol. I, *Commerce of the Prairies*. Very lucid, indeed. Pueblo means town, and the Indians of New Mexico living in such pueblos, Catholic or not Catholic, are called Pueblos or Towns-People from that fact. Prof. R. G. Thwaites did himself little credit for selecting this bigoted and flippant work to figure by the side of others that are worth while. Gregg's nine years' residence in New Mexico failed to teach him even ordinary fairness.

<sup>4</sup> *Spanish Pioneers*, 161-164.

<sup>5</sup> *Final Report*, I, 205, note.

<sup>6</sup> *New Mexico*, 160.

all events, both the Governor and the Fr. Custos were recalled to Mexico, and another Governor and another Custódio appointed.<sup>12</sup>

To prevent similar scandals in the future, King Philip III, in his decree of 1620, addressed the new Fr. Custos or Custódio,<sup>13</sup> urged him to exercise his ordinary jurisdiction in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters according to justice, without having the other religious meddle therewith, and always in regular form; that, when an appeal is sent to the Metropolitan at Mexico, or to the Audiencia against his decision, he suspend the execution of his sentence until it is approved at the Capital; and that, though no tribute or taxes must be collected from the Zuñis and Moquis, the Governor must not be prevented from exacting tribute where it is customary, etc.

With regard to the charge of the Fr. Custos that the Governor meddled with the missions so far as to appoint petty village officials, the king issued this wise regulation still observed by the Indians even in California: "Annually, on the first of January, an election shall be held in every Indian pueblo for a *gubernador*,<sup>14</sup> *alcaldes*,<sup>15</sup> *fiscales*,<sup>16</sup> and other officials of the village. Neither my Governor or any other official of mine, nor you (Fr. Custódio) or any ecclesiastic shall be present, so that the Indians may be perfectly free and after the election of these village officials they shall be reported to the Governor for his confirmation."<sup>17</sup>

"The tribute exacted from the Pueblos was a peculiar one," says Bandlerier.<sup>18</sup> "It consisted mainly of cotton cloth and of maize. Against the amount of the tribute no reasonable complaint could be made; the manner of levy sometimes gave rise to justifiable protests." Indeed, despite the king's regulations, the Franciscans frequently had occasion to utter great complaints about the manner of collecting the tribute, as will appear in time. According to

Benavides,<sup>19</sup> in 1630 the tribute from each house annually consisted of one yard of cotton cloth and one fanéga or one hundredweight of corn for the maintenance of the Spaniards.

Tributes and taxes, the king instructed the new Governor, were not to be collected from the Zuñis or from the Moquis, and as to the others the approval of the Viceroy must be sought. With regard to matters touching the person of the Fr. Custódio or his religious, the administration of the Sacraments, the teaching of the Christian doctrine, and other things that pertain to the charge of the missionaries, the Governor was ordered not to meddle with them; but he was to be treated with the proper consideration when present. Finally the King urged that the Indians be kindly treated, lest they run off to Ácoma and fall back into idolatry.<sup>20</sup>

From these and other regulations of the Spanish monarchs it will be seen, says Bandlerier, that "to describe the Spanish domination in the New World as a mere system of brutal plunder and mercenary rapine, is a kind of so-called historical appreciation the time for which is happily past. The popular and religious passions kindled in the sixteenth century, and adroitly nursed by England, are out of season now, and we no longer admit that a people could have achieved great things without at least some great and noble motives: still less, that it could have maintained its hold at such great disadvantages as the Spaniards labored under, without manifest ability, wisdom, and some humanity in its directing power.

"That excesses were committed is beyond a doubt; . . . but they were punished. . . . Spanish justice was slow, but it was sure, and no official, however exalted his position, escaped the dreaded *Residencia*,<sup>21</sup> or still more dangerous *Visita*.<sup>22</sup> On such occasions a functionary had his misdeeds charged against him, and, if nobody would accuse him of cruelty against the natives, there was surely some

<sup>12</sup> Read *Illustrated History*, 251; Bancroft, *New Mexico*, 159.

<sup>13</sup> Bandlerier erroneously calls him Fr. Estévan de Perea. *Final Report*, I, 200. Fr. Perea appears eight years later.

<sup>14</sup> The Pueblo Indians so designate their town chief.

<sup>15</sup> Magistrates.

<sup>16</sup> Equivalent to constables or policemen.

<sup>17</sup> "Cada uno de los Pueblos de esas provincias, el primero día de Henero de cada un año haga sus elecciones de Gubernador, Alcaldes, y Fiscales, y demas ministros de Republica, sin que el dicho mi Governor ni otra ni justicia, vos, ni otro religioso de Vuestra Custodia se hallen presentes en las dichas elecciones etc." Felipe III, *Carta*; Bandlerier, *Final Report*, I, 200.

<sup>18</sup> *Final Report*, I, 205.

<sup>19</sup> *Memorial, Villa de Santa Fe*. "El tributo que les dan los Indios, es cada casa una manta, que es una vara de lienzo de algodón, y una fanéga de maíz cada año, con que se sustentan los pobres Españoles."

<sup>20</sup> *Real Cédula* of King Philip III. The secretary of the viceroy countersigned this document on January 9, 1621. The original was in the Territorial Archives of Santa Fe, and was marked No. 1. A copy of it and copies of numerous other Spanish documents were made for the writer in 1900 by Mrs. Anita Chapman of Santa Fe. The Archives are now in charge of the government at Washington, D. C.

<sup>21</sup> "Residencia" the account was called which every Spanish official had to give at the end of his term of his acts while in office.

<sup>22</sup> "Visita" was the judicial examination made at any time of the acts of an officer.



priest ready to drag him to trial for misconduct of that sort. It was not easy to escape punishment for cruelty to Indians under Spanish regime. In connection with the Indians the clergy were bound, and by positive royal orders, to watch the civil officers and to report any abuse committed by them. Such reports, even if made by the most humble monk, were acted upon by the king himself.

"The Spanish Government recognized, at an early date, not merely that the Indian was a human being, but that he was, after all, the chief resource which the New World presented to its new owners. The tendency of Spanish legislation is therefore very marked towards insuring the preservation and progress of the natives. The first great step in this direction was the promulgation of the celebrated 'New Laws and Ordinances for the Government of the Indies,' finally established in 1543, by which the aborigines were declared vassals of the Crown. He thereby became a special ward of the royal government. The Spanish Government recognized that the Indian was a big child, who should be elevated very gradually and nursed very carefully, in order not to warp his nature, or ruin it. It was impossible to press the aborigines at once into the mould of Spanish organization; therefore their own original form of Government was maintained, and only such modifications made as became necessary to assure the supremacy of Spain in case of need. This policy perpetuated among the sedentary Indians the communal system known as the Pueblo type in New Mexico. Under this order of things each tribe retains its jurisdiction and became responsible for the misdeeds of the individual.

"Certain it is, that the Spanish laws of the Indies are by far the most beneficent, the most humane, and the most practical that were formed for the government of the aborigines. Spanish legislation affords but few grounds for complaint, but the execution of the laws

was often far from satisfactory. The governors of New Mexico frequently did very much as they pleased, for they knew that their term of office was short, and the salary (2,000 pesos) not in proportion with the uncomfortable life they were called upon to lead. Consequently, they tried to 'make' as much out of their position as could be 'made,' confident that, after their term of office expired, they would have to disgorge at least a portion of whatever ill-gotten gains they had gathered. This exposed the Indians to a number of local and temporary vexations, the severity of which varied within a very short lapse of time, and often alternated with periods of great benefits to the native. Sometimes several governors in succession were tyrannical towards the Indians. How could it be otherwise when the central authorities were so far away? Still, it can be proved that no transgressing official escaped punishment in time, provided death did not interfere with the slow but sure action of Spanish justice. The *Residencia*, which every official had to give at the close of his term of office, was sure to disclose every fault and crime committed, and whenever there were accusations made during the term of office, there came the dangerous *Visita*, which struck the suspected officer unawares, suspending him at once, throwing him into prison, and sending him to Spain, in case of necessity in irons, there to pine until his case was decided."<sup>22</sup>

From the descriptions and explanations offered in this and the two preceding chapters the readers will be able to form a clear idea of the situation in New Mexico. In the next chapter the first detailed account of the mission centers and of the activities of the missionaries will be presented from the pen of the new Fr. Custódio, with whose arrival a new era begins in the history of the New Mexico missions.

<sup>22</sup> Bandelier, *Final Report*, I, 190-226, *passim*.

**THE THIRD ORDER EMBLEM**

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# FR. JUNIPERO'S MATINS

BY FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

“A JOYOUS Easter, Padre,” the soldier greeted. “Mail for you and for Fr. Figuer,” and opening the pouch that hung from the saddle, he handed the missionary two letters.

“God bless you, Carlos!” Fr. Lasuen replied. “And how are all down at the presidio?”

“All in holiday spirits. Best wishes from Señor Ortega.”

“Thank you. My compliments to him. I’ll be down for divine services next Sunday.”

“All right, Padre. *A Dios!*” and at break-neck speed horse and rider went dashing across the mission courtyard, cheered by the Indian children.

One of the few incidents that broke the monotony of mission life at San Diego was the arrival of the mail carrier. The missionaries of California, it is true, had long since renounced the world and had no further connection with it. There is not the least evidence that on the missions they ever allowed themselves the innocent pleasure of corresponding with their relatives and friends in distant Spain. But they were human for all that; and a letter from one of their fellow missionaries or from their Superior in Mexico was always hailed with delight. A letter from their beloved Fr. Presidente was doubly gratifying. Fr. Serra had a way of imparting news and offering cheer and sympathy that was sure to throw a bit of sunshine into the dreary existence of his spiritual children. This was especially the case at Mission San Diego, where the sun hardly ever shone bright and warm.

To-day, however, Fr. Lasuen received the letters with serious misgivings. Conditions in California and at San Diego in particular had of late become so unbearable that both he and Fr. Figuer had written to Fr. Presidente, asking permission to retire to the College in Mexico. Hence it was with considerable uneasiness that the troubled missionary opened the letter addressed to him and perused the four closely written pages. He had just finished and placed it with his confrère's in the cupboard, when the shouting in the courtyard told him that the laborers were returning from the field. Presently the door opened and Fr. Figuer entered.

“Tired, eh?” asked Fr. Lasuer cheerily.

“Yes, and hungry as a hunter,” Fr. Figuer replied, throwing off his muddy sandals.

“Well, here’s something to make you forget both.”

“Ah, a letter, and from Fr. Presidente. I wonder what he has to say this time.”

“I can imagine. Sit down and enjoy it; I’ll see that the neophytes get their *pozole*,<sup>1</sup> and placing a chair at the table, he hastened out.

Half an hour later Fr. Lasuen returned and found his confrère still poring over the letter.

“Good news?” he asked.

“As you like it. Listen!”

BLESSED BE JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH.

REVEREND FR. JUAN FIGUER.

My Dearest Friend: When I placed before me your Reverence's letter of the eighth of the current month in order to answer it, the first thing that occurred to me was a little story which I read years ago in *La Floresca Espanola*. A community of ours had entered the choir for Matins. Shortly after the Office had begun, one of the friars approached the guardian and said, “Father, please permit me to retire to my room, for I am not in the proper mood.” “Brother,” replied the superior, “stay at your place for God's sake. If all here attending choir not in the proper mood should wish to leave, I assure you there would be no Matins, because we all should march out and I should be the first one.”

“You see what he's driving at?” laughed Fr. Lasuen.

“Surely,” the other chuckled; “just like him, isn't it?”

This little story must be taken not literally but figuratively, for I think it fits your case very well. Your Reverence tells me that by this time your stay at the mission has become most burdensome, and that, if the offices recently proposed are actually introduced, it must needs become unbearable, and accordingly you ask for permission to return to the college. With regard to this second point, your Reverence has as yet no experience, and perhaps (as I hope to God) no annoyance whatever will result after what I am writing on this matter to my dear Fr. Lasuen.

“Did he enlarge on this in your letter?” inquired Fr. Figuer.

“Yes,” his confrère returned. “We'll read it this evening. But go on; I'm curious to

<sup>1</sup>Porridge, made of cereals, vegetables, and meat.

hear how he disposes of your other complaints."

Now what further vexes your Reverence is the straits your mission is in, the annoyances from the presidio, and the dread of restlessness among the Indians. As far as the presidio is concerned, there is no doubt that conditions are the same at my mission of San Carlos and at San Francisco and at Santa Clara by reason of the troublesome pueblo adjoining it. I assure your Reverence, in this particular, conditions are the same all over, to say nothing more.

"Is it possible? At San Carlos, under the very eyes of Fr. Presidente and of the governor?"

"Too bad," Fr. Figuer sighed, shaking his head. "The soldiers forget what they came here for. Instead of furthering our work, they are hindering it."

"Suppose we send the Indians away and begin to evangelize at the presidio." Fr. Lasuen put in sarcastically, and resumed reading.

A few days ago, when the governor spoke to me about the new presidio to be established at the channel of Santa Barbara, I told him that I felt the greatest anxiety over the religious who should have to be stationed at the mission of that saint, in the immediate vicinity of the presidio, owing to the molestations, insolences, and scandals of the troops, which I presupposed would occur there at once, since they prevail also at the other missions that have such neighbors, among which I mentioned in the first place my own mission of San Carlos. Under the new administration, there are enough such drawbacks as are already found at this mission.

"Didn't I tell you?" Fr. Lasuen interrupted. "Governor Neve will prove just as meddling and inconsiderate as was his predecessor Señor Rivera. We've jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Wait till you hear what Fr. Presidente wrote to me." He was about to say more; but he checked himself and let his confrère continue.

I not only know and admit that your mission of San Diego suffers most for lack of provisions and commodities, but I have always maintained it both by word and in my letters to the College, to the viceroy, to the governor, and to all with whom I have had occasion to treat about the missions. Likewise I confess that as to the temporal hardships of those who aspire to the ministry, there are none that equal yours. Still, your Reverence may have heard the question discussed which is the greater affliction, to have an appetite but nothing to eat, or to have much to eat but no appetite?

Fr. Lasuen could not help laughing. "Ingenious!" he exclaimed.



Fr. Junipero Serra, O. F. M.

Up at Mission Santa Clara and at Mission San Francisco, when there was nothing to eat, the Fathers ascribed it to the fact that they effected no prodigies in the way of conversions and baptisms; and now that they have food enough, there is no one to eat it. Moreover, at the first-mentioned mission, the river which they, so to say, idolized, has overflowed so that it has become necessary to flee. Fr. Peña with the youths and the movables which it was possible to save

has withdrawn to a place one-fourth a league distant, called El Roblar; while Fr. Murguía, surrounded by mud and unable to remove the provisions, is maintaining himself in a place which he finds less disagreeable. The people of the pueblo, whom the Father served the entire year, have refused to give him any guard. He has appealed to the governor, at the same time telling me that he would stay there alone, if no guard is given him. They have only one chalice, so that when one celebrates holy Mass, the other must forego this privilege. Poor Fr. Peña has erected his huts there. What is worse, though they realize and admit that the mission must be removed to another site, they know not where.

"Anywhere, Padre, anywhere," Fr. Lasuen apostrophized, "but far enough away from the presidio!"

Smiling faintly his confrère continued to read.

Thus it is that hardships prevail more or less in all places. In this respect, of course, your mission surpasses all others; but it is compensated by one blessing in which none other equals it, namely by the large number of souls it has led and is still leading to the bosom of holy Mother Church. Since I overlooked this matter in my letter to Fr. Lasuen, who told me of your recent converts, I now congratulate you both a thousand times; also on the amount of merits you have stored up for yourselves along with the succor you have rendered in the midst of your poverty to those poor hungry ones in their extreme necessity. There is reason to believe that you have surpassed in merit some of those who have their granaries filled, considering what Christ said of the widow who had *put two mites into the treasury*.

Tears started to the eyes of Fr. Figuer, and his voice trembled with emotion as he continued.

Let us then, my friend, pursue our Matins to the *Sacrosanctæ*<sup>2</sup>, because He who sends or permits adversities, also provides the necessary patience to bear them. Whither shall the ox go that does not plow, if not to the slaughterhouse?

"In other words, Padre," Fr. Figuer added, pointing to himself and smiling, "don't stop plowing, or—"

<sup>2</sup>A prayer with which the divine office is concluded.

"They'll butcher you," the other concluded, laughing quite heartily.

Some of those that departed for similar causes would now gladly take up again what then they left in disgust; in any case it would have been better for them had they remained. Were I to speak of the value of suffering, it would not prove any ability on my part by saying it much and saying it well, because much has been written about it. Let it suffice to read a little in Saint Bonaventure's book or library, namely Christ Crucified. But, as someone has put it, *one must not preach to preachers*. Only this will it say: it is possible that, notwithstanding you are effectively gaining souls for God, you wish to turn back and retire from the undertaking, without considering whether any one can fill your place better, whether the souls are saved or lost, and that you wish to let things go as they please?

For a moment the two missionaries looked at each other in silence; that last appeal struck home.

I have drawn out this letter so long, because I am aware that your Reverence has petitioned me for the third time and for the same reason. If what I have said carries no force, then I conclude with *salvetur sacrosanta libertas*. Our regulations no longer bind your Reverence<sup>3</sup>. But your Reverence will please consider whether you are included in the saying

(Continued on page 382)

<sup>3</sup>The friars were obliged to serve on the missions ten years. At the expiration of that time, they were free to leave or to stay.



Junipero Serra Monument, Monterey, Cal.



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## THE GRADUATE

THESE first summer days carry a certain poignancy for the heart of the young graduates. Hitherto the way has been definitely marked out, but the opening of the gate it led to has set them in a new and undirected path. Any number of opportunities challenge them, and the world expects them to make a good choice. They owe it to themselves, to their families, to the world to make good. They have received advantages denied many as deserving as they; they must discharge their obligations. But how? O, uncertain feet, unskilled hands, untried hearts, who but pities you, out of the depths of knowledge and experience! Who would not be happy to be able to lift the veil of the future to discern what is best for you, and direct you to that path! But you, too, "must learn for yourself and then mourn for us all."

That young person is to be pitied who has not dreamed of doing wonderful things in the world. What wealth and fame has not been won, gazing over the top of a textbook! What careers have not swept out beyond the classroom window! Now the time has come to give those "airy nothings a habitation and a name," and how is it to be done? We are told to do with all our heart what the hand finds to do, but shall we take the thing that is nearest or reach out for something else? What is my first duty, the young mind may well ask.

These are such sordid days that even the mind of youth is tainted; and the work that yields the most money, is that toward which the greatest number of hands is reached. High callings are scorned, talent is neglected, and the spirit fostered by proper education is lost. Wealth is a good thing, but not the best by any means. It can provide houses and lands and power, but it can not buy love or happiness or health. Flowers do not carry more fragrance to the millionaire than to the beggar, the sunset spread more color, the birds sing more sweetly. Wealth can buy the works of the poet and the painter, but it can not buy the gift that wove those words into music, that

imprisoned that scene in pigment. Many a youth and maiden, alas, has put aside such a gift to win wealth. Next to losing the vocation to the religious state, nothing is sadder than wasted talent.

There are others who mistake a certain aptitude with pen or brush for the divine afflatus; scarcely anything is more pitiable than their struggle. They neglect the most evident duties to follow this will-o'-the-wisp. They want to give something to the world, to help their fellow men; but they are unwilling to take the means plainly intended for them. A girl I used to know had a knack of stringing rimes and had she been willing to "burn the dry light" she might have developed talent in some measure. Yet when she came to the place where Love and Ambition waited, she wisely chose Love. "You might have written a great book," someone suggested to her later in life. She laid her hands on two curly heads and replied with a smile, "These are my books. On these young minds let me write all the noble thoughts, all the appreciation for the good and beautiful and true that I once dreamed of setting on paper, and I shall be content. Others more gifted must write the songs. I pray for the strength and grace to rear two righteous men."

But, at the outset, most graduates know that their paths will not lead to wealth or fame. For them is only the "sand grain placed among the stones that build the wall." Well, without the sand, the wall is not built. The place that the Master assigns us must be the best place for us to fill. And it is for us so to fill it that the Master's eye shall find no flaw when He comes to survey that wall of which we are a part.

### GETTING MATERIAL FOR GOSSIP

THERE are few persons meaner than those who try to get from a child facts about the parents and home of the little one. Some persons cultivate children for this purpose. They encourage the youngsters to talk about their

home affairs, and pick from them bits of information they hope to use in future conversation with their neighbors. Yet these very people would be indignant if you should call them "snoopy".

The little ones feel flattered by the attention they are given, and readily talk about what father and mother said and what they do. Often they repeat remarks which have been made about the neighbors—and invariably this causes trouble. To stir up strife and ill feeling is just what the prying person wants, and the children make the best tools.

Children are likely to forget, or get the wrong idea of, what is said, and give it a different interpretation from that which is meant. In this way parents are often credited with statements which they did not make, and which would be decidedly distasteful to those who might hear about them.

Knowing that children carry tales, parents should be careful not to say or do, in the presence of children, things which they would keep from the neighbors; for this is the safest way of forestalling the attempts of the curious to get material for gossip.

## CARE OF ROSES

**H**AVE you roses? We hope you have, for yours is a lonesome place without them. Here are some suggestions from the *Garden Magazine* to help you in your care of them:

Keep the blossoms cut. This not only keeps the plants looking better, but serves also as a sort of constant pruning which stimulates the further growth of blooming wood. Cut the buds with fairly long stems; cut always above an outside eye, so that the plant will make a vase-shaped or open-center growth.

Spray regularly. The green aphid is almost sure to put in an appearance, so add nicotine to whatever other spray you may be using (it will take only a few cents worth each time), and keep this pest from getting any serious start.

Put on a summer mulch. The clippings from your lawn will be excellent for this purpose or light manure, or the remains of the water mulching, if saved; even sifted coal ashes will help hold the moisture around the plants.

While the bushes are blooming profusely an occasional application of liquid manure, or of nitrate of soda, will help them stand the strain without having the blossoms decrease in size, as they will if the plants are not helped.

## THE FOLLY OF COMPLAINING

**"W**E are too ready with complaint in this fair world of ours," sighs the poet. The truth of the charge none can deny, who takes heed of what he hears as he passes along. Where is the person who can converse ten minutes without a complaint rising to his or her lips? Truly is the price of that person beyond rubies.

Let us pause to ask ourselves what complaining brings us. We read in the Bible that when God looked upon His finished work of creation, He found it good, and then He added the crown to it by making man according to His image and likeness. Of course, Adam and Eve spoiled all this, and then from Adam we hear the first complaint: The woman Thou gavest me. And ever since, men and women, instead of bearing with the trouble they have caused, or the trouble some husband or wife, brother or sister, relative or friend, enemy or stranger, has caused for them, have been saddening the world with their complaints. And what have we gained by it?

Conditions surrounding us are often perplexing. But, honestly, are not those conditions, in part at least, of our own making? Then does our every complaint draw our attention more closely to our mistakes or our folly. Yet if some brave friend were to tell us that, and advise us to bear our trouble in silence, we should only call our friend hard-hearted and thus find another cause for lament.

Complaining brings us nothing to help us, but is in fact only so much hindrance. Constantly thinking of the misery of our situation only sinks us deeper in the slough of despond. What we should do is to face the situation, whatever it may be, resolve to improve it, and then "get busy." And while we are doing this we should keep still about it, both in our thoughts and in our speech. We do not make any progress pulling both ways, and yet that is what we are doing when, trying to solve a difficulty, we keep complaining about it.

Once there lived in our neighborhood a woman who, we admitted, did have cause for complaint. Her husband, after squandering the wealth he had inherited and mistreating her, died, leaving her a delicate son to rear and educate. The woman had borne the ills of her married life without complaint, and in the same silence assumed the burden that now fell on her shoulders. Only once did she speak of her misfortune. "I was advised by my confessor against marrying the man I did,"

she said. "I did not really love him, but I knew he had money and I thought I was securing my future. I have no one but myself to blame, and it would be adding folly to folly to go around complaining."

That boy today holds a good position. His mother no longer tramps from house to house as a canvasser. She is placed beyond all cares and happy, and I often wonder how much her silence in misfortune had to do with bringing about the change. One thing is certain, she won the respect of the entire community. The steady smile we always saw on her lips was an inspiration. When inclined ourselves to complain, we remembered her silent resignation under heavier ills and forebore speaking.

But silence of the tongue is not the only necessity. There must be also silence of the mind. Indeed, if we could only learn to keep our thoughts from complaining, we should not need bother about our tongue. Although not a word is uttered, that person who is given to mental complaining can be distinguished by fretful lines and anxious furrows.

And stop complaint on the lips of children. A habit not formed in youth is less easily acquired in later life. The most successful mother is the one that laughs her child out of his "grouch." Mother's kiss on the hurt may ease the pain, but mother's laugh cures it. You don't see that child running whimpering to its mother about every grievance, real or fancied; you see him bravely smiling it through and thus acquiring that strength and reliance that will stand him well when he goes out to meet the world.

To take things as we find them and people as they are is the secret of much happiness for ourselves and others. We can form that habit if we are determined and persistent.

### FRIENDSHIP

THE less you exact of your friends, the more they will give you. For yourself, give as richly and as nobly as you wish—of your love and your confidence and your loyalty. Live up to your highest ideal of what a friend should be (and the higher you make the ideal, the finer woman you will be, and the more friends will flock to you), but never demand of your friends that they shall give you more than they choose easily to give. If someone you love disappoints you—as many will do in days to come—do not hold up your idea of what she should be and do as a mirror in which to count her imperfections. Let it pass,

if you can, with a little smile that may be sad, but need not be at all satirical. And never be jealous of a friend, if you want to keep one. If anybody you are fond of forms other friendships or seems to be engrossed with other friends, do not let it make you unhappy; and above all never offer comment upon her all too evident neglect of her old friends for new ones.

### CATHOLIC WOMEN'S PLANS

IN Chicago recently plans to correlate the activities of 9,000 Catholic women's organizations, with a membership of 1,000,000, were made at a meeting of the Executive Board of the National Welfare Council of Catholic Women.

The program of the Council includes the launching of a national plan for housing working women, the establishment and maintenance of schools for the training of social workers, a campaign for a better type of motion pictures and the extension of community housework.

Miss Agnes C. Regan, San Francisco, Executive Secretary, will open offices at Washington, D. C., where headquarters already have been established.

### THE INESCAPABLE

I fled Him down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the mis\* of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter,  
Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
And shot, precipitated,  
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
But with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat—and a Voice beat  
More instant than the Feet—

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

An honest desire to know the truth; a readiness to make any sacrifice for the attainment of that knowledge; swift and unflinching obedience to the truth as far as it is already known—these will bring the light when nothing else will bring it.

He is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly. We need not go beyond this to seek perfection.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## GRACIOUSNESS

It is the duty of all to cultivate a spirit of graciousness, to remember their friends in a graceful way. It is the manner in which the deed is done rather than the deed itself which makes it either pleasant and agreeable or distasteful to the receiver. Wrongs are done every day by actions which though meant well are turned from the right channel by the way they are performed.

## KEEP SMILING

A sense of humor is undoubtedly a saving grace which helps its fortunate possessor over many a difficulty in life. It is the sauce which makes it possible to swallow many a bitter pill and make no wry faces. To be able to meet Fate with a laugh and jest is usually to disarm it. It is a great mistake to take things too seriously.

"They'd no sense of humor," says one of the characters in a charming love story; "and, perhaps because they cared so much, they made tragedies out of every frown, every careless word, every forgotten kiss." Which is too often the case with young married couples. It is better to let the smile keep away the frown, to be always good-humored, come what may. There is a bright side if one looks diligently for it.

## WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ELLA M., *Fort Worth, Texas.*—A complexion is no trivial matter, neither is it vanity to desire a good one. While we are not running a beauty column, we are ready to give our girls any advice or help we can. The thing of paramount importance is your food and the condition of your health. You can not expect a clear skin if you eat heavy or indigestible food. Drink buttermilk and plenty of it; bathe your face in it regularly. A friend who has tried this declares the buttermilk—she drinks a quart every day—has given her the skin of a baby. It has also helped her stomach. Avoid cosmetics. They close the pores of the skin, making a good complexion impossible. Keep happy and cheerful. A radiant spirit gives something to the face not otherwise obtainable. It glows from the face, shines from the eyes, thrills through the voice, transforms the entire personality.

MRS. A. R., *Oklahoma.*—The columns of our Catholic publications generally carry advertisements of Catholic boarding schools for girls

and in any one of those schools your daughter will receive a good education and the culture and training of a gentlewoman. It is, of course, a sacrifice to send her from home; but having the means, you owe it to her to give her such advantages. There are unusual opportunities awaiting women, especially in western states, and our Catholic girls should be trained to grasp those opportunities. You will not regret the sacrifice and she, later on, will thank you for it.

ANXIOUS FATHER, *Ohio.*—It is too bad that none of your sons wants to stay with you on the farm, notwithstanding all you have done to make it profitable and pleasant for them. There is greater need for trained farmers on the farm than for one-time farmers in the industries. When there is a shortage of farm productions, the high wages will not reach over for the bare necessities of life, and then we shall yet see these boys who are forsaking the farm in such numbers, imitating the Prodigal Son. But no one, not even a parent, can decide for another. You can only counsel and admonish and be patient, and if they still will go their own way, let them go with your blessing. Their life is their own and they must do what they think best with it.

G. McA., *San Francisco, Calif.*, from her sickbed has sent us the following letter, which we appreciate, and which we doubt not will encourage many another sufferer to bear up bravely under the cross: "I read your very wholesome advice to 'Invalid.' I think 'Invalid' takes himself or herself too seriously. It may seem hard to receive a harsh word from our relatives, but who would do more for us than they? I am a patient in the tuberculosis hospital here. I have been in bed ten months; in fact, since I came here, and I have always noticed that those who do the least grumbling are the ones who get better the quickest. I attribute my improvement to 'keeping a stiff upper lip.' That is a homely phrase, but it expresses my idea. I see you mention the Helpers of the Holy Souls. I am a great admirer of that Order. The Sisters do social work in this hospital and have had wonderful results in converting and bringing back to the Fold the strayed sheep. It is unfortunate the Order is not better known, as the Sisters subsist on charity alone, and they do so much and give so freely that the recipient does not feel the sting of charity."





# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by *ELIZABETH ROSE*

### THE STORY OF THE PEN

**W**HO wrote the first letter? Who wrote the first book? What kind of pen, ink, and paper had the writer? We don't know very much about these matters, except that the first paper is supposed to have been the leaves of certain plants called papyrus, which still grow on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt, and that the ink (supposed also) was juice from certain other plants, unnamed. About the pen we do know a little more. Did you ever notice that when two or three persons get together about something, one of them seems always to come to the front and make more show than the others? This seems to have been the case with Pen, Ink, and Paper, Incorporated. Some wise man tells us that the pen is mightier than the sword, forgetting entirely how very important are the remaining two of this firm.

The first pen was only a hollow reed or bulrush stalk. Being the best the people of the day could do, it served all purposes for thousands of years. There was not much demand for it, anyhow, as the most of those far-away folk had little need of writing, and he who possessed the accomplishment was looked on as a very smart person indeed. When the Romans took charge of the known world of their times and called themselves its masters, they made a change. They "patented" tablets of wax, on which letters were cut deeply with a metal pen called a stylus. There is a sad, but glorious, history attached to this stylus in the annals of the early Christian martyrs. If any of you have read Cardinal Wiseman's wonderful "Fabiola," the story of the early days of the Church, you will remember the death of the good Christian schoolmaster, Casianus, whose quivering flesh was cut to pieces by the cruel metal pens of his pagan pupils because he would not deny our Lord.

The Roman Empire passed away, and with it its stylus. The old reed came back into fashion again and it was used till about the year 600, when an enterprising genius discovered that the quill of a bird's wing made a far better writing implement. So now it was a

quill, called penna, which means flying, because it was the quill that gave the main stay to the bird's flight. This substitution of a quill for the other forms of our pen proved very satisfactory; so much so, that it was in use until a few years ago, and it is even now thought to have produced finer and better penmanship than the pens of to-day. In 1803, an Englishman named Wise made a pen out of steel, but it was not satisfactory, was very expensive and had a short career. Back came friend quill again for awhile; but, alas for the ingratitude of men, the faithful servant's day was really over. A few years later, in 1820, another Englishman, Joseph Gillott by name, produced a steel pen that was just what everyone wanted, and it was a great success.

"Gillott's name is famous now to the ends of the earth," said someone about him, "but of himself probably as little is generally known as of the obscurest newsboy." This is not altogether true, for though he made no fuss about himself or his invention, there is something known of him, and all to his credit.

"He was a charitable Sheffield grinder, and a very charitable grinder at that. In his old age he was a patron of art, a lover of rare old books, and a most hospitable gentleman." Let us hope that this nice old Mr. Gillott enjoyed to the full the rewards of his gift to mankind.

Different varieties of his pen were soon on the market. There were nibs and ostriches and swans and magnum bonums—now what do you think they were?—and stubs, etc., all for different purposes. Many improvements on the Gillott pen have been tried, but it has held its own. Others have made experiments in penmaking, notably Joseph Bramah—the Josephs seem to have had it all their own way in this business, don't they?—whose pen is our well-known fountain, though at first it was called the Bramah pen, after the inventor. Some of these days they will all go, ostriches and swans and nibs and stubs and fountains and magnum bonums, and King Type will reign absolute.

And then what will nature do, I wonder, with her famous ink river of Algeria that

she evidently intended for writers? This river is formed by the union of two streams, one of which is full of gallic acid, and the other of iron, principal ingredients of ink. All you have to do is to dip your pen in, free of charge.

### THE SECRET OF THE DEAD SEA

ALL of our Young Folk who have studied sacred history remember the story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the fate of Lot's wife, who disobeyed the angel's warning not to look back at the doomed cities of the plain. It seems an old, old tale, indeed—so old that it is almost impossible to realize that the spot where fire and brimstone rained from heaven upon the wicked cities remains unchanged throughout all the centuries that have passed. In the southeastern part of Palestine, lies a body of water unlike any other in the world. It is in reality a large lake, whose waters come in from the River Jordan. They find no outlet, as do the waters of other lakes and seas, for it is as the Dead Sea that it is known all over the earth. It is well named. No vegetation will live on its shores; no bird ever flies over its surface; no fish will live in its depths. In color it is a bright beautiful blue, but if any of you ever travel there, be sure your guide will prevent you putting a drop of the lovely fluid upon your tongue, for it is salt and bitter beyond words. This Dead Sea is said to contain more salt than any body of water in the world, even the oceans themselves, and the deposit seems to grow slowly and steadily, so that its boundaries are apparently constantly contracting, although imperceptibly. A hundred years ago it was from sixty to seventy miles long and ten to fifteen wide; now it is about forty-six miles long and from five to nine wide. Everything around it is encrusted with salt. Scarcely a drop of rain ever falls on its shores, and it is the bleakest, most desolate, loneliest spot, perhaps, on earth. On one side rises a succession of cliffs and ridges, bare and terrifying, called the Ridge of Udsom, or Sodom; and standing out prominently, all by itself, clear and distinct, is an immense pillar of salt.

It bears the name of Lot's Wife. In the Congressional Library at Washington there is a piece of this pillar, presented by a Mr. Montague, who was a member of an exploring party that visited the shores of the Dead Sea in 1848. He says, in a book he wrote about the journey:

"The belief of all the centuries is that the Dead Sea covers the site of Sodom and the other cities destroyed by the wrath of God for their wickedness in the time of Abraham. The story of Lot's wife is told us in the Scriptures; this remarkable pillar of salt is the only one of the kind we discovered, and it is right in the vicinity of the terrible happening of which the Bible tells us. My own opinion is that Lot's wife, lingering behind in disobedience to the orders given her by God, through the angel, for her own safety, became overwhelmed in the fluid that fell upon the doomed cities, and thus became the foundation of the extraordinary column that is called by her name." However this may be, the Dead Sea and its pillar of salt are there, unchanged and mysterious as ever.

Now would you believe that in all this gloom there lurks something comical? If you don't, just listen to this:

"I tried to bathe in the Dead Sea," says Kinglake, an English author who traveled in Palestine. "I knew before I went in that I couldn't do it, for it will allow no human being to take such liberties with it—you may float on it, but the waters are so heavy that you could hardly sink if you tried. Well, I struck in—or out; for my legs and feet were thrown out so high and dry that I found myself kicking thin air instead of dense water every time; and the small part I got in my mouth was detestable. I had as hard a time getting out as in, too, for it was very difficult to wade through, and, in addition to all this, I was covered with salty scales."

How would you boys enjoy such a swimming-pool?

### OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

IF you and I were in Rome on the fifth of this month, we should probably go with all the Romans to solemn high Mass at the magnificent church of Santa Maria Maggiore—St. Mary Major, or Greater, so called because it is one of the oldest and largest churches in the world dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. This is a wonderful church, with walls of marble and ceilings of gold. These ceilings of gold are of much interest to Americans who visit the church, for the gilding is of the first gold taken to Europe from America. It was Christopher Columbus who sent it to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and they, in turn, presented it to the Pope of that day, Alexander VI, wishing the first-fruits of the New World

to be offered to the service of God. So, instead of decorating a royal palace, this gold shines in the house of God and his Blessed Mother, long after the givers are dust.

Another Pope it was, Liberius by name, who built this splendid temple, in the year 365—think of it! It is often called the Liberian basilica, or great temple, in his honor. Another name of Santa Maria Maggiore is Our Lady of the Snow. It is this feast which is celebrated every year on August 5, the feast to which you and I will go now with all Rome.

The immense church is crowded, the sanctuary is full of priests and altar-boys; the sweet odor of incense fills the place; the golden lights shine out everywhere like stars; it is like fairyland, or, better still, heaven. Mass begins. Suddenly a light shower of tiny white particles is discernible between the sanctuary and the body of the church. Then it thickens and thickens, and falls more and more steadily, all through Mass. It becomes a perfect soft storm of snow, but not the snow we know so well. It is a snow of thousands, of millions, of white rose petals, from those vaults of American gold above. No one can see how it is done; but down, down, through prayer and chant, the lovely snow keeps falling on priest and people, falling as though dropped by angels from the open gates of heaven above—the snow of Mary upon Mary's temple and her loving children within.

Here is the story:

In 365 there lived in Rome a nobleman and his wife, who were greatly beloved and honored for their goodness and charity. They were very rich; their kindness to the poor never seemed to make their stores grow less. Their great trial was that they had no children to inherit all they would leave behind them. "Who shall be our heirs?" they said to each other one evening, as they sat talking over their one sorrow. "The poor and our Blessed Mother," they agreed. "One half go to her suffering and sorrowful children; the other half shall raise a church to her, and we will ask of her in return only that the sad and unhappy who beg her help in this church shall never go unanswered."

Joyful at having solved their problem, they fell asleep that night and dreamed that each saw our Lady. She smiled upon them with the sweetest of smiles and told them that she accepted their offering, and that next day they should go to a certain spot on Mount Esqui-

line, one of the seven hills on which Rome is built; there they would see a plot of ground covered with snow, and on that plot of ground they should erect the church they had promised her.

The next morning, each told the other of the dream each had had. Full of faith, they started out. At the foot of the mount, they were met by Pope Liberius. In the night, the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him also, commanding him to go in the morning to Mount Esquiline, just as she had told John and his wife. It was the fifth of August, and the summer heat was not only great but excessive. The Pope and the good husband and wife lost no time, however. They climbed the ascent, and there, right before them, in the midst of parched, burnt earth and perishing shrubs and grass, lay a fresh fall of sparkling snow, which covered the entire space on which the present basilica is built.

This is why you and I go to-day, the fifth of August, to Santa Maria Maggiore, Our Lady of the Snow, and hear the solemn Mass and see the snow of rose leaves fall thick and white and pure, in remembrance of Our Lady's miracle of snow.

### WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH GRACIE ANN?

"HOW would you like a three-year-old baby, more than six feet tall, to rush at you suddenly from the other side of a fence where you stood watching the frolics of some other big babies, crane his long neck over the top and try to lay his head down on your shoulder? Would you cry for his nurse to come, or would you put up your arms and pet and hug that baby, as a woman was seen to do lately at the Pasadena ostrich farm?" asks a California paper. "Why, Gracie Ann!" the woman exclaimed, and Gracie Ann responded as well as she could; but being only an ostrich, she couldn't do much in the talking line. The woman and Gracie Ann were old friends; they had both lived for two and a half years at the San Jacinto ostrich farm where Gracie Ann broke through her egg in an incubator. Having no kind mother to look after her, the youngster would have been in a sad plight if the woman hadn't volunteered to take charge of her; and this she did with so much success that she won all the affection of the baby's heart, to a degree unheard of among these birds, who are said seldom to attach themselves to human beings. Everything was

lovely at San Jacinto until six months ago. Gracie Ann was given a trip to Pasadena, much to her distaste. She didn't seem to enjoy her new quarters at all. She was languid and sullen, and refused to be sociable with the other ostriches, who naturally took notice of the newcomer. She ate so little that they finally called in the doctor for her; but he couldn't find out what was the matter. Everybody was asking what was the matter with Gracie Ann? Then the woman one bright morning looked over the fence. In an instant, her baby flew to her, tried to get at her and showed very plainly her delight at the sight of her kind friend. Now there is no happier or brighter ostrich on the farm, and everybody says, "That was the matter with Gracie Ann!"

**CATERPILLAR LACE**

**R**EAL lace, too, made in regular patterns and cut into veils. Of course, we know that bees make honey and beavers build huts and dams and tailor-birds sew and parrots talk and ants raise hills, and ever so many creatures that have neither our brains nor our good opinions of ourselves and yet can give us points, as the saying is, do things that we can't. But lace made by caterpillars is rather out of the common, everybody will admit. To be sure, the caterpillars had no idea of what they were doing when they accomplished the feat, but they did it all the same. Their foreman, as you might call him, was a Bavarian officer, who, deeply interested in the insects, occupied his idle moments with a colony of them. One day he took it into his head to try an experiment with them. He made a paste of the leaves on which they fed and spread it over a large flat stone, making it very thin. Then he took a camel's-hair brush, which you know has very fine bristles, and dipped it in olive oil. With this, he drew a pattern in the paste. Then he put the stone in a slanting position, with a great number of caterpillars at the bottom. They didn't know what it was all about, but they set right to work. Up the stone they crawled, eating and spinning as they went, leaving a lacy web between the lines of the pattern, which they would not touch, on account of the oil into which the brush had been dipped. This web was cut into veils with great care. There was only one trouble with the officer's experiment—the lace was too fine for use.

**THE PUZZLE CORNER**

**HALF SQUARE**

A kind of fruit..... \* \* \* \* \*  
 Wit ..... \* \* \* \* \*  
 To send forth..... \* \* \* \* \*  
 To decay ..... \* \* \* \* \*  
 The abbreviation for railroad... \* \* \* \* \*  
 A letter ..... \*

**DROPPED VOWELS**

xstxtchxntxmxsxxvsnxnx (a familiar adage).

**GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL**

All the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left hand letter, and ending with the lower right hand letter, will spell the name of a Greek City. 1. A continent. 2. A lake in eastern New York. 3. A river in Pennsylvania. 4. A city of Ohio. 5. A city of New York. 6. A French town noted for its cathedral.

**ENIGMA**

Of letters six I'm framed.  
*And for myself am named.*  
 Mysterious this doth sound—  
 But true it will be found.  
 My 6, 3, 5, speaks still  
 Of purpose and of will;  
 My 5, 6, 2, the best  
 Of things create confessed.  
 My 4, 1, 5, in worth  
 Leads treasures of the earth;  
 My 6, 4, 1, doth wait  
 The end of Youth elate.  
 Now put together all my frame—  
 And guess the mystery of my name.

**ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES**

DIAMOND	RHOMBOID	ZIGZAG
s	p	I r r i t a t e
nut	tea	e n t r a n c e
norah	pearl	e n d e a v o r
surplus	areas	r e h e a r s e
talon	lanes	r e a p e a r
hun	seine	w i t c h e r y
s	snare	p o r t i o n s
<b>BEHEADINGS</b>	era	r e c e i v e d
h-car-t	e	n o v e m b e r
s-mar-t		s e n t i n e l
s-end-s		a t t a c k e d
f-ran-k		s l e e p i n g
u-she-r		e n d e a r e d
m-ode-l		m a r g a r e t
s-nor-e		Y u l e t i d e

# Miscellaneous

## OUR LADY'S SAINT

By MARIAN NESBITT

**S**T. PASCHAL BAYLON, that great Saint so distinguished by his intensely ardent love for the most holy Sacrament of the Altar as well as for his tender and fervent devotion to God's Blessed Mother, was born in the year 1560, at Torre Hermosa, a little town in the kingdom of Aragon, near the boundary of Castile. He was named Paschal, because he came into the world on the seventeenth of May, the day of the Pasch of Pentecost, as it is called in Spain—for the Spaniards, like the Italians, give the name of Pasch to the three festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost.

His parents were noted for their earnest piety as well as for their remarkable charity to the poor. Therefore, it is not surprising to learn that, under such care and influence of divine grace, a love of heavenly things was early developed in the pure heart of their little son, who seems to have been signaled out, from the very dawn of reason, for the service of God. His biographers tell us that, almost as soon as he could run alone, he would often be found in the church, at the foot of the Tabernacle; and when, on reaching his seventh year, his father gave him one of his flocks to tend, the boy, despite the exceeding diligence with which he performed his duties, yet found time, in the midst of his daily labors, to instruct and evangelize the rude herdsmen who were also guarding their sheep on the hills surrounding his home. This he did in words of such winning sweetness and with such a humble charm of voice and personality that "all gladly listened to him, and many profited to the great advantage of their souls."

Life under the open sky, spent through all the changing seasons on the green upland slopes, made a strong appeal to the stainless soul and thoughtful mind of the young shepherd, whose "love of Mary was so deeply engraven in his breast, that he carved her image on his crook, and painted a little

picture of her to carry about with him."

He would pass long hours in prayer, and lead his flock to a lonely spot, whence could be seen a hermitage, dedicated to Our Lady of La Serra. Turned toward this sanctuary, with the soaring larks for choristers and the swift cloud shadows sweeping like wings of angels across the sun-kissed, sheep-cropped grass, the holy boy gave himself to meditation and spiritual reading—a true contemplative, even in those early days. Yet he never for one instant neglected the sheep entrusted to his care, tending them and the lambs of his flock with loving gentleness, after the example of the Good Shepherd, whose divine form he pictured ever present beside him, as he trod on hill pathways, where the wind made wild music in its rush over the rain-soaked downs in autumn and winter, or sounded soft and magical, like the strings of a silver lyre, in the long golden days of summer. An existence such as this was a fitting prelude to the vocation which he even then felt was ultimately to be his.

One day, we are told, there was a discussion in the family concerning the portions assigned to each of the children; whereupon, Paschal exclaimed with perfect frankness, "I shall want nothing, for I am preparing to be a religious." And he gladly gave up the share of his father's property which would have eventually become his, showing the sincerity of his intention by the love of poverty which had already taken possession of him. For, while his brothers were well dressed, Paschal was content and indeed glad to wear their old cast-off garments. He was mortified also in no ordinary degree, walking barefoot in the most severe weather and in the roughest places; and when his companions, drawing attention to his bleeding feet, asked him why he went without shoes, he replied quite simply, "Ought we not make some effort to obtain the forgiveness of our sins and if possible to win Heaven?"

When just twenty, desiring to pursue the path of perfection with even greater fervor, Paschal wended his way into the kingdom of Valencia, where St. Peter of Alcantara, then nearing the end of his marvelous career, had founded two convents of the Strict Observance. Near one of these— that dedicated to Our Lady of Loreto, close to the town of Monforte—Paschal settled himself, and resumed his former occupation in the service of a rich farmer. Here his extraordinary piety, his preference for solitude and silence, his fervent prayers, his austere and penitential life won for him such universal esteem that he became known throughout the countryside as the *holy shepherd*.

He placed himself at once under the guidance of the Friars, and assisted at Mass and at the divine office on Sundays in their convent church. On week days, when his duties precluded his attendance, he would listen eagerly for the sound of the bell, so that he might join in spirit with the Brethren in their Masses and prayers; and directly its notes, echoing through the air, announced the Elevation, he would kneel down in the midst of his flock, to adore with profound veneration, our Lord in His most Holy Sacrament — the mystery upon which all his heart and thoughts were so irrevocably fixed, that devotion to the Blessed Eucharist may well be called his chief characteristic.

On one occasion, he was watching his sheep on the mountain side when he heard the Consecration bell ring out from the church in the valley below. Immediately, as was his custom, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and suddenly there appeared before him an angel of God, bearing

in his hands a pyx with the sacred Host, and offering it for his adoration. "This vision," says one of his biographers, "should teach us how pleasing to Jesus Christ are those who honor Him in the great mystery of His Love."

At the age of twenty-four, he entered the Franciscan Order, receiving the habit of his Seraphic Father from the bare-footed Friars of the Observance, in their convent of Loreto, hard by the place where he had

been living. In this Order, however, he remained till his death a simple lay-brother — his humility, like that of St. Francis, withholding him from the sacred dignity of the priesthood. Occupied, by preference, with the hardest and most menial tasks, he only left them, in order to spend such time as his employments allowed before the Tabernacle, whence he drew those immense stores of heavenly wisdom which caused him to be regarded by all as a master in theology and spiritual science. Often he was raised from the ground in the fervor of his prayer. But, despite the sublime heights of sanctity to which he rapidly attained, our Saint ever placed the virtue of obedience above the holiest works or the most severe penances undertaken through private devotion. He was constantly employed as porter and refectioneer

and sometimes as cook or gardener. Again, he was often ordered by his superiors to go about collecting alms for the brethren. Sometimes, if the community happened to be a very large one, he was overworked; and on a certain occasion, when he was filling the office of porter at the convent of Ribera, near Valencia, the Provincial said to him, "Brother Pascal, I see that you have too much to do here; would you like me to



St. Paschal Baylon  
Our Lady's Saint

send you to another convent, where you have more rest and quiet?"

"Father," replied the humble Saint, "it does not seem to me right to ask for a change. I am here under obedience; do as you think best. Move me, or leave me where I am, just as you please. Let my occupations be as numerous as they may; so long as I do my utmost to obey, God will surely come to my help."

Naturally, even when he snatched a few moments for private prayer, or when he performed the religious exercises in common with the rest of the community, he was again and again called away; but never once was he seen to show the slightest annoyance. He simply left God for God, and took from his sleep the time to satisfy his devotion.

Most zealous in regard to poverty, his personal austerity was very great, while at the same time his charity and tenderness to others was simply unbounded. He served his brethren in religion with alacrity as well as with respect and affection. As to the poor, his superior who knew his generosity, said to him one day, "It seems to me that you could never weary of giving alms, and that you do not know how to refuse a single person."

"Father," answered the servant of God, "if twelve poor people were to present themselves at the door, and I sent away four without giving them any assistance, might it not come to pass that Jesus Christ Himself was amongst those four? What a misfortune it would be if I were to refuse my divine Master, and shut my door upon Him without giving Him anything! This is my motive for never refusing an alms."

Shortly after his profession, he was entrusted by his superior with letters containing matters of grave importance to the Order, to be delivered into the hands of the Minister General, who was at that time in Paris. This journey—so full of peril, owing to the bitter hostility of the Huguenots, then very numerous in the south of France—was willingly undertaken by Paschal, who, despite the risks, performed it on foot and in his religious habit. On four separate occasions, we are told, he was in imminent danger of death; but it was not God's will that His servant should obtain the crown of martyrdom; and his task, notwithstanding the animosity of the heretics, was safely accomplished.

It was in the year 1592, when living at the convent of Villareal, that, on May 17, the Feast of Pentecost and the anniversary of his own birth, this true "Saint of the Blessed Sacrament" was called to his reward, after an illness of only eight days. It would seem as if the Holy Eucharist was ordained to overshadow, so to speak, his departure from this world, as it had overshadowed his entry on the path of ardent piety; for, having received the last rites of the Church, he repeated three times with great devotion the most adorable Name of Jesus; and then—precisely at the moment of the Elevation of the sacred Host during the High Mass on Whitsunday—his pure soul passed peacefully from this land of exile to its eternal home and dwelling place, there to enjoy forever the unveiled sight of that Lord whom he had served so faithfully and venerated so profoundly beneath the Sacramental Species.

## Like Brands Snatched From the Burning

By Sr. M. SYMPHORIANA, Shantung, China

**A**T Fangtze, in the Franciscan Mission of East Shantung, we started, some years ago, an orphan asylum, which has since been enlarged by other mission works and developed into an important mission center. We have more than two hundred poor, mostly babies and other sufferers, for whom the heathen has neither heart nor help. Thus our institution, like a lighthouse,

casts its bright beams of Christian charity far out into the dark night of paganism. The natives call it the House of Mercy. This name is very appropriate, not only because in it are practiced corporal and spiritual works of mercy, but also because it is entirely dependent on the charity of our Brethren at home. We desire to place before them an example, showing how our House of Mercy in the most

trying circumstances, verified its beautiful name, and how well it deserves the generous support of every mission friend.

Last autumn a cholera epidemic visited this district and, owing to the well-known uncleanliness of the Chinese and the absence of every precautionary measure, it caused appalling losses. After a few days, and even a few hours, of illness, thousands of victims succumbed. These frequent and sudden deaths filled the population with consternation. But the days of sorrow and tears were brightened by a rich harvest of souls. Almost every day our Sisters, like busy reapers, went out into the cholera district to gather the precious sheaves for the barns of the heavenly Father.

We invite the kind reader to accompany us on one of these missionary tours. Having received the Bread of the strong in Holy Communion, we set out early in the morning. We were preceded by a catechist carrying a box of medicines with which to open the doors and hearts of the heathens. The chief remedy used during those days was a flask of water for baptizing, known to the pagans as "the medicine against deadly fever."

At the village entrance, a little bell announced the arrival of the strange doctresses. People peeped out of their windows. A few minutes later, women ventured out of their huts, with their sick children in their arms. They approached timidly. We spoke words of cheer to them. Then they told amid tears of the numerous deaths and the distress reigning in the village and in their households. They showed us their poor babies, putting all their confidence in our famous remedies. But in most cases, there was but one medicine, the "fever water." With a sponge we touched the forehead of the dying infant; an immortal soul was reborn as a child of God.

We proceeded further into the village. Here and there, in front of the houses, we perceived rough, clumsy coffins, and people in white mourning dress strolling about.

"Who is dead?" we inquired. "My mother and brother," said one. Another, "My wife and two sons." A third, "My sister and sister-in-law."

"Were they sick long?"

"Last evening they still ate watermelons, and now they are dead."

"Are there still other sick in the village?"

"Go and see for yourself," coldly replied the buriers; "we are too busy with the dead."

An elderly woman tottered up the road. Her

countenance betrayed the grief of her heart. At sight of us, a ray of hope seemed to brighten her face.

"Come to my home," she pleaded in a faltering voice. "Come to my rescue if you can. Do you see those cases yonder on the field? There is my husband, my son, my brother, and his wife. All four have died. Oh, what a terrible disease! I was sick, too, and had nobody to give me a drink of water. Creeping on the ground, I dragged myself from bed to bed to nurse them; all in vain, they are dead now. There is only my daughter-in-law left, but she is badly off, too. Oh, please, come quick and save her!"

We entered the poor hut. It was a damp, dusky place, showing the utmost desolation. We heard a hoarse voice groaning. On a mat on the ground, lay a young woman with bluish lips, glassy eyes, and a fallen countenance. According to pagan rites, she was already dressed in her colored clothes for the journey to eternity. Her case was desperate, and there was no time to lose. We sat on the floor by her side, and after some words of comfort instructed her in the principal truths of our holy religion. She had still her senses and followed our words with keen interest. God's grace mightily seconded our efforts. After a weary lesson of nearly one hour, she received Baptism. Later in the day, we learned that she had succumbed.

To the lonely widow we left the contents of our little basket of scanty provisions, for we had no leisure for taking our tiffin. Similar scenes occurred in other houses and took all our time till evening. As we were leaving the village, a little urchin, who had followed and observed us all day long, ran after us. "*Kunene* (Sisters)," he said, "in a house down the street, there is a dead girl. She is still breathing." Thither we went.

At the threshold we met the father, carrying in his arms his sick darling of about four years. What a lovely child! She was pale and quiet as if asleep. I drew the mysterious flagon, and, in a language unknown to the amazed man, I whispered, "Teresa, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," while the "fever water" flowed over her forehead. Astonished she opened her deep, black eyes. A flush embellished her sweet countenance. In a soft, sweet voice she sighed, "Niang, niang (mama)!" "She revives! she revives!" exclaimed the bystanders. Indeed, she was



suddenly like transfigured. But it was the last flickering of the candle. It was a ray from the other world.

It was a solemn moment. The poor man was thunderstruck. Silently he stepped back into the hut and gave the dead child to her mother. I cannot describe the woe and joy that filled my heart. With a thankful look to heaven, I exclaimed, "Teresa, happy little angel, pray for us and for our benefactors." I shall never forget that consoling and enraptured scene.

We then started for home, on a walk of four miles, through the fields. How gaily the little stars twinkled down from the sky! They smiled and rejoiced with us over the fine harvest. We had reaped fifteen Baptisms.

In another village, our Sisters found a number of infants lying by the roadside. It must be remembered that, according to a superstitious fear of the natives, no child is allowed to expire in the house, lest the evil spirits get hold of all its inhabitants. Therefore the village elders had carried the sick babies outside. As soon as our Sisters took in the situation, they at once had recourse to the famous "fever water" and baptized such as were still living.

A man coming along said to them, "Why do you trouble about these? They are but infants. They have neither soul nor conscience; let them alone. If you can do anything, you had better go into the houses to attend the adults. The whole village is cholera-stricken."

Twenty-three Baptisms of children and adults constituted a very consoling record for that day.

It was, however, not always so easy. Prejudices, the distrust of the natives, and a complete disregard for their children's lives, especially girls, sometimes barred our way.

Tears stole to my eyes when I descried these poor creatures pining and fading away in some fetid corner of the village. When we offered to attend them, we were answered, "Never mind, they are but girls." But the divine Friend of children often cleared the way.

We entered a house where we had learned a little boy lay dangerously ill. I heard the poor child sobbing, but I was refused access to his bedside. In my heart I sighed to God for help. A conversation ensued with the

women members of the family, who had probably never talked to Europeans. They soon lost their shyness and put many curious questions. Growing familiar they examined our dress and finally discovered my large feet. While their attention was concentrated on my large feet, my Chinese companion stole to the child and gave him the salutary abluion. That very evening, little Michael joined the hosts of his patron saint.

We were, however, not always so fortunate. One morning we heard of a sick child, and although it was "but a girl," we wanted to see it. "Too late," said a neighbor, "last evening at dusk her mother car-

ried her out of the village, wrapped in straw. I heard her whining. We hastened to the spot. Alas, it was too late." A herd of wild dogs had already passed. The straw bundle was empty, and roundabout lay blood-stained rags.

Thus things went on day after day, week after week. Despite the daily contact with the cholera-stricken, despite the most exacting labors in a depressing heat, on dusty roads, in pestilential huts, all our Sisters escaped unscathed, and the scourge spared our House of Mercy. The hundreds of little angels whom we sent to heaven during that tragic period were doubtless responsible for this marvelous protection.



## AS OTHERS SEE US

**N**OTHING is more gratifying to all those connected with a magazine than the knowledge that their efforts to please the readers are meeting with some measure of success. After all, the magazine belongs to its subscribers rather than to the publisher. Editors spend much time picking flies out of their ointment. Those who are serving the great family of FRANCISCAN HERALD are particularly blessed, however, because readers of this magazine have the habit of speaking right up when they are pleased with a certain bit of editorial comment or find something helpful or entertaining in one of the departments.

An indication of the wide appeal the HERALD has because of its diversified contents comes from Miss J. S. of Chillicothe, Mo., who writes:

When FRANCISCAN HERALD comes all work is laid aside until we take a look at the contents. Very often the most of it is read before we take up our work again.

A priest in Iowa has this to say regarding contributions to the HERALD by the noted historian, Fr. Zephyrin, O. F. M.:

Your contributions to the history of the early days in Mexico and California, etc., are exceedingly interesting. They give to your magazine a value worth its weight in gold.

Regarding the HERALD's crusade for modest garments for women, Mrs. M. A. of Troy, N. Y., writes:

I am heart and soul with you in trying to save our Catholic women from following the example of freaks, but you have an up-hill job on your hands.

The editor must take this letter from Mrs. M. B. of St. Louis with a pinch of salt:

I think it is one of the best Catholic magazines I have ever read. I read it from cover to cover.

That FRANCISCAN HERALD is treasured in the cloister as well as in the home is indicated by this kind compliment from Sisters in Minnesota:

It is certainly very instructive, interesting and thoroughly religious in every respect. We wish we were able to enlist more subscribers for it.

Mrs. C. B. of Chicago Heights, Ill., believes in sharing her pleasure with others, for she writes:

I hardly think we could show how much we appreciate FRANCISCAN HERALD in a better way

than by sending in the names of new subscribers.

Mrs. M. G. of Chicago expresses the sentiment the editor has found to be general among Tertiaries when she says:

I am proud of our magazine and derive much benefit from its pages. It should be in the home of every Tertiary and I am willing to do my share to put it there.

Another Chicago reader, Miss A. H., writes: Good reading is the only recreation I have, and we take a number of Catholic periodicals. I hope I may remain a reader of the HERALD for many years to come, while it continues to improve and bring pleasure and instruction.

Mrs. M. J. K. of Petoskey, Mich., always sees to it that her copy does multiple duty each month. She writes:

We enjoy reading the HERALD, and I always pass ours on so the Sisters may have the benefit of it. They speak of it in the highest terms.

### Fr. Junipero's Matins

(Concluded from page 368)

of St. Paul, *The Charity of God urgeth us.* Justice no longer compels you; then let charity do so. Have this charity for the poor Indians, your Reverence, while God gives you health; in your labors His holy grace will not fail you. At all events, notify me of your final resolve. Rest assured, you speak to one who esteems you, who certainly has your welfare and comfort at heart and who prays God to guard your Reverence many years in health and in His holy grace. The Fathers, my companions, greet your Reverence with tender affection.

Your Reverence's affectionate friend and servant,

FR. JUNIPERO SERRA.

Mission San Carlos of Monterey, March 30, 1779.

"Irresistible!" Fr. Figuer exclaimed, folding the letter and rising from his chair.

"The next time you talk of leaving the mission," his confrère remarked with a twinkle in his eye, "I'll just remind you of that story about the Matins, eh?"

"No, better mention the slaughterhouse," the other returned good-naturedly. "But come, let's have dinner; it's two o'clock already, and I ought to be in the field. You know how the Indians are," placing a bowl of *pozole* on the table; "they'll not begin to work unless their Padre sets the good example."



# Franciscan News

**Italy.**—Latest statistics of the Capuchin Order show the total number of members to be 9,047, of whom 2,601 are lay brothers. Students of theology number 535 and students of philosophy and humanities 585. In the forty-two missionary fields entrusted to the Capuchins there are 729 priests and 252 brothers. The Order has fifty-eight seraphic colleges, with a total enrollment of 2,052 students.

The process of canonization of the Venerable Conrad of Parzham, a Capuchin lay brother, has been begun. Cardinal Frühwirth is the promoter.

Pope Benedict has given 50,000 francs to Mgr. Carrara, O. S. F. C., Vicar Apostolic of Eritrea, to help defray the cost of a new church building at Amara, the chief town of the mission.

Paduans have laid the foundation of a church in honor of St. Antony for his preservation of the city from invasion during the war. The ceremony attending the laying of the cornerstone was participated in by the Bishops of Padua, Trent, Trieste, and Rovigo, and was witnessed by a distinguished company of municipal authorities and military personages. More than 20,000 persons were in the procession. The new church will stand on a commanding site near Padua's principal thoroughfare.

**Hungary.**—Fr. Stephen Zadrovecz, O. F. M., has been recently consecrated military bishop of the Hungarian army, Cardinal Csernoch, Primate of Hungary, performed the consecration, which was made the occasion of a national celebration. Admiral Horthy and his cabinet together with many members of the national assembly attended the ceremony. The name of Fr. Stephen is a household word in all Hungary. Combining great learning with wonderful eloquence, he is the most popular and powerful pulpit orator in the country, and during the bolshevist reign of terror he was as fearless as indefatigable in defending the rights and doctrines of the Catholic Church.

**Turkey.**—Fr. Constant, O. F. M., has lately founded a Catholic labor union in Constantinople. It has become necessary to unite the Catholic workmen in associations of their own because of the insidious propaganda of the Socialists and Y. M. C. A. The Catholic labor union is largely made up of Tertiaries of St. Francis, and their meeting hall is close to the Franciscan friary. A night school, where Tertiary teachers give freely of their time and knowledge, has been started. In the near future an insurance society and a bureau of employment will be inaugurated.

**France.**—The Third Order of St. Francis is well adapted to foster true liberty, fraternity, and equality. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should enjoy great popularity in France. In Paris and Lyons, for instance, the Catholic working-women's associations have affiliated with the Third Order. Also, a great number of postal employees have enrolled themselves under the

banner of St. Francis, the better to follow the principles of the Gospel.

**Spain.**—In the national library of Madrid there was lately dedicated, in the presence of the Spanish king and queen and other notables, the splendid Cervantes Hall. The famous author of Don Quixote was a Franciscan Tertiary.

**Teutopolis, Ill.**—On June 11, seventeen young men were graduated from St. Joseph Seminary. The following program was rendered on the occasion:

- Concert in the Forest (Descriptive).....R. Eidenberg  
Seminary Orchestra
- Quanti litterarum artiumque studia sint aestimanda.....Hy. Rutherford
- Unfold Ye Portals (Six Part Chorus from "The Redemption").....C. Gounod  
Seminary Choir
- Schiller.....Alphonse Habig
- Selections (Instrumental Trio).....F. Schubert  
Violin: William Cool  
Flute: Joseph Schmidt  
Piano: Rev. Fr. Thomas, O. F. M.
- Class Poem.....George Grosskopf
- Psalm 150 (Four Part Chorus).....M. Koch  
Seminary Choir
- Valedictory.....John Freuding
- Address to Graduates and Conferring Diplomas.....Rev. President
- The Swallows (Spanish Waltz).....Ch. Valverde  
Seminary Orchestra

After a ten days' retreat the seventeen graduates together with two others from Quincy College were received by the Very Rev. Samuel Macke, Provincial Superior, into the First Order of St. Francis. They will be known in religion as F.F. Pancratius Freuding, Wilfred Cool, Urban Eberle, Antonellus Fosselman, Arsenius Gatzemeier, Clementine Grosskopf, Marian Habig, Lucius Hellstern, Marcellin Mescher, Austin Monaghan, Adrian Paull, Fridolin Pietro, Ildephonse Rutherford, Robert Schmidt, Justin Schmieder, Peter Schubert, Frederic Stadler, Terence Thomas.

**Chicago, St. Gregory's Church.**—From June 6 to June 11 a Retreat was held for both the German and English branches of the Third Order which was canonically erected at this church last year. It proved a great success. Six new members were invested and forty-five made their Solemn Profession, these latter being the first to join last year when the Third Order was established. Two meetings and two conferences are held each month for our Tertiaries and they all receive holy communion in a body once a month. The attendance is always very good. Our membership totals about seventy-five Tertiaries. With the zeal and devotion that the Tertiaries show for the cause of St. Francis we expect that in a short time the Third Order will take its place among the first and foremost agencies for Christian perfection in this parish.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop J. J. Glennon recently raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood ten Franciscan students of theology. They celebrated the holy sacrifice for the first time in the following cities: Fr. Eligius Weir of Ashland, Wisconsin; Fr. Arcadius Paul of Omaha, Nebraska; Fr. Vincent Fochtman in Petoskey, Michigan; Fr. Lucian Trouy in Memphis, Tennessee; Fr. Clarence Piontkowski and Fr. Daniel McNamara in Chicago, Illinois; Fr. Gregory Wollenschlager in Los Angeles, California; Fr. J. Chrysostom Clark in Washington, California; Fr. Raphael Frederic in Oxnard, California.

Eight young women have received the habit of the Franciscan Sisters at St. Antony's Hospital. The investment took place at High Mass, celebrated by the Rev. H. A. Hukestein, spiritual director of the community. The Rev. G. Holweck and the Rev. A. Muntch, both of St. Louis, preached the sermons. Before the novices were invested, Sisters Mary Heriberta and Cleopha made their final vows, and Sisters Mary Adelina and Tarcisa their first vows. The novices are Miss Elizabeth Wuellner, Sister Mary Pulcheria; Miss Adelaide Haubner, Sister Mary Engelberta; Miss Laura Black, Sister Mary Georgiana; Miss Gertrude Howe, Sister Mary Petronilla; Miss Helen Dressler, Sister Mary Fridolina; Miss Minnie Mussett, Sister Mary Renestina; Miss Evelyn Mussett, Sister Mary Conclia; Miss Elizabeth Ritter, Sister Mary Rosina.

**Joliet, Ill.**—Two hundred and ten novices recently took their holy profession in the Third Order of St. Francis at St. John's Church. They were escorted in solemn procession from the school to the church. The ceremony was very impressive. Eight persons were invested as novices.

**New Orleans, La.**—Solemn services closed the devotion of thirteen Tuesdays in honor of St. Antony at the Monastery of Poor Clares. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Anton Kunkel, S. J., of Loyola University, who reviewed the life and work of the Wonder Worker of Padua. The Monastery of St. Clare, being a center of the Pious Union of St. Antony, follows the custom of exposing the Blessed Sacrament on all Tuesdays, with Benediction in the afternoon. After Benediction, the relic of the Saint is presented for the veneration of the faithful. A society known as the St. Antony Poor Clare Association, the members of which give valuable aid to the Sisters, is connected with the monastery.

**Teutopolis, Ill., St. Francis Church.**—Mr. John L. Runde has been re-elected Prefect and Dr. B. Lake assistant Prefect of the men's branch of the Tertiary Fraternity, and Mrs. Joseph Thoele and Mrs. M. Adam have been elected Prefect and assistant Prefect, respectively, of the women's branch. A motion to establish a separate library for the Tertiaries was enthusiastically and unanimously carried. It is hoped new books will arrive within a few weeks. In conformity with the Rule, the Tertiaries expressed their desire to promote the reading of good

Catholic literature. Mrs. Joseph Thoele and Mrs. B. Lake volunteered to canvass the town for subscriptions to FRANCISCAN HERALD. That religious fervor is animating the congregation, was brought out by the willingness to comply with the request of the Rev. Director to attend the weekly Holy Hour in the parochial church. Four candidates have received the scapular and cord, increasing the membership to ninety. A steady increase of interest in the Third Order is noticeable in the town, and it is expected the hundred mark will have been reached before the year is ended.

**Hartwell, Ohio.**—The following young women have been received as novices by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis: Rosa Keller, Sister Martha; Anna Wottle, Sister Virgine; Helen Moster, Sister Aureliana; Marie Creighton, Sister Clarissa; Aloysia Kunk, Sister Ludovica; Helen Weiler, Sister Humiliana; Helen Galsleighter, Sister Rosaria; Marie Beck, Sister Maria-Victoria. Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati officiated.

**St. Paul, Minn.**—The St. Francis Sewing Circle, composed of women Tertiaries, formally closed its season's work with a luncheon for the members and their friends. Several of the members took a number of altar cloths and smaller linens to complete during the summer. A silver tea is planned in the fall, when the season will be reopened, to raise additional funds for the work. The Rev. M. J. Casey, city missionary, has been received into the Third Order.

**Los Angeles, Cal.**—A drive has been going on in Los Angeles to raise \$70,000 for the restoration of San Luis Obispo Mission, which was destroyed by fire in March. Valuable treasures, including the church records and vestments encrusted with gold and silver, brought from Spain and worn by Padre Junipero Serra during his long service at the mission, were saved.

**Spokane, Wash.**—A very successful two-weeks' mission was recently concluded at St. Francis Assisi Church by the Franciscan missionaries, Fr. Titus and Peter. It was the first mission held in the parish since its foundation. Persons came from long distances to hear the missionaries. The second week was devoted to the members of the Third Order, old and prospective.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Fr. Antonine, O. M. Cap., has been honored by election as one of the six Definitors of the entire Capuchin Order. The General Chapter met in Rome and elected the Very Rev. Fr. Joseph, former Procurator of the Order, General. Fr. Antonine, a native of Brooklyn, has served three terms as Provincial of the Mount Calvary Province. He will reside in Rome for the next six years, occupied with the affairs of the Order.

**Appleton, Wis.**—Catholic men and women of this city raised \$500,000 in two days to erect a hospital for the Franciscan Sisters. Appleton manufacturers pledged about \$175,000 and the remainder was subscribed by the general public. The Sisters' present hospital has only fifty beds. Many non-Catholics were among the contributors. It is expected that the building will cost more than a half million, and the Sisters will assume all obligations over that figure.



# Franciscan Herald

*A monthly Magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.*

Volume VIII

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Number 9

## The Message of St. Francis

"Behold thy king cometh to thee, meek." Thus did the Prophet announce the coming of the Prince of Peace. Meekness is, perhaps, the most characteristic of our Savior's virtues. "Learn of me," he says of himself, "for I am meek and humble of heart."

St. Francis, "the herald of the great King," as he styled himself, loved and practiced this virtue to such an extent that in him seemed to be literally fulfilled the promise of our Lord: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land." Meekness lent to his person that singular charm and marvelous power which, not only won the affections of men, but ruled even the instincts and movements of brute creatures. Wherever he passed, the curse seemed to be removed from creation, and nature rejoiced to do him homage.

Meekness is a specifically Christian virtue, though few there are even among the followers of the meek and humble Christ, that esteem and practice it. Too often meekness is confounded with weakness, and gentleness with cowardice. Yet it is the very stuff that heroes are made of. For none but heroic souls can be always mild of temper, humble of heart, patient under injuries, forgiving, submissive, not vain or haughty or resentful.

It is evident that in our dealings with others, whether private or public, no virtue is more necessary. There would be less strife in the world, and less misery and unhappiness bred of strife, if people were less contentious. It is vain to expect peace to reign on earth so long as Christian meekness has no place in the hearts of men and the councils of nations.



# Editorials

## A WORD WITH OUR READERS

**I**N the first place, we wish to express our sincere thanks to all subscribers who have been so good as to answer our request for back numbers of FRANCIS-CAN HERALD. We now have a plentiful supply of the copies asked for. But we find, to our alarm, that we are running short also of the 1920 issues. Each month a number of copies, for some reason or other, do not reach their destination. These we make it a point to supply directly on receipt of notification. We deem ourselves in conscience bound to make every effort to prevent irregularities in mailing, and we believe we can truthfully say that it is not our fault if subscribers do not receive the HERALD regularly. To enable us to answer all calls for back numbers, may we ask such of our readers as are not in the habit of preserving their copies kindly to send us those of all 1920 issues? We shall be much beholden to all that will go to the trouble of remailing them, even if slightly soiled.

In the second place, we desire to inform our readers that after September 1 the publication office of this magazine will be located at 1434 West Fifty-First Street, Chicago. Our Teutopolis office will be closed; likewise, the other Chicago office at 816 South Clark Street. The offices of our circulation representatives will be, as heretofore, in New York. The removal and consolidation of these offices is bound to cause some slight confusion. We hope, however, that our readers will suffer no annoyance. The next issue of the HERALD should be out on schedule time, but there may be some delay in adjusting complaints or in filling orders. If such should be the case, we know our friends will treat us with their wonted indulgence.

In the third place, we should like to ask

all those that have lately received a communication from the editor to be kind enough, if at all able, to return that brown envelope. Of course, they will not forget the enclosure. The editor fears that many have mislaid their envelope. If so, he will be glad to send another.

## RELIGION AND POLITICS

**T**HERE is a common axiom which passes from mouth to mouth in these days and which is accepted without cavil by both Catholics and non-Catholics, that religion and politics have nothing to do with each other; that the Church's domain is religion; that politics belong to the civil authorities; that these may go their own way without let or hindrance from priest or bishop or pope.

This axiom is based on the false assumption that the moral laws are not the same for a thousand or a million men as for one; that individuals one by one are bound to obey the laws of God and of his Church; but that states and kingdoms and legislatures and executive governments are not so bound. Well, then, whence comes the moral law? It is contained in the Christian revelation; and to whose custody was this revelation committed? To the Apostles and their successors, the pastors of the Church, to whom Christ said: "Go ye and make disciples of all nations: teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you." The Apostles and their successors, therefore, are to teach nations as well as individuals all that Christ has commanded them to teach. But the things which he commanded include not only his doctrines of faith, but also his laws of morality, and they bind rulers as well as subjects.

To talk about the separation between religion and politics is to talk rank non-

sense if not downright impiety. For what are politics but the principles governing society, the morals of men living together under public law? There is no essential difference between the law that governs the public man and that which binds the private man. The moral law of the Gospel governs the individual, the family, and the state. Politics, therefore, are a part of morals. They are morals applied to society, to the public life and action of nations, to the legislative and executive branches of governments. For that reason, to divorce politics from religion, to exclude the Church from all participation in the political life of the nations, to shut up the priest in the sanctuary, as it were, is nothing but an attempt to shake off the yoke of Christ. He that has said "by me kings reign and lawgivers decree just things; by me princes rule and the mighty decree justice," he will judge the kings and princes and the legislatures and the nations of this world for the laws they have made. "When he is come, he will convince the world of sin, and of justice, and of judgment."

### WOMAN AND DIVORCE

WHEN some months since a handful of Italian masons and socialists tried to secure the passage of the notorious Marangoni divorce bill—a bill which is as useless as it is offensive to the vast majority of the people—they reckoned without their hostesses, the Catholic women of Italy. As is well known, the Italian women possess an admirable organization in "L'Unione Femile Cattolica Italiana," which has repeatedly merited the most flattering encomiums from the highest Church dignitaries, including his Holiness Benedict XV, for its valiant endeavors to preserve to the country its dearest possessions—faith and morality.

As soon as the above-mentioned bill was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies, the women began an active and nation-wide campaign of pitiless publicity.

"Every town and hamlet of the country," says an N. C. W. C. bulletin, "was included in the campaign, which was educational in character and carried out by means of posters published broadcast." Nor did the women hesitate to take direct issue with the promoters of the obnoxious measure. Characterizing the pretext that the war has ruined family life as an unworthy and false assumption, the women's proclamation denounced the whole group of anti-clericals, masons, socialists, and radicals favoring divorce, as the inveterate enemies of Italian life, and called on all voters to defend the integrity of the family by protesting energetically to their representatives against a bill "offensive to the conscience of the majority of those whom they represent." These energetic measures did not fail of their desired effect. The Popular Party took up the fight in the Chamber and succeeded in killing the bill without much trouble. But the lion's share of the credit goes to the Catholic women of Italy.

Thus have they demonstrated to their sisters the world over the utility and power of concerted action. God knows how badly the lesson is needed in this country. Social conditions are practically the same everywhere. The pity of it is that Catholic men and women are not organized and equipped to take an active part in the solution of the burning questions of the day. When recently an attempt was made by the N. C. W. C. to give the Catholic women of these States a national organization, Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, addressing the delegates of the various Catholic societies, very truly said that the greatest weakness of our efforts in the past lay in the fact that "we had not learned to do things on a big scale, not learned the lesson of doing things in a national way." He continued:

We have made efforts to do something along the line of securing, for the benefit of the country, some kind of uniform divorce law. We know that we have had strong men advocating that movement. One of our own men, a strong, estimable

gentleman, loyal and capable, Mr. George Walter Smith of Philadelphia, for years has headed the movement. But the response has not been uniform. While certain sections attempted to hold up their hands and do something, whole wide stretches of land remained entirely unresponsive, and remained even in utter ignorance of the fact that any such efforts were being made. Why? Because there was no unified power; there was no concentration of effort in the country to take up this work.

We devoutly hope that before long we shall see the Catholic women of the country display that "unified power," that "concentration of effort," which will make them appear to all enemies of the Church "terrible as an army set in array." Whether the Catholic women of this country want the ballot or not, it is only a question of months when they will find themselves in possession of it. But it is a certainty that little good will come to the Church or to the country from their use of the ballot if they lack unity of aim and action. Without organization, our Catholic women are destined to remain perfectly innocuous so far as the political life of the nation is concerned.

### AUSTRIA'S PLIGHT

**W**E have been asked to publish another appeal to the charity of our readers in behalf of the suffering Austrians. We should hesitate to do so if we did not have incontestable evidence of the extreme misery and helplessness of the Austrian people and of the never-failing generosity of our subscribers. We have received contributions to the German and Austrian relief fund within the last six months to the amount of \$1,500. This sum we have disbursed only to such persons and institutions as we knew to be in dire need and deserving of assistance. Thus our readers have the assurance that only the best use was made of their alms, and the consolation that they have rescued not a few war sufferers in Central Europe from sickness and death.

Our appeal this time is specifically in behalf of the Austrian women and children. They, if any, deserve our sympathy and aid, because they are not responsible for the terrible calamity with which God has been pleased to visit their once prosperous and happy country; and unless these can be saved, the Austrian nation is doomed to extinction. Tuberculosis and softening of the bones—the effects of undernourishment—are spreading in an alarming degree. The following official figures recently received from Vienna, speak for themselves:

Of 183,500 children examined—  
 90,000 were very much undernourished,  
 63,000 were undernourished,  
 19,000 were less undernourished,  
 5,000 were not undernourished.

The mortality figures for the city of Vienna present themselves as follows:

Under 5 years per 1,000.....270  
 Under 10 years per 1,000..... 60  
 Under 15 years per 1,000..... 40

When one remembers that in our largest American city, where living conditions for children can not be called exactly ideal, only 33.95 out of 1,000 children under 5 years die from various causes, one obtains some idea of the ravages of famine in the Austrian capital. It is heart-rending to think that most of these children could be, not only fed, but nursed back to health if they only had the scraps of food that are daily swept from American tables. Shall it be said that while we nursed our own children in the lap of luxury, we denied to the poor starving children of Austria the crumbs that fall from our tables? We refuse to believe that the members of the HERALD family are less generous than wasteful, and we are confident that out of their abundance they will endeavor to the best of their ability to provide the necessities of life for those whom the coming winter threatens to engulf in the deepest gloom and misery.

This office will continue to receive and disburse alms for the suffering people of Central Europe.





# Third Order of St. Francis

## BETWEEN FRIENDS

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

AS a result of our monthly chats on the Third Order, a large number of non-Tertiary readers have become interested in this great Franciscan institution, and various enquiries regarding it continue to find their way to my desk. I usually answer such correspondents by a personal letter, provided my time allows me this pleasure. I am profoundly convinced that once a person's interest in the Third Order has been awakened to such a degree as to seek for information concerning the Order, it is but a question of time when he will be seeking admission to it. Since a number of questions recently sent in have a general interest, I shall devote the limited space allotted me this month to answering the one or the other for the benefit of all my friends in St. Francis.

A young married man, who is conducting a business under more or less serious difficulties, but who, for obvious reasons, is anxious to make a success of it, fears that, if he were to join the Third Order, which he would like very much to do, he would have to be satisfied with very meager returns in his business—just enough to keep him and his family from dire poverty. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this supposition of my good friend. Whereas the members of the First and Second Orders of St. Francis are bound by vow to lead a life of poverty, so much so that neither the individuals nor the Orders as such can possess property, the members of the Third Order Secular not only may have, but many of them actually do, have large earthly possessions. The two heavenly patrons of the Third Order, St. Louis IX King of France, and St. Elizabeth, daughter of the King of Hungary, had vast resources at their command. But their hearts did not cling to their riches, and in the use of their great wealth they regarded themselves as stewards of their heavenly Father, knowing full well that they would have to render an account at the judgment seat of their stewardship. Thus, too, should all Tertiaries, more than others, be truly poor in spirit, as our Lord counsels. They must, indeed, work for

their daily bread, and they may strive to increase their worldly possessions as much as they honestly can, the better to support their families and to assist those whom Divine Providence allows to feel the pangs of poverty. Hence, as in the spiritual life, so, too, in their business relations, Tertiaries should be models for their fellow men—in courtesy, in honesty, and in every other quality that goes to make a good business man.

The fact that Tertiaries are said, and rightly so, to belong to a true Order of holy Church, causes many a one to wonder whether membership in this Order carries with it the obligation of making certain vows. If such is the case, they feel at once that they have no vocation for it. It gives me real pleasure to assure them that as Tertiaries they will have no vow to keep nor, in fact, any promise or rule that binds under sin. The Third Order Secular of St. Francis has absolutely no vows, and none of its regulations are binding under sin of any kind; unless, indeed, these same things fall under some commandment of God or of the Church; thus, for instance, the injunction that Tertiaries should "never use indecent language," and "never take an oath except in case of necessity." The Third Order asks nothing of its members that is not already demanded of every good Catholic who is striving earnestly for Christian perfection.

Hence, I had no difficulty in disabusing another correspondent of the notion that as a Tertiary he would be more liable to commit a mortal sin because of the many grave obligations he supposed he would assume as a member of the Third Order. I told him that just the contrary is the case, since Tertiaries, as a rule, find it far more easy to overcome temptations and to lead a virtuous life than the ordinary run of Christians, owing to the superabundance of graces and spiritual benefits Tertiaries daily and hourly receive as members of the Third Order. For the Third Order of St. Francis not only is the most richly indulgenced lay organization in the Catholic Church, but its

members, as children of the great family of St. Francis, partake in all the good works and spiritual advantages of the First, Second, and Third Order Regular of St. Francis. Surely, with such spiritual aids, the Tertiaries ought to find it very easy to lead the life of a perfect Christian, as their Rule demands of them.

But enough for this time. I shall have more to say next month. Meanwhile, I shall be pleased to mail to any one who is eager to become familiar with the Third Order a copy

of a small pamphlet containing a brief, yet clear, explanation of the nature, origin, object, obligations, and advantages of the Third Order. The fact that more than 100,000 copies of this booklet have been distributed throughout this country and Canada and have found their way to England, Ireland, and even far-off India, everywhere meeting with a hearty welcome, vouches for its popularity. Don't be afraid to request a copy. It will be a real pleasure for me to send you one for the mere asking.

## ST. JOAN OF ARC

By Catherine M. Hayes

*I had the greatest faith in the Maid,  
and her words inflamed my heart with  
love of God. I believe she was sent  
by God.—JEAN DE METZ.*

**J**OAN OF ARC! What inspiration, what high romance breathe through that magic name, while memories glad and mournful throng the mind! A little peasant girl contentedly spinning at her good mother's side; the warrior maid leading on to victory the armies of France—the world staggered at the sight of an unknown peasant maid achieving feats of warfare and deeds of all-conquering courage. Then the final scene in that unique career—the martyr immolated at the stake; that magnificent soul mounting on a stairway of fire to heaven. And, as the lurid shroud enfolds the girlish form, the watching throngs below catch her last sobbing utterance, the sacred name, "Jesus." Tremulous, high, and clear her voice rings out far above the snapping flames and the murmur of the tearful multitudes. It is a last call to the heavenly Bridegroom to make haste and come. That dying prayer seemed to bid the world bear witness that her Lord was still her rock and her strength; that the everlasting arms bore her up in this final, crucial hour as through the unspeakable agony of the past.

And now in this our day, as we contemplate that incomparable career with its tragic termination, fancy conjures up another vision. The scene of apparent defeat gives way to one of triumph and exultation. For the heroine's hour has struck; the little peasant girl of Domremy stands before us, the aureole of sainthood shining on her brow, and joyously and

triumphantly we hail her as St. Joan of Arc, virgin and martyr. To members of the world-wide Franciscan family this recent canonization is a peculiarly happy occasion. For the peerless Maid was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and exemplified all through her glorious life the ideals of the Seraph of Assisi.

It was on the Feast of the Epiphany, the night of January 6, 1412, that a daughter was born to Isabelle de Romee, wife of Jacques d'Arc of Domremy, a village in France. Favored little town of Domremy, how you leaped from obscurity to the heights of immortality that winter's night! Does it not appear significant that the day on which Christ the Savior manifested himself to the gentiles as the Light of a sin-darkened world should witness the birth of a woman destined in time to be the light of her hapless land in its darkest hour, the deliverer whose sacred sword would strike off her country's chains and restore peace and liberty long vanished from the soil?

Let us take a glimpse at the unhappy state of France at the time of Joan's birth and childhood. Unenviable was the lot of that distressed country, torn by enemies from without and within. A century of misfortunes, dark tragedies, and woes had so weakened and reduced the unhappy land that it could lay scant claim to being an independent kingdom. The King, Charles VI, was insane. His wife, Isabelle of Bavaria, a woman of ill repute, had made a treaty with Henry V of England who had married the Princess Catherine, daughter of the French sovereigns. The terms of this treaty, known in history as the Treaty of Troyes, provided that the crown of France

should pass from the Dauphin Charles to the child of this marriage.

Henry V died when his heir was less than a year old, and two months later died the unhappy French monarch, Charles VI. His son, the Dauphin Charles, eighteen years old, was now rival claimant to the throne of France against the infant son of Henry V. The Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V, ruled France as regent, and his military successes proved disastrous to the cause of the Dauphin and his adherents.

Besides being divided into the French and English parties, France was torn by the factions of the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, the former party loyal to the Dauphin, the latter in league with the English.

Domremy was loyal to the disinherited king; hence we hear that raiding bands of Burgundians frequently disturbed the peaceful countryside and terrorized the people. Brigandage and lawlessness were the order of the day, and it has been said that robbers infested the country like wolves. Abandoned and untilled, the fields lay year after year, the peasants driven away and slaughtered. Even through the streets of Paris swarmed lawless, blood-thirsty mobs, pillaging, murdering, burning.

This was France, stricken, desolate, well-nigh disintegrated, its king a hunted refugee; the France for whose redemption, at Heaven's high command, Joan, the shepherdess of Domremy, encased her youthful form in warrior's mail, and bade farewell to her peaceful home forever.

Let us take a glimpse across the centuries at the little village on the River Meuse, Joan's birthplace. Domremy, how fraught with haunting melody that name linked inseparably, as it ever will be, with the name of the peerless maid! To quote a chronicler, Domremy was like any other humble village of that remote time and region. It was a maze of crooked narrow lanes and alleys, shaded and sheltered by the overhanging thatched roofs of the barn-like houses which were dimly lighted by wooden shuttered windows. The floors were of dirt and there was very little furniture.

One of these humble habitations, then, was the home of our heroine. Here also lived her parents, her brothers, Jacques, Pierre, and Jean, and her little sister, Catherine. The cottage was surrounded by a garden, the scene of that first heavenly interview when, trembling and wondering, Joan heard the heaven-sent messengers first speak their high command: "Go forth, Daughter of God!"

What a hallowed sanctuary, the room occupied by Joan of Arc! How the angels must have sentinelled her slumbers as she lay wrapped in the tranquil sleep of innocent, healthy youth! Charmed with her fervent soul's outpourings, they surely hovered near when morning and night she knelt to pray. It seems that the one window the room possessed faced toward the parish church beside which the dwelling was situated. We can readily fancy the child's pleasure and satisfaction at the proximity to the house of God, for of Joan's earnest and unaffected piety we have ample proof. Years after she had gone to receive her martyr's crown, at the Rehabilitation Trial, friends and playmates of her childhood testified to her goodness and her pious life.

The parish priest of Domremy draws a sweet picture of this child of heaven. He tells us that Joan was noticeable for her goodness and piety, constant in attendance at Mass, and devoted to the Sacraments. He thought she went too often to Confession, for his little penitent had so few imperfections of which to accuse herself. She was without her like in all the village of Domremy, he declares.

How charming the accounts of the heroine's life from the lips of these steadfast friends, eager to vindicate the fair name of their beloved Joan! They tell us of sweet unselfishness and charity which prompted her to the kindest deeds and acts of self-effacement. Her sweet, smiling face brightened and cheered many a sickroom. Simon Musnier, who as a child had lived next door to Joan, told how the little girl visited him when he was ill and "lifted up his heart." As we study the Maid's beautiful life, we find that her warm, sympathetic, and enthusiastic nature "lifted up" countless hearts during her brief, but glorious, career. The heart of France itself throbbled with awakening life at the coming of this valiant woman who "put out her hands to strong things."

Scant were the luxuries in her humble home, but Joan was never happier than when sharing her all with others less blessed than she. Not infrequently the kindhearted child gave up her bed to some wayfarer, content herself to seek repose on the hearth before the fire.

Joan loved work, and when not assisting her mother with the spinning, sewing, or other household duties, she tended the flocks of sheep, as did all the young folk of Domremy. Besides, she often helped her father and brothers in the fields, skilfully guiding the plow or turn-

ing up the earth with a spade. Cheerful and industrious, the maiden, as she contentedly toiled at arduous labor, offering all for God's honor and glory, her youthful form growing stronger and sturdier day after day, unconsciously was being schooled and fitted for the future rude, rough life of camp and battle trench, a tempestuous career undreamed of in Domremy's peaceful ways.

We are afforded another intimate view of Joan of Arc by her two favorite girl friends, Mengette and Hanriette, who told how she used to go evenings to their homes, where she taught them to sew and spin, for she was an adept at both these womanly arts. Her willing hands often helped them with their housework, and on the sad day when she said a last farewell to her beloved Domremy and her dear companions, none was more desolate or broken-hearted than these two devoted, worshipping little friends. A study of Joan's character discloses depths of earnestness and thoughtful gravity unusual in so young a girl. Although she dearly loved her playmates, she seemed to prefer the society of good, prudent older women. It is apparent, however, that she was a normal happy-souled child, the

avowed leader in all their childish games and sports, the favorite of young and old alike. Someone has told us about her "hop-skip-and-jump gait and her merry catching laugh," and added that, although she often left her companions to go and "talk with God," Joan's piety did not make her sad or long-faced. She was always happy.

The region about Domremy is a beautifully wooded section. The valley of the Meuse is about a mile across at this point. Cultivated fields and gardens abound, and farther up are oak woods. On the edge of one of these woods, on an upland overlooking the river, stands a shrine dedicated to Our Lady. Every Saturday morning found Joan, accompanied by some of her young friends, making her way to this picturesque, secluded spot to deposit garlands of flowers and lighted candles. It was one of the child's best-loved practices of piety; and in fancy we can see her, when her deft fingers have completed their work of love, kneeling with clasped hands and reverent eyes upraised as she begs the care and guidance of the sinless Virgin Mother.

(To be continued)

## APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

JUST as I sat down to my desk to consider what I was going to say to you this month, I chanced to look up, and who should be coming up my garden path with most unmatronly lightness and haste but the new Mrs. John Farrel, formerly Miss Margaret Randolph. I waited for an instant before going out to meet her in order to get the full effect of her dainty figure in the immaculate sport outfit of her *trousseau*. As I watched, she suddenly raised her eyes and catching mine waved a greeting.

"Margaret," I exclaimed as I hurried to open the French window. "This is a surprise. Have you taken to neglecting your husband's meals in order to look so pretty of a mornin'?"

"Nothing of the sort," she retorted laughing. "My husband rises betimes in order to accompany his worthy spouse to Mass. Then they go home and consume breakfast prepared by said spouse before they left and just finished up after their return. Then, still in clothes that

make the general public think she's been out for a twosome at golf, this paragon of a wife walks down town with her husband, returning via the market, from which she chooses all the green and tender vegetables that make her *cuisine* so famous, glimpsing incidentally certain lazy mortals who are straggling off to the latest Mass, and—"

"Stop—stop!" I begged. "How can you tell me you've been to market when you haven't so much as a spear of onion or lettuce about you?"

"A 'spear' of onion," she gibed. "No; nor yet a bunch of potatoes nor a head of parsley. Oh, oh, oh! And the worst of it is that I looked upon you as a fountainhead of knowledge in the days of my young maidenhood."

Margaret twinkled gleefully.

"Well," I conceded meekly, "doubtless I have much to learn, and none should be better suited to the task of instructing me than a matron of your vast experience. Let me see—is it

two weeks or three since you began housekeeping?"

"Two weeks, four days, and five hours—and —" with a triumphant glance at her wrist watch, "—and twenty minutes! I dropped my 'spears' of vegetables inside my front gate on my way over here. I've come to invite you to dinner tonight—a birthday dinner in honor of the first anniversary of the Modesta department, and of my revolutionized wardrobe."

"Delighted!" I answered, "I'll be there. But —you aren't rushing off already? I have ever so many things to ask you. I'm writing my apparel letter to the HERALD, and I must give our readers some data from your wedding journey experiences. You promised, you know."

Margaret sat down on the lowest step and pulling off her hat fanned herself vigorously.

"Woman," she demanded severely, "do you realize that in fifteen minutes this watch will point to the hour for beginning to wash my breakfast dishes? I would urge upon your notice that our home is conducted according to strict schedule, and this fetching costume that you see before you must in fifteen minutes give way to a gingham frock and apron. I'll tell you tonight at dinner."

"No dinner table shall harbor me until I have complete this month's Talk, and it can not be finished without your testimony," I assured her. "Schedules are excellent things, so long as they are not allowed to get the upper hand. How much time do you suppose you will take tonight to talk about apparel?"

### Are Agnes Modesta Styles Successful?

"All right," she capitulated. "But I'm more than likely to bring you along to wipe my dishes so as to make up for lost time."

"I'm willing to wipe your dishes for a week if you'll give me something that will interest our Sisters. You occupied the center of the stage in my very first fashion discourse, and it's only fair that you should have something to say in the anniversary number."

"Very well," she agreed, "it's a bargain. Where shall I begin?"

"First of all, did you consider your outfit a success in every way, as compared to the clothes of others you met while you were away?"

Margaret considered the question thoughtfully for a moment.

"I should say, speaking generally, yes," she said finally. "Wherever we went, people seemed to admire my things; or, if they weren't in a position to express their admiration, at

least they seemed to take them for granted."

"Well, after all, that is the thing to be desired. So long as our clothes do not call attention to themselves, we are pretty certain that they are quite all right."

"Yes, that's so. My only fear was that they were somewhat lacking in aggressiveness. I am sure that very few persons realized just how modest they really were, they were so cunningly contrived."

"Never mind about that," I reassured her. "You couldn't expect to be a living advertisement for modest modes on the same scale that you are here where every one knows about the fashion crusade and our part in it."

"Anyway," she said dimpling, "John is certainly a good press agent for the dress reform movement. He lost no opportunity to tell our friends about it."

"How did they take it?"

"Well, of course, one must make allowance for John's eloquence; but I must say that by the time he got through telling all about it, most of them seemed at least to think it something reasonable, even those who at first called the idea preposterous. Of course, you know people can't help agreeing with John——"

"Of course not," I put in with what I considered a creditable attempt at irony.

"But I did think that it offered a good suggestion to pass on to the Tertiaries who are interested in dress reform."

"All suggestions thankfully received," I said eagerly.

"Well, you see, I began to think—when I saw how interested everyone was seeing John so interested—that, if the men were to take a more active interest in the movement, it would help a lot. They needn't be boorish, and force their opinions on people who don't care to hear them. But if they would show that they approve more modest dressing; if they were to encourage their sisters and wives to have a try at the FOUR POINTS, and show their appreciation of the results, I really think women would be less inclined to hesitate. You see," she laughed up at me, "we must admit, painful though it may be, that most women have in mind some man or men in general when they begin to furbish themselves up, and once they realize that the more conservative styles are liked by the masculine element, they will adopt them."

"Yes, I believe you are right. It isn't a thing that can be accomplished by women alone. It is for them to make modest garments as artistic and attractive as the other kind;

and then it is for the men, especially those who belong to the Order of Penance, to show appreciation of their effort."

"Oh, did I tell you that John is to be received into the Third Order next week? He said he used to think that the Order was made up of only ancient ladies with rusty bonnets and rat-like maiden ladies who had lost their faith in the world and humanity. But now—oh, Agnes, he is simply enthusiastic over it all. We hope to have a model Tertiary home that will call down the complete approval of the dear Poverello of Assisi upon us."

I confess that I felt a little catch in my throat as I listened to Margaret, bright-eyed and glowing, telling of the high and noble hopes of the newly-founded family to live as true followers of the Saint of Joy.

"I know that our dear Lord will bless that home, Margaret," I told her. "What our unhappy world needs more than anything else is families that will bring back by their lives the spirit of Christ; and this can be done in no more certain way than by enlisting under the banner of that Knight of the Cross, St. Francis."

"But, we digress," said Margaret briskly. "What else did you want me to tell you?"

"Did you, in your tour, note any particular style or garment that you thought sufficiently immodest to necessitate a special warning to Tertiaries?"

"Well, I couldn't say whether the guilty parties were Tertiaries or not," she answered soberly, "but I did see a number of young women in church, especially in one city, who were evidently Catholics, and who had fallen into the really frightful habit of wearing *filet crochet* sweaters instead of blouses—that is with no other blouse under them."

### A Regrettable Fashion

"I've seen them in plenty," I replied, "but I hadn't seen them in church here."

"Well, they were doing it," she insisted. "That sort of thing can be done in the case of the closely woven wool or silk sweaters. But how any one can consider the large square mesh of the *filet crochet* a sufficient covering, is more than I can understand. One might as well wear a blouse tastefully constructed from a fish net."

"Of course, I'm pretty sure that no Tertiary would do such a thing; but anyway I'll warn them against wearing the *filet* blouse without taking the precaution of first donning an under blouse that is sufficiently material to remove

all doubts as to the propriety of such a garment."

"And while I'm on the same subject," she went on, "I wonder if it would not be a good thing to mention, at least, the growing prevalence of the 'make-up' habit. Young women actually come to church, to say nothing of their going everywhere else, with what I should call a very complete layer of stage make-up on. Certainly, nothing but footlights could excuse it. There, too, I don't suspect Tertiaries of failing, but many other Catholics do fail. A clever newspaper woman, a non-Catholic, said that while she would not go on record as saying that making-up was a sign of bad morals, it was certainly uncommonly bad art, especially as practiced by the majority of the women of today."

"Rouge and lip sticks and eyebrow pencils and mascara for the lashes aren't exactly apparel," I answered, "but it seems to me that it would not be out of place to mention them in the 'Talk.' Make-up certainly has its place—but that place is on the dramatic stage, or wherever the needs of dramatic art extend. It is properly used only in the practice of the profession of acting, and should certainly not be carried into everyday life. It would be as sensible to adopt the mark of one profession as that of another for everyday use in public."

"Now, I simply can't stay to answer another question. I'm sure you have enough material to interest your readers through all the space you have. I must rush off, or my household system will be demoralized."

"Just a second, Margaret," I detained her. "I know that our Sisters will want a special little message from you just to them in this, the Apparel Department's anniversary."

"Tell them," she flung back laughing over her shoulder, "that, whatever the dress reform movement may have done for any of them, it has certainly been the great big event in the life of Margaret Randolph, and just whisper this to them that I am convinced it is responsible for the turning of Margaret Randolph into Mrs. John Farrel."

"Do you think I'm holding out inducements to matrimony?" I demanded.

"That's my message. Take it or leave it," came the roguish voice. "Oh, yes, and give them my love, every one of them. And don't forget that you are signed up to wipe my breakfast dishes every day for six days. I shall expect you to begin tomorrow."

And with that Margaret Farrel whisked out of sight.



## Crucis Christi mons Alvernae

(Hymn at Vespers, for the Feast of the Stigmata)

Upon Alverna's mountain height  
 Christ's holy Cross displays  
 Its mysteries, and to our sight  
 Reveals its wondrous ways:  
 While Francis, by that Cross's light,  
 In contemplation prays.

Within a mountain cavern bare  
 The holy man retires;  
 Alone and poor—in vigils there,  
 His ardor never tires;  
 In fasts, in sighs, and ceaseless prayers,  
 His soul to God aspires.

While thus alone, on prayer intent,  
 His mind to heaven soars,  
 Before the Cross, with sad lament,  
 Christ's passion he deplors;  
 His very soul, with sorrow spent,  
 Its saving fruit implores.

The King of heaven, now behold!  
 Appears in seraph-mien  
 Six wings his human shape enfold,  
 His aspect mild, serene,  
 His form—O wonder all untold!  
 Fixed to the Cross is seen.

To every eye, the mountain-crest  
 As if all fire-lit shows;  
 Transformed by love, within his breast  
 The heart of Francis glows;  
 The wondrous stigmas there imprest  
 His body doth disclose.

Praise to the Crucified, who died  
 To take our sins away;  
 By Francis he is glorified,  
 Who doth His wounds display;  
 Dead to the world and crucified,  
 The Cross his only stay.



# Fiction



## THE CLOCK

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

WHEN I came down to dinner on the evening of my arrival, I was struck for the first time by a sense of the unfamiliar. I had last set foot on those stairs a raven-haired lass. I returned to the home of my childhood, as white as I had been black, to find the old place unchanged, down to the arrangement of the knickknacks on the library mantel. Preservation of the family traditions had evidently been a tenet of my brother's religion. Even the smell of the eucalyptus logs, kept always in readiness the year round, even that pungent odor was there, in its proper place. Lamps and candles, too, had not been defeated there by electricity. A certain amount of material comfort, I reflected, might cheerfully be sacrificed for the sake of atmosphere.

Yet now, as I came down the stairway to meet my nephew standing ceremoniously to receive me, a sense of something not as it should be came over me.

"Aunt Phyllis," said Jack, flashing at least three-fourths of his thirty-two dazzling teeth at me, "you look like a duchess! What a stunning gown! And your hair's like whipped cream clouds. By Jove!"

I felt myself blush like the vanished beauty of twenty I had been. I hold it of the utmost importance to dress for one's male relatives as for any other masculine creatures; all men hate "dowds." And that heliotrope *charmeuse* was a dream!

Jack stood laughing up at me through the soft June dusk—a lovely thing, just turned twenty-one, with a skin like pale brown satin, and the tall suppleness of a young birch tree. But the laugh faded, and his voice altered.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "You look like a deer on a crossed trail."

I laughed at that. "A duchess and a deer!" I said. "What next?" Nevertheless, I glanced about me uneasily. Something was certainly wrong—so wrong that I stood still on the landing by the deep window nook, forgetting the vivid figure below me in the dusk. Then I knew.

"The clock!" I exclaimed. "Grandfather's clock! It's stopped!"

I turned, peering up at the dark shape beside me. The yellowed face, seeming strangely blank, peered dumbly back at me. No soothing, sonorous, familiar voice addressed me with its well-remembered tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock.

"Why," I said, "why, Jack! What's happened to grandfather's clock?" For never within my girlhood memory had the clock been silent, save once, when its finely balanced nervous system was upset by an earthquake shock, and my mother had sent immediately to town for a clock-doctor, who arrived, bag and baggage, and even stayed the night through to observe and tend his distinguished patient.

"The clock!" I repeated.

I looked to my nephew for an explanation, and a queer little thrill wriggled its way down my spine. Jack took two steps up the staircase toward me and stopped. It seemed to me that a gray mist had passed across his freshness and vitality. He searched my face with wide eyes, lifting a hand in a gesture of warning.

"It's out of order—the clock," he said, his words just reaching me. "Won't you come down to dinner, aunt Phil?"

My brother rose from his armchair by the library window, where he sat watching the last shafts of sunlight disappear from the darkening aisles between the olive trees. He smiled as he came forward to meet us; but I thought again, as I had thought a few hours ago at the station, that a stranger had taken Arthur Dryden's place and name, and was living his life. A lapse of thirty years must indeed bring changes. Yet it was not a changed man that I found; it was another man. Only two years my senior, he appeared ten years—fifteen years older. He was haggard and worn and distressingly thin, though upright and square-shouldered, as his son, and carrying his head high enough—too high, in fact. By some association of ideas, I recalled the story of the Spartan



boy torn by the fox hidden beneath his clothing—a sufficiently unpleasant tale to remember, with a brother's kiss on one's lips.

Arthur straightened up, smiling still. "Europe has been kind to you, Phyllis," he said.

"I say, father, isn't she a stunner?" demanded Jack, holding his hands before his eyes after the fashion of an opera glass. "You know, aunt Phil, I never thought I'd see you here. Father and I were going to drop down on you in Paris next spring—weren't we, Father? Aunt Phil, why don't you sue that Rue de Something photographer for libel?"

"Aunt Phyllis in truth apparently excels the Aunt Phyllis myth," remarked my brother. "Materialization of dreams is not always so satisfying."

"I'm overwhelmed," I said. "Your son's an outrageous flirt, Arthur. Is he like his mother, by the way? He has the Dryden build, but not one Dryden feature."

"Aunt Phil," said Jack, swiftly taking possession of my hand and tucking it under his arm, "I'm like my own superb and gorgeous self. Now, don't we make a handsome couple?"

He had swung me round before the full length mirror on the way to the dining room and paused, laughing down into my eyes. Just over my shoulder in the tell-tale glass, I saw my brother's face. It was rather white and sharply contracted. Self-control returned at once, but I had seen. Was this the explanation of the haggard age of this strong man just turned fifty-two? The woman he loved gone, and her loveliness living in her son—was it this that ravaged the bereaved heart?

I sent Félice away, when I went to my room two or three hours later; for I wanted to think a bit before I slept. I let my hair down and sat by the window in the moonlight. The air was cool and heavy with perfume, and a mocking bird was singing among the olive trees. I leaned out over the sill to absorb the coolness and the fragrance, and my eye caught the glimmer of a white-clad form in the shadow of the garden wall. A small, soft object fell between my hands on the sill, and Jack's voice came up to me like a muted violin.

"It is my lady—oh! it is my love!—Aunt Phil, it's your cue to rest your cheek on your hand. You don't know your part worth a cent."

I picked up the rose he had thrown. "Mercy!" I said. "What are you doing out there at this hour?"

"What are you doing up there at this hour?" retorted the young man. "All proper ladies are asleep long ago."

"I'd box your ears if you were accessible," I said, severely. "You saucy imp!"

A rippling chuckle answered me. The white figure darted across the walk; the wooden trellis beneath my window shook and rattled; and before I could draw a good breath, a face gleamed at me between the rose branches.

"Jack!" I cried. "You'll fall! Get down!—No, come up, and come in." I bent over in a quiver of suspense to see how perilously the slim body clung against the wall. "Come up at once," I insisted. "You'll break the trellis—you'll break your neck—you'll—"

"You're fearfully unromantic, aunt Phyllis," said my nephew. "When the daring hero risks his neck, the lady shouldn't scold or box his ears—she should kiss him."

Another shake and rattle, and the lad was perching on the sill as calmly as if such performances were his usual nightly routine. I reached for matches and candle to throw the light of common sense on the scene. The flicker of flame revealed him tumbled and tousled, his white flannels caught by the rose thorns, torn and stained, and his eyes starry.

"Just look at your clothes!" I exclaimed. "And a big scratch on your neck, too. Serves you right."

He dabbed a bleeding streak with a rolled-up pocket handkerchief. "They didn't 'turn their sharpest points another way' for me, did they?—Oh, aunt Phil! Blow out the light—there goes that mocking-bird again. We can't listen in the light."

Obediently I put out the candle and sat watching the boy. His profile cut clearly against the moonlit sky, his lips were parted, his breath came quickly. He was without his carefully knotted tie, I noticed, and the rolling collar of his shirt lay open, showing the round young throat. Something gleamed there as he moved. I bent forward and touched it. It was a crucifix.

I was dumbfounded. I scarcely know why, but somehow it seemed incongruous — the moonlight night, the roses, the passionate song of the bird, the wood-god who had leaped to my window, panting and starry-eyed, and the little image, hard and cold under my fingers, of the dying Christ. My hand dropped. Jack turned and looked at me.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered.

He did not answer for a moment. Then his own fingers crept up and closed on it. "It was my mother's," he said. He laughed a little—a nervous, embarrassed laugh. "I—" he hesitated—"I don't wear it just for that, aunt Phil."

"Not just because it was hers?" I said softly.

"No. Oh, you understand, don't you?" He turned his head away, pulling at the rose vines, and I sat puzzled. I was not sure that I did understand—quite.

"Oh,—aunt Phil! Don't you see? It links me up with everything—with all this—" he swept an arm out over the scented night. "He's moonlight, and flowers and bird songs—isn't He? He makes it all. He lets it all be so—doesn't He? Listen! Don't you think that bird is singing about Him? Oh, aunt Phil, He's in the garden every night!"

I laid my hand on his, where it rested on the window ledge.

"D'you think I'm silly?" he demanded, suddenly suspicious, drawing away.

"Boy—boy!" I half sobbed.

"She was awfully pretty," he said, reverting abruptly to his mother. "Prettier than you, even. I'll show you her picture some time."

"You don't remember her, do you?" I had found his hand again, and he curled his fingers into mine, as a child does. He seemed to have dropped ten of his twenty-one years. I think he wanted to climb into the room and cuddle beside me on the footstool, with his head on my shoulder; but he sat erect and aloof, only curling his fingers between my hands.

"No." He shook his head. "I don't remember her much. She died, you know, when I was just a kiddie. That was when father stopped the clock—" He broke off, glancing at me furtively. "Father's awfully nervous," he said. "He can't bear to hear a clock tick."

"Your father doesn't look well, Jack," I said, seizing the opportunity to introduce the subject.

"Oh! He's all right. Hark! There's the bird again. I'm going into the grove. It can't be far off. Just listen!"

"Jack," I protested, as he swung about and prepared to descend, "you crazy boy, go in, and go to bed."

"I will, in a minute. Kiss me, aunt Phil! Good night!"

"Good night," I said. "Pray for me when you meet God under the trees."

The boy was not on hand for breakfast, and I commented on his absence as I poured the coffee and did the honors of the table.

"He went to church, I fancy," remarked my brother. "He does quite frequently. It makes him late. It's rather far, you know."

"The little old place, is it just the same?" I queried.

"Dear me, no, Phyllis! How very unprogressive you must think us! We are now the proud possessors of a noble brick structure with green doors."

"Mercy! *Comme c'est terrible!* Perhaps the interior arrangements compensate for the exterior."

Arthur drank his coffee and passed back the empty cup. "Perhaps," he said, "I can't speak from a basis of positive knowledge."

I paused, with my hand on the coffee urn. "Arthur—?"

"Never having inspected the interior." He looked straight at me—hard and straight. His lips made a thin line across his haggard face.

"My—my dear!" I sat back in my chair.

"Brick structures," said my brother, "are very dangerous, in this part of the world. Nothing goes down quicker than brick in an earthquake. No one should be expected to attend a brick church. No one with a grain of sense would build a brick church. A cup of coffee, if you please, Phyllis."

I poured the coffee and finished my meal in silence. Another vista of thought was opening before me, and I found myself more and more bewildered. Arthur an apostate! Arthur a renegade! Was this what his wife's loss had done for him?

The big house was very quiet through the long morning. Jack had not returned; the servants were invisible and inaudible; and my brother went out on a round of inspection of the orchards and fields, leaving me in solitary possession. It was a beautiful day with just a hint of breeze and just a breath of sea crispness. I wandered over the upper floor, looking in at the orderly, familiar rooms, half in a dream. It seemed so natural that I should be here, and yet so strange and so unreal. What was it that moved me to return, to journey across an ocean and a continent to find the nephew I had never seen and the brother I had nearly forgotten? Was it just that I was tired at last of the world that had held my interest for a score and a half of years?

Curious, I mused, the woman had gone adventuring and the man had stayed behind! Was I, then, tired at last? Or was it that I had been drawn by some force that worked on my subliminal consciousness? Was there an un-revealed purpose back of my action? I felt, too, as one who enters a theater during the last act of a drama. The thread of the story is not plain to him; he has missed the progress of the action; situations have been created, but their significance is lost on him. He feels, perhaps, the tenseness of approaching climax, but there is no judgment, no balance in his point of view.

I took a bit of lace work, finally, and started downstairs, thinking of the summer house as a possible refuge from too insistent fancy. Half way down the stairs I paused; a sense of discomfort came over me. I hesitated, looking about uneasily. Ah! That was it! The clock! It had made game of me again. Was ever anything so absurd?

I sat down in the window seat. I wished very much indeed to shun that ominously silent nook and seek the companionship of the leafy summer house, the twitter of the birds, and the gurgle of the fountain at the end of the pergola. But I sat there in a sort of grim defiance of the blank-faced, shadowy monster whose old friendliness had been so cruelly withdrawn. It had been to me always a protecting, if solemn sound—that steady voice. "I am here—all well," it had been wont to murmur, even while its warning came unceasingly, "tick-tock—a second gone—tick-tock—another—tick-tock—tick-tock—sixty make a minute—tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock—minutes are small—an hour is short—tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock."

I sat among the cushions, bending over my lace work. The sun streamed in across the stairway, and only occasional faint echoes of the outdoor world reached our seclusion—I and the yellow-faced clock, pointing perpetually to half-past two, silent in its corner beyond the wholesomeness of the sunshine. What morbid notion could have prompted Arthur to stop grandfather's clock? Was time to stand still and the universe to go backwards, because his love had left him? Was my poor brother one of those enormously selfish and self-centered beings who interpret the cosmos entirely through its immediate effects upon their own warped natures? An odd idea was growing up in my mind—an idea that, before I was aware of it, became a conviction. I lifted my head

and stared at the tall, carved oblong of grandfather's clock. Yes, only when the hushed voice was heard again in the big house among the olive trees could there be peace in that house. The voice of grandfather's clock should declare against unrest and pain and bitterness; and a storm-tossed soul would make harbor.

The clock must be righted without delay—at once! It had run down—that was all. How careless, to let grandfather's clock run down! But I was here now to wind it and look after it. It might need a bit of oil, or—I was on my feet, my fingers were on the panel of the doors, searching for the key. A hand fell on my shoulder. I did not face about, though it startled me horribly. I stood petrified, as one caught in some act of sacrilege.

"Phyllis!" It was Arthur's voice. "What are you doing to the clock?"

Slowly, I turned. It was Arthur's voice; yes, and Arthur's face. I must not for an instant believe that it was not Arthur who spoke and looked like that.

"I—I thought it might need winding—" I faltered.

"It needs no winding." Yes,—Arthur's voice.

"I—I thought maybe it might need——"

"It needs nothing. Let it be."

"Arthur——"

"Let it be," repeated my brother. His hand fell from my shoulder. "It shall never speak again. It measured off the minutes of her agony. It mocked her pain. It shall not mock at me. Let it be. Time ceases here. There is no time." He passed on heavily up the stairs.

Jack's arrival at luncheon was like the tumultuous entrance of an excited puppy. He frisked in with a joyous shout and swooped down upon us, nearly squeezing the breath out of me.

"Oh, father! Aunt Phil! It's such a day! I've been miles and miles up in the hills. I saw a snake and a per-fect-ly huge tarantula!"

"You—baby!" I said, involuntarily.

"Jack's a real pagan," observed his father.

"Father!"

"A pantheist, then. Sit down. I suppose you've had nothing to eat?"

"Oh, yes, I have. I took a sandwich along. After Mass, I went down the road back of the church and turned off into that narrow street that leads to the gully. I found a short cut to the hill road. Then I came back the other way, you know. What is there for lunch?"

"I wish you'd behave like a Christian, since

you call yourself one," said Arthur, irritably. "Running about all over the country without your breakfast! And I must request also that you get into your bed at night and stop haunting the orchards at unheard-of hours. Sit down, and eat." He banged his fist on the table so that the dishes danced.

Jack tapped at my door about three or four o'clock. "May I come in, aunt Phil?" An eager face was thrust around the door. "Did you say 'come?'"

"I didn't, but you may," I smiled, laying aside the letter I was writing.

The boy came in, closing the door after him carefully. He crossed the room and flung himself into an easy chair opposite me.

"Aunt Phil," he said, "what's the matter with Father?"

I looked at him, biting my lips. "I—I guess it's my fault," I admitted; and I related the episode of the clock. "He was dreadfully stirred up," I said. "Jack, dear,—tell me something about your mother. What did she die of? How did she die? Do you remember anything at all? Please be frank with me. Don't shut me out. I—I wish I had known you before, boy. I'm sorry. Can't you talk to me?"

Jack leaned moodily forward, his chin upon his hands. The brightness had fled from him.

"Yes," he said, after a little, "I can talk to you, I suppose, aunt Phil. Only there's nothing much to tell. I don't remember much. Mother was sick a good many weeks. She suffered a lot. She used to scream sometimes." He broke off. "It frightened me. Father used to walk up and down the hall all night. One day a priest came. They took me to her room. She was screaming. They gave her something out of a glass, and she got quiet. I remember the anointing then, and the candles, and our Lord. Father held me up to kiss her. That night I heard her screaming again; but in the morning she was quiet. She was dead."

The lad's fresh face was like a tragic mask. I sat quite still.

"When I went downstairs," he continued, "the clock was stopped." His narrative ceased abruptly.

"And your father," I said, after a silence, "it is through bitterness and anger that he has turned his back on God."

Waves of emotion broke up the unnatural calm. The tears came to Jack's eyes. "Aunt Phil, aunt Phil!" he cried.

He sprang to his feet, walking the length of

the room and back. "I know just how you felt today," he said, "about trying to start the clock. Sometimes I think if grandfather's clock were to run again, things would be different."

The direct echo of my own thought—to which I had not alluded in relating the clock incident—startled me.

"Have you ever tried, Jack?" I asked.

"Aunt Phil, we mustn't. No one must start the clock."

"If no one starts the clock, it will never run," I argued. "Perhaps your father—"

"Ah,—God knows! Aunt Phil, aunt Phil, pray that the clock may run!"

My days in the old home were passed in the shadow of grandfather's clock. Night and day it was on my mind. I used to dream sometimes that it was running, and waken, sitting up in bed, to listen for its voice: "tick-tock—tick-tock—all well—tick-tock—minutes fly—tick-tock—tick-tock—I count—I count—tick-tock—tick-tock." But it did not run. And the minutes and days and weeks passed.

I was sure that there was something that we did not know; some secret chamber in Arthur's heart to which neither Jack nor I held a key; some secret sin that gnawed, deep down and hidden—a sin that bred remorse and horror the while he stamped on conscience and would not hear her crying for relief. He seemed so bound and hedged about by pain; he was like a man buried in suffering. It was over him and under him and all around him; and he lay beneath the weight of it, while it sucked the life out of his steel-strong body bit by bit.

What a pair they were—Arthur and the boy! I could not make up my mind whether Arthur loved his son. Jack was all fire and life, with those touches of tears and tenderness. Arthur was grim and gray and bitter—bitter! Would the boy's fire warm the coldness of the suffering soul? I marveled at the sweet spirit that had blossomed in the midst of pain and tragedy. Surely, this lad who found God in the garden every night, would lead his father back to innocence of heart. Surely, surely, the prayers of such must prevail.

The month of July passed, and August came upon us with muggy, distressing days of heat and muggy, yellowish, high fogs that brought no relief. We spent our days as quietly as possible in the darkened house; or, when the afternoon wore on, about the tea table on the lawn. Sometimes, in the evenings, we had a

game of cards, or I was called upon to read aloud. I suggested a week at the sea, but the orchards claimed my brother's supervision, and such a plan was not feasible. Also, Jack was studying the mysteries of olive-growing.

I will never forget those August days with their heat and their ominous stillness and their fragrance. They went by, one after another, all alike, until—it was nearly midnight on a Saturday night, and we were going up to bed. Jack was half way up the stairs, lighting us with a high-held candle. Arthur and I, crossing the hall below, paused, as by a common impulse, to look up at the gallant figure.

"The Linkman!" laughed Jack, striking an attitude. "Ladies and gentlemen, your most particular attention is called to the pose of this classic statue, which——"

"What's that?" exclaimed my brother suddenly.

A rumbling, roaring sound,—and I saw the banister over which Jack leaned swing outward with a sickening motion, heave, and wriggle. Or was it the stairs themselves moving? The floor under my feet crawled. I staggered against Arthur. We fell against the wall together.

"Earthquake! Earthquake!" I heard Jack crying. "Outside, Father, get outside!"

Another sickening wriggle—a quiver—another—and another.

It passed. We found ourselves safe, as yet, with the solid old frame house standing firm, and Jack tugging at the front door, the lock of which was jammed.

"Come out!" he cried again. "Father, come out! It may be worse!"

He had no thought apparently for me; it was the peril of his father that terrified him.

It was pitch black, for Jack had dropped the candle; and Arthur and I lay huddled in a heap as we had fallen. A slight oscillation marked the dying of the shock, and we waited, as if paralyzed, for a second. The rattling at the door knob ceased.

"We can't make it by this door," said my nephew's voice, more steady now. "Maybe it's over anyway. Where are you, aunt Phil? Is father?—Hark—*What's that?*"

My nerves thrilled with apprehension of a second roar and rumble and the crash and crack that would mean falling plaster and split timbers; but through the darkness came another and quite different sound.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock" said grandfather's clock.\*

Thank God that it was dark, and at least our eyes were held; but I, who was so close to Arthur, knew that he was groveling, with his face in the folds of the rug his clutching fingers dragged about him.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he yelled. "Oh, God! Stop the clock! I hear the minutes walk! I hear them walk! Oh, God! They go so fast! Oh, God! They went so slowly while she suffered! How could I see it? How could I see her suffer? Rest—rest! She begged for rest, and you refused it! But it was in my hand to give—my hand! I gave it! I gave it! Oh, God! Will you refuse me rest forever? Stop the clock! Stop the clock!"

The cries died down into a moaning. I lay still, shivering. A blacker darkness seemed to press upon us, fold on fold, like the fall of a smothering curtain.

"Tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock," said the voice on the landing, through the smother.

A little rustle broke the punctuated silence. Light steps brushed by me; a yellow glare dazzled my eyes. Jack, cupping a match in his hand, sprang up the staircase. I blinked; I looked and saw him standing by the clock.

"It says half-past two," his fresh voice rang out. "Father, it says Sunday morning."

The match burned out; he struck another. Arthur stirred, and sat up dazedly.

"The clock——" he muttered. "Who set the clock going?"

"God!" cried Jack. "God—he set it going! Father, it says Sunday morning!"

I think it was not till daylight that my brother's brain cleared, and he realized what had happened. Jack brought the priest back with him to the house after early Mass, and Arthur made his confession.

I was sitting by him, in the afternoon, as he lay dozing on the library couch. Jack was asleep in the hammock under the trees. I could see him from where I sat—the lithe length, relaxed and inert, the tumbled head pillowed upon the up-flung arm.

Arthur stirred in his doze and turned, looking at me.

"I dreamed," he said, "of my wife." His hand sought mine. "I found her, in a dream."

"Tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock," said grandfather's clock, from its corner on the stairway, "tick-tock—all well—tick-tock—tick-tock—tick-tock."

# LAMPS OF FIRE AND FLAMES

(Continued)

By MARIAN NESBITT

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## CHAPTER VII

THE next evening towards ten o'clock, I was sitting by the open window in my own room, whither I had escaped early on the plea of fatigue. Lady Rossall had not been well enough to appear at dinner, and though I possessed a sufficient amount of self-control, I felt an uncomfortable conviction that Sir Owen's eyes followed me with lynx-like intentness. As soon, therefore, as coffee was brought into the drawing room, I told Eustace that I was tired, and said good-night.

The air was intensely hot and wonderfully still. I leant out into the fragrant darkness, thinking, but not definitely; for the excitement of the day before had begun to tell, and I felt thoroughly weary, both in mind and body. All at once, however, my drowsy senses were completely aroused by voices talking below. Every word broke distinctly across the stillness. I recognized Sir Owen Orchardson's affected tones.

"My dear Eustace, how I wish I had your candid, confiding nature!"

"My dear Owen," laughed his companion, "what, in heaven's name, are you driving at? Why, this ambiguous speech and mysterious air?"

"Ah, Rossall," exclaimed the other, with a dramatic thrill in his voice, "my friend—for you are my friend—I admire your noble unsuspectingness, your unquestioning trust; but it cuts me to the heart, it fills me with righteous indignation to find your confidence so abused."

"My good fellow, please explain yourself," Eustace said a little impatiently.

"It is difficult to do so, very difficult; still, at the cost of offending, I will not shirk an obvious duty. Have you not noticed — have you not seen, that your cousin is in love with Miss Desmond?"

"Good heavens, Orchardson, you must be mad! Rex, my more than brother! I simply won't believe it! It's all your confounded

cynicism. You suspect every single person you meet and imagine the whole world unworthy of trust."

"Pardon me, Rossall, I have the greatest faith in love—first love," murmured Sir Owen with an effective touch of sentiment, "and, as a matter of fact, I see that both your cousin and Miss Desmond—"

"Take care," exclaimed Eustace, and the repressed fury of his tone might well have daunted a more courageous listener than Sir Owen.

"My dear Rossall, are you not a little unjust? You yourself demanded an explanation."

"Yes, yes, but there are some things no man can stand."

"I have made a mistake," said Sir Owen, in a pained voice. "I presumed too much upon our friendship. I apologize."

"Don't be a fool, Orchardson," exclaimed Eustace with scant courtesy. "Say what you want to say and have done with it."

"But, I shall only wound and annoy you."

"Nonsense, man; I must and will get to the root of this. You have said too much or too little, and I intend to know what you mean."

"I mean simply what I just stated. No unprejudiced person could remain for one moment in doubt as to your cousin's feelings; while Miss Desmond—Rossall bear with me, I speak for your ultimate good. Your ward never loved you. Gratitude and a measure of affection there might be, but love—no."

"It's a lie," thundered Eustace, "the meanest and blackest of lies!"

Yet even as he spoke, my anxious ears detected a note of doubt in his voice. Already the poisoned shaft had done its work. In words he might deny, but in his heart he believed; and, the demon of jealousy once awakened, who knew when it would sleep again?

"You are not yourself, Rossall. I will leave you till calm reflection has brought you to view things in a more favorable light," Sir Owen remarked in

### THE STORY THUS FAR

Molly Desmond, left an orphan in babyhood, is reared by an uncle, a priest, and on his death is sent abroad to Madame de St. Richard, a refined Frenchwoman, to be prepared to take her position among persons of culture. Her instruction is interrupted by a letter from Lord Rossall, her guardian, requesting that she come to England to make her home with him and his mother. She goes with Madame de St. Richard to pay a farewell visit to a favorite chapel and chances to meet Rex Fortescue. Molly is charmed with her new home and with the graciousness of Lord Rossall and his mother. Her first impressions are marred by the discourtesy of Sir Owen Orchardson, apparently her guardian's evil genius. The end of a year finds Molly engaged to Lord Rossall, though more from gratitude for his kindness than from love. He explains to her that the men of his family have always been known for a demoniacal jealousy, but believes he has broken the spell. His cousin arrives suddenly for a visit, and Molly's heart stands still when she finds he is—Rex Fortescue. During the absence of Lord Rossall, whom Molly has vainly sought to detain, a strong friendship springs up between her and Fortescue. Both, however, are mindful of their obligations to Rossall.

an irritatingly forbearing tone, and he moved away with that fine discretion which is doubtless the better part of valor, when dealing with an angry and very powerful man.

I leant further out of the window and tried to see Eustace. He was looking seawards; but presently he turned and walked slowly along, and I almost cried aloud at the change in his face. One so moved would be capable of anything, I told myself. He certainly ought not to be left alone, and I resolved to go to him at once; but even while I was preparing to carry out my intention, voices again broke the silence. This time it was Rex who said. "Is that you, Eustace? Why are you prowling up and down your own terrace like a burglar?"

I did not wait to hear the answer. I dared not. Fear lent wings to my feet, and I sped along the corridor and down the staircase with only one desire in my mind—the desire to avert a quarrel. I ran out on the terrace. Rex was half sitting, half leaning on the stone balustrade, and his cousin stood beside him. They appeared to be talking earnestly; but I was still too far off to distinguish the words when I saw Eustace raise his arm. There was an instant's awful pause, and then an agonized voice exclaimed, "Oh, my God, I have killed him!"

"Eustace," I cried, starting forward, "where is Rex? What have you done?"

"I have killed him—killed the man I loved best on earth, all through my accursed jealousy! Don't touch me, Molly, I am a murderer!"

"You will be, if you don't rouse yourself," I said, shaking him by the arm. "Make haste and show me how to get down! There is some way, I suppose. Oh, how can you," I went on in an anguish of impatience, "how can you stand there wasting time when every moment may be of vital importance?"

He pulled himself together then, and side by side we scrambled down to a rocky ledge far below the terrace, where Rex lay motionless, unconscious, and to all appearance lifeless. I knelt beside him and laid my hand on his forehead. His eyes were closed. Would they ever open again? I wondered vaguely. In truth, I was astonished at my own calmness, though I ought to have known that in the great crises of our lives, it is seldom that either joy or grief finds vent in speech. Certainly great joy and deep grief do not.

"He is dead," Eustace groaned in an agony of remorse, "dead and mine was the hand that struck him."

"Control yourself," I said, shaking off the numbing sense of misery that possessed me. "Go back to the house, Eustace, and fetch some of the menservants."

How long that time of waiting seemed, none but myself will ever know. Down on the rocks beneath, the sea sobbed drearily. A bat

wheeled past me in the darkness. The distant chimes rang out from the church tower in the valley. At length, however, I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the terrible upward journey began.

"This is no place for you, Miss Desmond," whispered the old butler, who had been in service at the castle for more than thirty years. "Go on, Miss, do, and leave us to bring Master Reginald," unconsciously using the old familiar title.

"No, Dawson," I said, "I would rather stay; I may be of some help."

"Well, Miss, as you please. If you can nerve yourself to do it, perhaps it would be better; for my lord seems terribly upset."

"He is," I answered hurriedly. "He saw Mr. Fortescue fall," which was the perfect truth, though I felt painfully convinced that Dawson had his own private ideas on the subject—ideas that, I could not doubt, were rapidly assuming definite outlines, as Eustace's bewildered looks and strange manner made themselves every moment more apparent.

The slow sad hours of that dreadful night dragged wearily on. The local doctor came, but said he could not at present ascertain either the nature or the extent of his patient's injuries; and early the next morning Eustace telegraphed for an eminent specialist.

I shall not attempt to describe the torturing suspense of the days that followed. It is a time I can never recall without a shudder, and upon which I never willingly look back. Rex's life trembled in the balance for long, and then there remained the awful possibility of complete helplessness. Eustace's agony of mind, his keen remorse were painful to witness. Even I, knowing all the suffering his jealousy had wrought, could not but find it in my heart to pity him. Sir Owen wisely took his departure on the morning of the accident, and for several weeks, life at the castle went drearily on. At last, one evening, when Rex had been pronounced out of danger, Eustace asked me to go with him into the library after dinner.

"Dearest," he said, "I want to talk to you. It has not been fitting that I should do so before, but now—Oh, Molly, it is hard to say it—how hard God alone knows—still the time has come for me to speak—I can not marry you, I dare not. From this moment you are free."

"But supposing I don't choose to be free," I answered, feeling a great pity and tenderness rising in my heart. "Believe me, Eustace, if you are thinking of your jealousy, I am not afraid."

"Child, child, don't tempt me! How can I ever trust myself after that awful night's work—I, who but for a merciful Providence should have been a murderer. I feel the stain of blood guiltiness upon my soul. It rises like a specter between me and happiness. No, no, Molly, earthly love and earthly joy are not for me.

I must forego 'life's better part, man's dearer gain.' It is bitter enough to resign you, for I love you as my own soul. Yet when I think of Rex, I tell myself that no punishment could be too great. I am going away, Molly. It may be months, it may be years before we meet, or perhaps I may never look upon your face again. But I want you to think of me as kindly as you can. I want you to believe that, despite all his faults, your old guardian loved you with his whole heart."

"Eustace," I cried, "you know I believe it, and always shall. Oh, why need you go?"

"Because I dare not stay. I could not live here, seeing you day after day, and yet keep true to my resolve."

"But I could go away," I said. "Anything would be better than your leaving Lady Rossall and the home you love so well."

"You don't understand," he answered, "and I can not explain. Good-bye, Molly, darling—good-bye! I would have done my utmost to make you happy, but marriage is not for me."

He took me in his arms and kissed me very gently and tenderly. Truly, from his manner, it seemed like an eternal farewell.

"Good-bye, Eustace," I said tremulously, and I think I was nearer loving him at that moment than ever before.

He kissed me again, and then turned suddenly away. "My God," he exclaimed in a broken voice, "this is the bitterness of death," and he went out and shut the door.

## CHAPTER VIII

What passed between Lady Rossall and her son, I never knew. Dearly as I loved her, intimate as we were, it was not a subject I could speak of even in our most confidential moments. But I noticed that she endured his absence with the calm fortitude she brought to bear upon her own great physical sufferings. Her days were mostly spent in her nephew's sickroom; and, as under careful treatment, his strength and vigor returned, her own health visibly improved, and the dark cloud which had brooded so long over Rossall rolled slowly, but surely, away.

"Yes—her son was still abroad. He had become quite a wanderer," she told enquiring acquaintances with her sweet, somewhat baffling smile; and the quiet dignity that, despite all her gracious courtesies, proved an effectual barrier against idle curiosity.

One morning, however, late in the spring about eight months after Eustace's departure, she sent for me to her room. Rex was no longer at the castle, having gone, as soon as he was well enough to be moved, to some foreign health resort, in order, so the specialist said, to make assurance doubly sure, and complete the cure which already appeared an accomplished fact. The cousins had been to-

gether—were together then, I understood—and I hurried to obey Lady Rossall's summons, wondering much what news she had to impart. Little did I suspect the nature of her intelligence. In truth, I should have guessed any and every thing, rather than the piece of information I actually received.

"Sit down, dear child," she began, drawing me into a low chair beside her couch. "Molly, I sent for you, because I have heard from Eustace." She paused. Her beautiful face was still paler than its wont; and I felt sure I could detect traces of recent tears—those tears that are so rare and painful to a self-controlled nature like hers. Nevertheless, in her pathetic eyes and sad sweet smile, shone a look of renunciation—even of exaltation, that lent her the appearance of one who has just passed triumphantly through some trying ordeal. "Yes, I have heard from Eustace," she resumed, laying her hand caressingly on my head as it rested against the side of her couch. "His letter contains strange news, terrible news, you will say perhaps, for a mother to receive, and yet—Molly, he wishes me to tell you that he has gone to La Trappe!"

"Gone to La Trappe!" I echoed half to myself. "Oh, Lady Rossall, surely, surely not!"

"My dear, I am afraid it is rather a shock to you. For myself, I have gradually grown accustomed to the thought. Bitter and cruel though it seemed at first, I have had to do so. But indeed I would have let you know sooner, only Eustace did not wish it, till everything was settled and all arrangements made. He has been there many weeks now. Rex, you understand, is his successor."

I sat in astonished silence for a moment, almost wondering if my ears had not deceived me. It appeared so incredible. Truly, it is the unexpected which always happens, I thought, and then unconsciously I began to repeat the old rime:

If a Eustace die to the world, men say,  
Then the Doom of Rossall shall pass away.

"What an immense sacrifice," I exclaimed aloud, "and what a noble one!" Yes, verily it was no light thing for a man of Lord Rossall's age and character, to say nothing of wealth and worldly position; and I could not but remember how deeply, how passionately he loved his birthplace and the beautiful inheritance he would never see again.

"Rex will return almost immediately," Lady Rossall said, after we had discussed the subject from every conceivable point of view. "He is quite well—quite. Oh, Molly, when I think of what might have been, there is no room in my heart for anything but gratitude. Thank God, my poor Eustace was spared the unspeakable bitterness of a life-long remorse. Self-reproach he may have for his violent temper and rash act. But at least he will not



fathom those inner deeps of misery which, with his temperament, would have driven him well-nigh to despair."

"How good you are," I exclaimed involuntarily, "and it is your sacrifice as well!"

"Yes," she answered, "it is the mother's lot, Molly dearest, to love and then—to lose! I must be content to let my beloved go, and yet—oh, Eustace, my son, my son!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Several days later, I was walking along the terrace when a well-known step behind me sent the color to my cheeks and a thrill of joy to my heart. I turned, as I had turned that June evening nearly two years ago, and found now, not Eustace, but Rex by my side.

"At last," he said taking my hands in his, "are you glad to see me, Molly?"

"Need you ask?" I answered. In truth, my happiness was almost too deep for words. He was, as Lady Rossall had assured me, quite well—no trace of weakness, nothing to remind me of that terrible night when I saw him lying, like one dead, upon the rocks below.

For long we paced up and down, but what we said I can not write here, though it will be forever treasured in my memory.

"We ought to go to Lady Rossall," I said reluctantly at last, "it is past five, and we must have been talking for more than an hour; yet it seems only a moment."

"Is that intended for a compliment, Molly? It sounds like one."

"Well, it isn't, it's just the simple truth. Oh, Rex, it seems almost selfish to be so glad when poor Eustace—"

"Ah, that reminds me, I have a letter he

wished me to give you. Won't you open it now?"


"Yes," I answered, feeling a little ache of pity as I saw the familiar writing. And then standing there with Rex beside me, and the warmth and brightness of a great joy shining round me, I read the farewell words of the man who had voluntarily resigned every earthly happiness for conscience sake:

"My Dear Molly.

"Rex will give you this when he sees you, as he hopes to do in the course of the next few days. I am well, and all my hours are fully occupied. Be happy, Molly, and think of me without regret; for I have found—not happiness, perhaps, but peace. Wear the little shamrock brooch sometimes for my sake, and remember that I wish you now, as I wished you then, all the good things your heart can desire. Rex will do far more for my people than I have ever done; and you will help him, will you not? I shall like to think of you both in the old home. Take care of mother, and comfort her; but I know you will. I see clearly now that I was unfit for life in the world. My wretched temper would have spoiled everything and brought misery unspeakable upon those around me. Nevertheless, I loved you truly. I shall love you always here and hereafter, if God wills; for 'love is strong as death.' But you must not grieve for me, my heart will find rest, and a measure of that joy which only expiation can bring. No, I repeat, you must not grieve. I am better here where my passion is less likely to be roused—far better, for have I not learnt to my cost that 'jealousy is hard as hell' and 'the lamps thereof are lamps of fire and flames'."

THE END.


### HIS PRESENCE



I see His Blood upon the rose,  
And in the stars the glory of His eyes:  
His body gleams amid eternal snows,  
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower;  
The thunder and the singing of the birds  
Are but His words—and carven by His hands—  
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,  
His strong Heart stirs the ever-beating sea,  
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,  
His Cross is every tree.



—JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.



# Missions

## A MISSIONARY'S PERFECT DAY

By Fr. VINCENT, O. F. M.

**T**RAVELING through the sandy desert of Arizona, we missionaries frequently encounter what zoologists term the Gila Monster. This is a giant lizard measuring sometimes two feet in length. Its bite is poisonous and brings on sickness, if not death. Though not particularly aggressive, the beast, if attacked, will show a bold front and teach

its assailant a wholesome lesson. As a rule, therefore, we prudently go out of its way.

But there is another monster in these parts which we can not, when duty calls, always avoid. It is the Gila River, which passes along the Estrella Mountains about two miles south of St. John's Mission. How I was recently caught in the clutches of this monster, the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD may be interested to know.

My confrères at St. John's tell me I do not pay sufficient attention to this Gila "monster;" that is why I have so many tussles with it. But at times it is simply impossible to avoid it. Such was the case some time ago, when I was taking home from the Mission a sick girl. We set out

about 10 A. M. and soon came upon the dreaded "monster." To make sure that the beaten wagon road leading through the river was safe and solid, I had a team of mules cross and recross. "All right!" shouted the Indian when he returned. I fastened my little "Ford" to the wagon, and off we splashed through the rushing waters, mules, wagon,

"Ford," and all. Mules are sure of foot, but they are also heavy in weight; and this proved our undoing. There was a patch of quicksand in the road. On this one of the mules happened to step. Of course, the beast sank; and, owing to the short stop that resulted, the wagon sank, the "Ford" sank, and my heart sank. The longer one halts in the Gila, the deeper one goes down, and many a minute will slip by before one regains dry land.

The mules soon extricated themselves, and, to their credit be it said, they pulled and tugged for all they were worth, while the Indian urged them on with all the tricks of an expert teamster and I kept assailing their ears with shrieks of





desperation. But all to no avail. Our "Tin Lizzie" sank deeper and deeper. Higher and higher the water rose, and soon the floor boards were swimming beneath our feet. What made matters worse, the sick child at my side was becoming uneasy. To insure her safety, I pulled off my shoes and carried her to the shore.

By the time I returned, the Indian lads had relieved the automobile of my luggage. Then we again set to work trying to dislodge it. But, alas, the reach bolt broke. Nary a word I uttered, but I thought a whole book full. "There's a bolt in the car," an Indian cried and off he was to fetch it. We repaired the wagon, detached the car, and asked the mules to try once more. They obeyed, but with such zeal and energy that both bounded off the road, and the next moment saw them belly-deep in water and knee-deep in sand. A fierce wrangle ensued. They bit, pushed, splashed, rolled, in short, did everything but kick for their hoofs were securely lodged in the sand. Leaping between them, I removed the harness as quickly as their madness allowed, and then from front and rear we helped

them out. Soon the wagon was on the farther shore, and the lads returned with the mules and the doubletree. With little effort the animals drew the "Ford" out of its sandy bed and dashed off with it to *terra firma*.

But now work began in real earnest. I sent the boys home to St. John's Mission with a note for Fr. Antonine. "We were stuck fast—are out again—but— Please send down five gallons of kerosene and three of oil. Yours rescued from the clutches of the monster,—Vincent."

Meanwhile, we began to operate on our tin "Lizzie." It was surely a bad case of dropsy. An hour later, the boys returned with the kerosene and the oil, and, to my consolation, with Fr. Stephen, who like a true fellow missionary had come posthaste to our rescue. The operation lasted some four hours. Finally, at 3:30 P. M., "Lizzie" was on her feet again, fit as a fiddle. Gathering up our effects, we got in and with a cheerful laugh were off. The forty-five miles to the girl's home were soon covered. It was the end of a missionary's perfect day.

### THE THIRD ORDER EMBLEM

Executed in fine four-colored enamel on gold background, and gold lettering on blue background.  
Styles: Pin-back and Screw-back.



SMALL SIZE 1/2-inch.

Solid Gold ..... \$1.35  
Rolled Gold ..... .65



LARGE SIZE 3/4-inch.

Rolled Gold ..... \$ .75  
Gold Plate ..... .45

The outer circle is in blue enamel 1/16 in. and bears the inscription *Deus, meus et omnia* (My God and my All). On the lower portion are engraved the initials of the Order, III. O. S. F. Embedded in the gold field are two crossed arms in white and brown enamel supporting a small red cross. These two arms represent Our Lord and St. Francis, while the Cross is the sign of our redemption.

This emblem embodies the Tertiary's rule, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it a fine piece of jewelry.

# FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

## CHAPTER XXII

*Fr. Benavides, the New Custodio—"Monasteries" and "Conventos"—Success of the Missionaries--Reenforcements Arrive—Fr. Benavides' Praise of the Missionaries—He is Recalled to Spain—His "Memorial."*

ON Felipe Zotylo succeeded Don Pedro de Peralta as governor of New Mexico and arrived at Santa Fe most probably early in 1621. The new Fr. Custodio of the Franciscans was Fr. Alonzo de Benavides, "a religious of good example and life," as the Fr. Commissary-General informed the king. Fr. Benavides may have arrived at his destination in the company of the new governor, but the statement can not be made positively. Viceroy Cerralvo "gave him warrant to take along twenty-six<sup>1</sup> missionaries."<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately the names of these friars are not noted in any report. Two or three, doubtless, were lay brothers.

With so many apostolic helpers, Fr. Benavides, himself a man of extraordinary energy, could give full vent to his zeal; and missionary activities assumed vast proportions. Only two years after the arrival of the twenty-seven friars, that is to say in 1623, "seven monasteries, noted for their strict observance and zeal, had already been established among the Mansos or Lanos, Tiguas and Teguas, Piros and Tompiros, Pecuries, Taos, Pecos, Xumanas, Tanos, Queres, Hémes, and Apaches. Among all these nations the friars made the light of the Gospel shine brilliantly, and they gave new impulse to agricultural work, seconded by the wonderful fertility of the soil."<sup>3</sup>

The term *monasteries* employed by Aparicio must be taken, however, in a very broad sense. Monasteries, or large communities of men, never had any existence in New Mexico, save temporarily, as for instance at San Gabriel, the first Spanish settlement on the Upper Rio Grande at the time of Oñate. The habitations of the friars, then called *conventos*, were merely the headquarters to which the missionaries retired in time of danger or for their spiritual retreats. At the time of the revolt in August, 1680, the surviving Franciscans were

staying at Santa Fe, thus forming a large community for the time being. Similarly, the term *convento*, which frequently occurs in documents and reports, and which we adopt for the habitation of the missionaries, must be taken in a wider sense. Outside of Santa Fe, and sometimes at Santo Domingo, the missionaries lived alone with their flocks, one at a pueblo with jurisdiction over two or three other pueblos or stations. Their dwelling, which always adjoined the church, was styled *convento*, to which no woman had access.

For the first years of Fr. Benavides' administration we have no detailed account of the missionary efforts; but Fr. Gerónimo de Zárate Salmerón, who had come to the territory in 1618, returned to Mexico in 1626, and from there addressed his *Relacion* on the situation in New Mexico to the Most Rev. Commissary-General, Fr. Francisco de Apodaca. He reported great success, but attributed it largely to the merits of the early martyrs for the Faith. "The blood of the three friars killed on the Rio Grande in 1582-1583,"<sup>4</sup> he writes, "has so fructified the land that through it there have been baptized 34,650 souls (as I have counted in the Baptismal Records), not counting the many that at present continue to be converted. In this ministry the laborers are working in the vineyard of the Lord with the greatest zeal. They have erected forty-three churches in all, large and small, at their own cost, without our Lord, the King, spending a dime, thus relieving His Majesty of these expenses. As missionaries continue to come in with each expedition, these conversions are always extending."<sup>5</sup>

In the same year, 1626, Fr. Benavides himself reports to the Commissary-General, Fr. Juan de Santandér, under date of June 20, "that at present there are only sixteen priests and three lay brothers, the rest having died,"<sup>6</sup> that, inasmuch as they are so few, the territory

<sup>1</sup> Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, has twenty-seven.

<sup>2</sup> King to viceroy of Mexico, *Land of Sunshine*, September, 1900, p. 279; Mrs. Ayer's *Benavides*, p. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Manuel Ramirez Aparicio, *Conventos Suprimidos*, p. 282, Mexico, 1861.

<sup>4</sup> See *Franciscan Herald*, vol. vii.

<sup>5</sup> Fr. Salmeron, *Land of Sunshine*, Nov., 1899; Ayer, *Benavides*, p. 6, note; Bancroft, 160-161.

<sup>6</sup> Bancroft, p. 161, asserts that the cause of the decrease was not explained.

of the said Custody, more than one hundred leagues of rough and mountainous road, and the Indians there being 34,320, these few Fathers can not well attend to them."

Informed of the situation by Fr. Santandér, who at the same time petitioned for thirty missionary Fathers and some lay brothers for the New Mexican field, King Philip IV, after consulting with the Royal Council of the Indies, on November 15, 1627, directed Viceroy de Cerralvo to send thirty Franciscan religious to New Mexico. The king added this other very needful order to the viceroy: "In the future you will take great care that they (Indians) are provided with the religious that shall appear necessary; for this is my will."<sup>7</sup>

For all that, these thirty missionaries did not come up at once. Two years were required until all the tedious formalities had been complied with, and then it was under a new Fr. Custódio. Meanwhile, Fr. Benavides with his little band of zealous friars continued the work of conversion and instruction. The Fr. Custódio chose for himself apparently the region of Senecú and the Xila (Heela) Apaches, "fourteen leagues from the pueblo of San Antonio de Senecú, of the Province of the Piros." "Benavides," says Hodge,<sup>8</sup> "is the first person to use the name which to-day survives in the Rio 'Gila' of Arizona and New Mexico. At the period of our author (Benavides), Xila was only the name of an Apache settlement in the locality described, i. e., probably about the head of Corduroy Cañon in Socorro County, New Mexico."

"Between Fr. Benavides and Governor Zotylo," says Read,<sup>9</sup> "the most complete harmony reigned with marked benefit for the Indians and Spaniards who dedicated themselves with energy to the prosecution of the industries which their limited means allowed them to develop. Agriculture was made more general; all the Indian pueblos engaged completely in the cultivation of their lands, the raising of stock, and in the apprenticeship of the arts and occupations, everything breathed tranquility, progress, and good fellowship."

Under such circumstances, the work of converting the natives was bound to thrive; but the missionaries themselves were true apostles, and this explains their marvelous success. Fr. Benavides generously acknowledges

their worth as missionaries and religious in the following magnificent tribute. "It may well be inferred from all that has been said," he writes in his memorial to the king of Spain, "how brilliant are the toils and peregrinations of the religious of my Father St. Francis in the service of God our Lord; for not only have they taken away from the demon the empire over those souls which he enjoyed so much without contradiction, but they have removed all idolatry and demon worship, and now only the Lord and Creator of all things is adored; and where appeared but *estufas* of idolatry, to-day the whole country is covered with very sumptuous and marvelous temples, which the religious have built,<sup>10</sup> and about which they have been so solicitous that, in order to make them such, they stripped themselves of that which Your Majesty gives them for their sustenance and clothing.

"The occupation which they have is that of Mary and Martha—like Martha, leading an active life, they heal the sick and sustain the needy poor, for this purpose causing fields to be sown and cattle raised. In addition to this, they break up the soil for the Indians who do not live in settlements, and after having constructed habitations and the entire village for them, tilled and planted the land for them, given them everything necessary for the first months, they (missionaries) induce them to live there like civilized people. There they teach them to recite the whole Christian Doctrine and to acquire good habits. In like manner they teach the boys to read, write, and sing. There is cause for praising the Lord that in so short a time so many chapels have been erected in which the ecclesiastical chant is sung. Furthermore, all the crafts and arts useful to man are carried on, such as those of tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and others in which they are already skilful; but all depends on the solicitude and care of the religious, so much so that if he should be wanting all this good order and the whole civilized manner of living, in which they are instructed after our method, would cease.

"Like Mary, too, they are not wanting in the contemplative life, which is the monastic state they have professed; for, despite so many

<sup>7</sup> *Land of Sunshine*, Sept., 1900, pp. 278-279; Ayer, *Benavides*, pp. 5-7.

<sup>8</sup> Ayer, *Benavides*, p. 42, footnote.

<sup>9</sup> *Illustrated History*, p. 252.

<sup>10</sup> "It will appear exaggeration to say," Fr. Benavides elsewhere in the same *Memorial* remarks, "that, sumptuous and neat as the churches are, they have been built only by the women, boys, and girls of the mission; for among these nations it is customary for the women to put up the walls, and for the men to spin and weave the cloth, to go to war and to hunt. If we should oblige some man to erect a wall, he would run away, and the women would laugh."

exterior occupations in the administration of the holy Sacraments, (not resting from one pueblo to another,<sup>11</sup> because there is not a religious who is not in charge of four or five pueblos), they live in such a way that it seems they are in a community; for, Matins are never neglected at midnight, nor the Little Hours, nor the high Mass at the usual time.<sup>12</sup> Thus the *conventos* are regulated in such conformity that they appear to be sanctuaries rather than the dwelling of a single friar.

"Notwithstanding such continuous occupations, the fasts are observed, even the Benedictine Fast.<sup>13</sup> Likewise many other spiritual exercises are performed which edify the Spaniards as well as the Indians, who regard the friars as angels. I have wished to touch this matter by the way, whilst omitting many other things that might be related, merely that Your Majesty might know the quality and virtue of those chaplains of Yours, who with so much gratefulness, love, and good will commend to God Your Majesty in that secluded and distant corner, and in that primitive Church where the Lord works so many wonders."<sup>14</sup>

The reports made in 1626 by Fr. Salmerón and especially by Fr. Benavides to the Commissary of the Indies aroused a lively interest in both Mexico and Spain. Observing that the information had very favorably impressed the king of Spain himself, "it seemed wise to the viceroy of New Spain and to the Commissary-General of that dominion," Fr. Santander addressed the king, "that the said Fr. Alonso de Benavides, the person into whose hands charge had been given over those missions during these years, should personally manifest to Your Majesty the splendid results

of the zeal with which Your Majesty favors and aids them."<sup>15</sup>

The Fr. Custodio was accordingly recalled from New Mexico in 1629 and sent to Spain, where he arrived in 1630 and compiled his lengthy *Memorial* for presentation to King Philip IV. Of this document Mr. Lummis says: "This *Memorial* is probably the rarest of all Americana. A copy of the thin, parchmented volume, printed in 1630, and of only 103 pages, is worth a great many times its weight in gold. To the student of the Southwest it is as precious as to the collector—an indispensable 'source.' Benavides was an eyewitness and a part of the history-making era he records. He was an honest chronicler, though an enthusiastic one—a religious 'promoter,' as it were. The very zeal which made him risk his life and make naught of his hardships as a frontier missionary for many years, colors his report—which was purely to induce the king to send more missionaries to New Mexico and build more churches there, for the conversion of the Gentiles.

Mrs. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago made a translation of the *Memorial*, which was printed in the *Land of Sunshine* in the issues of September, 1900 to March, 1901. Numerous illuminating notes were added by Mr. Frederick W. Hodge and Mr. Lummis. This translation of Benavides, further revised and perfected, with very much fuller notes, and a facsimile of the original Spanish text, was published in book form in 1916 for private circulation. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Ayer the writer was made the recipient of a copy of this splendid edition.

Mr. Benjamin M. Read of Santa Fe incorporated an English translation of Benavides in his *Illustrated History of New Mexico*, which differs very widely from the preceding one. A Latin translation appeared in the *Acta Minorum* about twenty years ago; and a Latin pocket edition was published by the Franciscans of Quarrachi. Other editions appeared in German, French, and Holland, as the facsimile title pages in the Ayer edition demonstrate. The information supplied by Fr. Benavides on New Mexico will be utilized in recounting the local history of the various pueblos enumerated and minutely described in the *Memorial*.

<sup>11</sup> Benavides, *Memorial*, pp. 81-84; English, p. 7.

<sup>12</sup> Lummis. Introduction to Benavides' *Memorial*.

<sup>11</sup> "No paran en un pueblo en otro, que no ay Religioso etc." Very difficult to render into English. The writer thinks he has given the sense accurately. Compare Ayer, pp. 172-173; Read's, p. 255.

<sup>12</sup> "Jamás los Maitines a media noche faltan, y las demas oras, y Misa Mayor a su tiempo." Compare Ayer's and Read's versions. The friar simply performed all the spiritual exercises as though he were in a community. The friars of those days must have been fervent, indeed; hence, too, their successes.

<sup>13</sup> Lummis remarks here: "Three Lents, I am told, are kept in the Catholic Church; the third not of universal obligation, but observed by the most devout. This is the *Quaresma de los Benditos*, or Lent of the Blessed." Only one Lenten Fast is observed by all Catholics, Franciscans included: Forty Days before Easter. St. Francis imposed on his sons another which extends from All Saints Day exclusive to Christmas Day exclusive. "But the holy Lent," he says in Rule III, "which begins from Epiphany (January 6) and continues for forty days, which the Lord has consecrated by His holy fast (see Matt., iv, 2), may those who keep it voluntarily be blessed by the Lord, and those who do not wish may not be constrained." Hence the term *Quaresma de los Benditos* in Benavides.

<sup>14</sup> Benavides, *Memorial, Ocupacion Santa, en que los Religiosos se entretienen*, Ayer edition, pp. 170-172; English, pp. 66-67.

# MISSION CROSSES

BY FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

WITH a feeling of satisfaction Fr. Junipero Serra put his signature to the entries he had just made in the baptismal register. Then laying down the quill, he sat back and began to ponder the joys and sorrows of mission life in California. Six and a half years had now elapsed since the founding of San Diego Mission. Though almost constantly faced by obstacles, his dauntless confrères had bravely persisted in their noble enterprise. Five missions now bore eloquent testimony to their heroic efforts, and a sixth would soon be established at the bay of San Francisco. The Indian neophytes were increasing in number and settling down to a quiet and peaceful existence in the shadow of the Cross. His own Mission of San Carlos also was making progress, especially since he had removed it to its present site, two leagues south of the Monterey presidio. The presidio—yes—if only the military would co-operate more faithfully with the missionaries. Indeed, their attitude was in many ways a greater obstacle to surmount than the wild and carnal nature of the aborigines.

"But why complain?" the zealous Fr. Presidente mused. "God is with us. Those little annoyances are but the passing shadow of His hand extended in blessing over our work. Life can not be all sunshine." He smiled and took up the quill to address a few words of cheer to one of the missionaries.

The sun had already sunk behind the distant hills and night was fast gathering her somber folds about the quiet mission. Suddenly there was a tumult in the courtyard. Fr. Serra stepped to the window. How great was his surprise when in the twilight he recognized Don Fernando Rivera and a squad of soldiers. They had already alighted from their horses and the comandante was coming toward the Fathers' apartments. Fr. Serra hastened to open the door for him.

"*Buenas tardes, Señor!*" he greeted warmly.

Rivera's reply was stiff and formal.

"You look troubled, Don Fernando," the missionary faltered.

"With reason, Padre Presidente," the officer returned. "Bad news! These letters will tell you all."

"Why, from the Fathers at Mission San Diego—"

"That was and is no more. A plague on the Indians!"

"What mean you, Señor?"

"The vile wretches have revolted, burned the mission, and murdered Fr. Luis."

Fr. Serra turned ghastly pale.

"But one thing pleases me," the comandante added icily, taking the chair the missionary offered him, "no soldier has been killed. *Gracias á Dios!*"

If the spiteful official had plunged the cold steel dangling at his side into the heart of the aged missionary, the wound would have been less trenchant.

"I shall depart for San Diego at once," Rivera continued. "The devils shall pay dearly for their crime."

Fr. Serra knew full well what that meant—more bloodshed, new disorders—and in the end— He must intervene. Forgetting his own grief, he sought to calm the officer. He bade him trust in God and be patient with the poor, misguided natives. But his words only fanned the flames that raged in the soldier's heart.

"What say you?" Rivera thundered, bringing his fist down on the table. "Be patient? Ah, Padre, patience has its limits, and the Indians have overstepped the limits of mine—the loathsome brutes that you are forever excusing. I'll not rest," he shouted hoarsely, rising from the chair, "till I see those vipers squirming beneath my heel."

Fr. Serra was alarmed. He knew the comandante's character. Anxious to change the topic, he asked in a friendly tone:

"When do you intend to depart, Don Fernando?"

"At once," Rivera replied. He divined the friar's purpose.

"May I know the exact time?"

"You wish to accompany me, I suppose."

"Yes," Fr. Serra ventured. "No doubt the Fathers at San Diego are anxious—"

"Impossible, Padre Presidente," the comandante fell in. "We shall travel posthaste, which your age and health would forbid."

There was some truth in that. But in the present case other reasons prompted this unwonted solicitude. The missionary read the officer's mind. But to argue with him now would be useless. He said nothing, therefore;

but his big heart trembled with apprehension when he bade the haughty officer good night and begged to be remembered to all at San Diego.

That evening the Fr. Presidente summoned to his room the six friars who just then happened to be staying at Mission San Carlos. We can imagine the sorrow that filled their hearts when Fr. Crespi read to them the account of Fr. Luis' martyrdom. Fr. Serra, however, found words of consolation.

"Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed with tears in his eyes. "That land is already irrigated. Now the conversion of the Indians will succeed. What pains me more than all is the piteous condition of Fr. Fuster. 'He can not dispel from his mind the recollection of that terrible scene,' says Fr. Lasuén in a post-script. 'It haunts him day and night. Fr. Amúrrio fears the affair will unbalance his mind. Pray for him and for us all. The cross that God has sent us is a heavy one. By his grace and your prayers alone shall we be able to bear up under its weight. *Dios le guarde!*' Oh, if I could only go down to assist them in their need," Fr. Serra sighed, folding the letter.

"And can't you?" asked Fr. Palóu, rather surprised.

"Without a guard, Padre?"

"Why, the comandante is going down."

"Yes; but he has positively—but hush! 'Tis well. In God is our trust. Pray, *queridos mios*, pray! Satan is again at work to thwart our efforts for the spread of God's kingdom."

The Apostle of California was not the man to lose courage, no matter how disheartening the trials and hardships of mission life might be. His confidence in God was as boundless as his zeal for immortal souls. Even this latest disaster would not have caused him such anguish if the comandante's past attitude had been such as to warrant the assurance that the loss at San Diego would soon be retrieved. Why that indifference toward the Fathers and their work? Why that cold and haughty bearing? Why that cutting remark: "Thanks be to God! No soldier has been killed?" As if the untimely death of Fr. Luis concerned him not. And why was he all this time trying his very best to delay the founding of missions San Francisco and San Buenaventura, despite the express orders of the Viceroy? Fr. Serra could not account for it all. The longer he pondered, the clearer it became that Fr. Palóu had hit the nail on the head. Yes, he him-

self, the Fr. Presidente, had wounded the pride of Don Fernando when, on his visit to Mexico three years before, he had recommended Don Francisco Ortega, a mere sergeant, as a man in every way fit to succeed Don Pedro Fages as military commander of California. Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada was, indeed, ultimately chosen for the position. But his heart was still aglow with bitter feelings against the friar, who had ignored him, and against Señor Ortega, whose promotion to the lieutenantcy was a thorn in his side.

Worn with care and sorrow, the aged Fr. Presidente at last sat down to finish the letters he was writing to the Fr. Guardian and to the Viceroy in Mexico. The letters had to be finished that night; for in the morning the comandante was to depart for the south. In his own fervent way, Fr. Serra assured the two dignitaries in Mexico that, instead of being frightened and disheartened at the San Diego disaster, the missionaries rather envied Fr. Luis for his glorious martyrdom, and that, drawn on by his noble example, they would henceforth labor with redoubled zeal for the conversion of the Indians. In his letter to the Viceroy he further expressed his fear that the comandante would wreak inhuman vengeance on the Indians; that he hoped his Excellency would intervene and see that justice would be seasoned with mercy. The poor natives, he urged, had been induced by Satan to perpetrate this inhuman crime; and if, in consequence, the restoration of San Diego and the founding of San Juan Capistrano and San Francisco were delayed and perhaps altogether frustrated, the arch-enemy of souls would glory in his achievement and celebrate a double triumph. It was past midnight when the Fr. Presidente extinguished the candle and lay down for a few hours' rest.

On the next day, December 16, Comandante Rivera and thirteen soldiers set out on their punitive expedition. They reached Mission San Gabriel on January 3 and learned that Colonel Juan Bautista Anza and his party had just arrived from Sonora on their way to found a presidio and mission at the bay of San Francisco. This was anything but pleasant news for the testy comandante. But he swallowed the leek and was satisfied when Colonel Anza and eighteen soldiers agreed to accompany him to San Diego. On Sunday afternoon, January 7, the combined forces left San Gabriel and four days later reached their destination. Gladly did Fr. Pedro Font, chap-



lain of the Sonora expedition, seize this opportunity of visiting his stricken brethren.

As soon as Lieutenant Ortega heard what had happened at Mission San Diego, he suspended work at San Juan Capistrano and hastened to the scene of disaster. Fathers Lasuén and Amúrrio also returned, which was fortunate for Fr. Fuster who now more than ever had need of fraternal sympathy and advice. The subsequent lot of the three missionaries must have been most pitiable. They took up their abode at the presidio, where a miserable little hut was all that could be offered them as a habitation. What made their affliction almost unbearable, however, was the fact that for want of a more suitable place the presidio warehouse had to serve them as a church. Lieutenant Ortega would readily have carried out their plans for securing a more becoming place of worship. But he knew Rivera. To anticipate orders would surely have stirred up trouble. Now that the comandante had arrived he could see and judge for himself and would surely take steps for the betterment of conditions. But the Fathers as well as Ortega had reckoned without their host. From the moment of his arrival, Don Fernando studied only how to wreak the most signal vengeance on the guilty Indians. While cold and distant toward the missionaries and the lieutenant, he was unusually friendly and lenient with the soldiers, although investigations had revealed the fact that on the night of the attack the military guards had basely neglected their duty. Colonel Anza was not slow in discerning Rivera's strange attitude, and one day he had occasion to speak his mind.

"By the way, Comandante," he remarked, "your credulity is marvelous."

"Well?" the other asked, taken by surprise.

"Why, at the hearing this morning the soldier who was on sentinel duty when the mission was attacked, openly declared he had indeed seen the light in the firmament but had taken it to be the light of the moon."

"And?" Rivera challenged.

"And you believed him," the colonel insisted.

"Don Juan, I know my duty."

"No doubt; but that soldier did not. Or perhaps you agree with him in maintaining that it was not his business to investigate and sound the alarm? If the Indians had assaulted the presidio here as they intended, on whom would you now cast the blame?"

"On that upstart, Ortega."

"Then you blame him also for the destruction of the mission?"

"Precisely."

"Why? Because he was at San Juan Capistrano at the time?"

"He should have been here at his post."

"And disobeyed the Viceroy's orders?"

"Señor, 'tis well;" and flushed with anger Rivera walked off.

Dismayed with the comandante's arrogant and spiteful conduct, Anza after three weeks decided to return to San Gabriel, where he had left the greater part of his expedition, and to resume his journey northward. Rivera was loath to see him depart. It meant the realization of a project he had done everything to thwart. With sincere regret the Fathers learned that Fr. Font, too, was about to set out with Anza. They pleaded with their confrère to consider his precarious health and the hardships of the journey. But Fr. Font was as anxious as Captain Anza to reach San Francisco.

"I've seen enough," he said on bidding them goodbye, "and rest assured, the Fr. Presidente shall learn exactly how things stand here."

After the departure of Colonel Anza, Don Fernando became more sullen and unapproachable than ever. Evidently it angered him that Fr. Serra had scored a victory over him, inasmuch as the zealous missionary had induced the Viceroy to hasten the founding of a mission at San Francisco. Nothing was done, therefore, to better conditions at San Diego. As to restoring the destroyed mission, Rivera purposely deferred the work, although the Indians were quiet and it was clear to all that the real instigators of the rebellion had been captured, imprisoned, and taught a lifelong lesson with the lash and the stocks. As late as March he sent to Monterey for a squad of soldiers to help in the search for guilty Indians and to render assistance in case of another attack.

In this way, six more weeks elapsed, when an incident occurred that brought matters to a head. Fr. Fuster was at prayer in the little church. Suddenly the door flew open and an Indian came rushing in. At once the missionary recognized him as Carlos, one of his former neophytes. Pale and breathless, the terrified creature confessed that he, too, had conspired against the mission; that now he was sorry for it; and that, although he had deeply wronged the Fathers, he hoped they would shield him against the cruel soldiers.

Fr. Fuster was sorry for the culprit and told him to stay in the church until further notice. Then, having consulted his fellow missionaries, he at once proceeded to Rivera's headquarters.

"Señor Comandante," he stammered, "I have a weighty matter to lay before you."

"Well, Padre?" Rivera snarled, twirling his mustache.

"One of the conspirators, a former neophyte, Carlos by name, has returned."

Instinctively the comandante clutched the hilt of his sword.

"And has taken refuge in the church," Fr. Fuster continued.

"Ah, the cunning wretch!" Don Fernando sneered, folding his arms and looking daggers at the defenseless friar before him.

"But the poor Indian is——"

"What, Padre, you say 'poor Indian'? Say rather low brute, who shall suffer for his crime."

"But, Señor," the missionary ventured, "he is repentant, and I am here to see what can be done in a quiet way. No doubt, the Indian has failed, and we shall hand him over to your Honor at once, provided you promise under oath, as the law demands, that he will receive a fair trial and a just sentence."

For a few moments there was silence, deep and awful, like the calm before a thunderstorm. Finally, curling up his lips, the haughty officer muttered:

"'Tis well. I will consider the matter."

With a respectful *á Dios, Señor*, Fr. Fuster left. But all was not well; and his heart would have trembled with apprehension had he seen the malicious smile on Rivera who stood at the window and watched him cross over to the Fathers' apartment. That same afternoon a soldier came with a note from the comandante.

"Just as I expected," Fr. Lasuén exclaimed, handing the note to Fr. Amúrrio.

"Alas, alas, is our cup of sorrow not yet drained?" Fr. Fuster sat there pale as death.

"As insolent as he is ignorant!" Fr. Lasuén declared; and taking the note once more, he read aloud: "'Within twenty-four hours you will deliver up the Indian Carlos who has taken refuge in the church. He can not claim the right of sanctuary, first because he has committed treason, and second because the place whither he has fled, though holy Mass is celebrated there, is not a church but a warehouse. If within the time specified the culprit is not handed over, I shall take him out

by force and lock him in the guardhouse.'

"Well, Señor Rivera y Moncada," the indignant missionary added bitterly, "you want trouble and you shall have it," Fr. Lasuén was forgetting himself, much to the alarm of his two companions.

That night the three missionaries drew up a reply to Rivera's note. It was a serious and difficult problem and needed careful handling. They told the comandante that, according to the laws of the Catholic Church and of Spain, they were not at liberty to hand over the Indian unless his Honor fulfilled the required condition; that, if, in defiance of this law, he dared to extract the Indian by force, he would incur excommunication, of which peril he was to regard this present writing as the first warning. In conclusion, they buttressed their statements with quotations from universally recognized canonists. The next morning after holy Mass, they sent the note to Rivera.

All that morning, the friars waited for a reply. Fr. Lasuén did not share his confrères' hopes. He knew the comandante too well to expect that their note would have the desired effect. They had just sat down to dinner, when all of a sudden shouts and shrieks resounded in the courtyard. Rushing to the door, they saw to their dismay that the church was surrounded by soldiers. With sword in hand, Rivera was just emerging from the sacred edifice dragging the screaming Indian after him. At sight of this, Fr. Fuster plucked up courage and stepping forward cried:

"Señor Comandante, I protest! Your Honor knows the law. You and your abettors have incurred excommunication!"

"Protest all you please, your Reverence," Rivera shouted back at the top of his voice. "There goes your protest!" and with his sword he pointed to the Indian whom the soldiers were already leading off toward the guardhouse.

On the following day, observing the required interstices, the Fathers sent two more warnings to the comandante, each time declaring that, if the Indian were not returned to the church within the stated time, they would be obliged to publish the excommunication. Thus Wednesday passed and Thursday wore on. The next day, the Friday before Palm Sunday, would be the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, a holiday of obligation, and the Spaniards would have to attend Mass. There was no alternative; the excommunication would

have to be published. Anxiously the Fathers waited, hoping and praying that Rivera would relent and not drive them to the last extremity. But the haughty officer remained obstinate, disdainingly even to read the notes of warning.

Friday morning came; but to the great sorrow of Fr. Fuster the Indian was still in the guardhouse. On the way to the church for the morning meditation, the careworn missionary called Fr. Lasuén aside.

"Father," he asked nervously, "will you take the high Mass this morning?"

"And publish the excommunication?" the other anticipated.

"Yes, if you please. You know, I can't."

"Very well, if you say so. It will be a chance for me to disclaim publicly what lying tongues have been circulating about me."

Two hours later, the soldiers and settlers were assembled in the church. At the appointed time, Fr. Lasuén vested for holy Mass. All eyes were fixed on him when, instead of beginning the prayers at the foot of the altar, he turned to the people and said in a quiet but resolute tone:

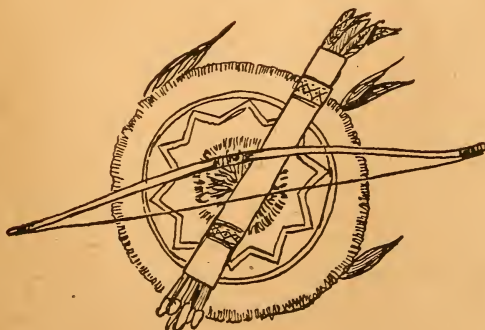
"Señores, we are about to sing holy Mass in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows in this church." Laying special stress on the word church, he looked intently for a moment at his audience and then continued: "The report has been circulated that I had declared this edifice is not a church. In the first place, I here maintain that I never made such a statement. I have always asserted and I repeat it now that this is the church of the presidio. Therefore, in the second place, let it be known that all who participated recently in removing from

this church the Indian now imprisoned in the guardhouse, have incurred excommunication, and that consequently they are debarred from attendance at holy Mass. So, if there be any of them present here in church, they will leave; otherwise I am not allowed to proceed with holy Mass."

The fearless missionary paused and presently some dozen soldiers rose and walked out.

This action of the Fathers only raised them in the esteem of the little community. It was admitted on all hands that they were within their rights and had only done their duty. Even the guilty soldiers soon confessed their mistake and begged to be absolved from the excommunication. The only one who, to the great scandal of the people, persisted in his unbending attitude was Don Fernando. But secretly he, too, was aware that the odds were against him, and that he could not continue under the ban without losing favor with the civil authorities in México, a thing he dreaded more than anything else. He must seek reconciliation. But from whom? Either he would have to acknowledge his guilt to the Fathers and restore the Indian, or he would have to submit his case to the Fr. Presidente and abide by his decision. Though equally offensive to his pride, the latter course seemed more in keeping with his dignity, and therefore he chose it. The Fathers, on their part, were not slow in divining his purpose, and to forestall misrepresentations both Fr. Fuster and Fr. Lasuén wrote accounts of the affair to Fr. Serra and included them in the mail that the comandante was to take with him to Monterey.

*(To be continued.)*





# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## HOME AND SCHOOL

WE have September pictured as the garnerer, coming back singing and bearing her sheaves with her. But for the junior portion of the race, she comes across the hills a bugler, and we stop in the midst of our harvesting to watch the mobilization of the school army. We see the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, laying aside their playthings and, with happy heart or sad, according to their temperament, taking up their knapsacks and starting for camp, in the wake of their captains, those men and women who have devoted their lives to the thankless work of teaching.

I like to be abroad on the morning of the first day of school. There is a world of inspiring thought in those little marchers, fresh and clean, on their way to school. When their eyes are bright, their faces happy, you find joy quicken in your heart. When otherwise, you experience a new strength, seeing these gallant children answering, against their inclination, the call of duty. They seem to question: If I, a child, can do what is hard and distasteful, why should you, who are older and stronger, hesitate? So they who go to be taught, teach as they go.

Many a mother heaves a sigh of relief as she watches their departure. Her children have been almost too much for her during vacation. She is glad of the return of the time that allows her to shift her responsibility to the teacher. One can not but wonder at the readiness with which she does this. The teacher may be a perfect stranger to her; she may be entirely unfit to assume control of her child, for a certificate carries only the guarantee of educational ability, and all children are not alike. Yet the mother transfers her pearl beyond price to this man or woman, of whom she knows nothing, perhaps. It is a testimony of the sublime faith we have in the school, and to the credit of the school that faith is generally justified.

Such being the case, should not the teacher receive the full co-operation of the parent? Should not the school find the home working steadfastly with it, for the advancement, along

all lines, of the child? It certainly should. But the fact stands that it not always does. Who has not come upon the despondent teacher, religious and lay, who will tell you his or her effort, in many cases, is practically wasted, because of the lack of co-operation of the home? The teacher asks for night work. But the child is allowed to play on the street, go to the movies, or follow its own will; and the teacher is helpless, while an entire class is retarded because of the indifferent pupil. As for religious training, for which the parochial school is primarily conducted, how often is it not nullified by the home! Perhaps the child evinces more piety than appears consistent with the parents' narrow views, and that terror of their minds, a religious vocation, sends the sneer or the laugh to meet the tender aspirations of the young soul. In time the teacher hears the echo of that sneer or laugh, and the pastor begins to view the future of that child with alarm.

The school physician and the nurse have the same story of failure to relate. Their time and skill and effort to promote the health of the coming generation through the children fail of complete success, because of the neglect of parents; and often only the strong arm of the law prevents the lives of other children from being endangered by their wilful disregard of precautions in cases of disease. If parents had as much horror of sin in their children as they have of the sign of a communicable disease on their doorpost, the Golden Year for the race would be at hand.

Pastor, teacher, physician and nurse, desire only the well-being of your children. To the securing of that, they have devoted their lives; and surely your children are more to you than to them. You have not their point of view; and it is only reasonable to suppose, unless you are a person of unusual attainments, that theirs is superior to yours. You may see no necessity in your child's regular attendance at the daily Mass, in night study, in carrying out the instructions of the physician and the nurse; but, you should take it for granted that it must be necessary, since it is insisted upon; and you are only doing your part as a parent

fully, when you comply and demand your child's compliance with those several orders.

Since you believe the school a necessary institution, you should, as a reasonable person, work with it, not against it. If you relinquish your control of the child for so many hours a day to the teacher, plainly you believe the teacher equally competent with yourself to seek the best interests of the child, and you owe it to yourself, not less than to the teacher, to uphold the teacher in all her requirements from the child. It is only by the method of co-operation between the school and the home that the best results for the child are obtained; and to do your duty you should strictly adhere to this method. The teacher rarely, if ever, oversteps your rights as parent; you can not decently overstep hers as teacher. The bond that should unite teacher and parent is a tender and holy one; but too often one would think the two were sworn enemies. This attitude is wrong, and its effect on the child is disastrous.

Begin this new scholastic year right by sending your children to school—a Catholic school—and resolve to give the teacher every help in the important work of education.

### CLOTHING THE POOR

THE rich woman had sent a bag of clothes to the settlement—fine clothes, of course, some not at all worn, but all three seasons old.

"Droll, isn't it?" observed the settlement worker, "how the rich will hold on to things, until they have to make room for later things! Had these been given to me for distribution two summers ago, they would not have so loudly announced their out-of-dateness. Now when my women and children appear in these garments, they advertise themselves as the wearers of cast-off clothes."

"I dare say, that is why your friend, Mrs. Rich Woman, preserved them so carefully," said the kindergarten teacher. "It would never do for your Italians to wear seasonable clothes. They are quite too good-looking as they are, especially the children. Of course, we've got to clothe the poor, but in clothing them let us stamp them as the recipients of our charity! Here now," and she snatched up a gown, beruffled and betucked and of such a length and width of skirt as to make a woman now ask herself how she ever managed to get about with so many yards of material hanging to her, "when your Mrs. Spolotti garbs herself in this and starts for Mass, not by any

chance in the world can she be classed anywhere near Mrs. Rich Woman, who may kneel beside her at the communion rail. And should Mrs. Rich Woman recognize her old gown, how she will purr to herself about her charity! Bah!" and she flung the article from her in disgust.

"You are too hard, girlie," said the settlement worker. "They don't like to let go their possessions. That's why we get clothes three and five and twenty years out of style. And that is why the camel has a better chance with the needle's eye than the rich with the gate of Heaven."

"But why should Mrs. Spolotti go forth in an ancient gown?" asked the visitor, picking up the discarded garment. "There is material enough here to fashion a new dress for her, with something left over for a frock for baby Spolotti."

"If the Mrs. Spolottis were capable of effecting that transformation, there would be no need for me here," rejoined the settlement worker.

"But your Mothers' Club?" suggested the visitor.

The settlement worker laughed.

"By the time its members have acquired that skill and efficiency, they are rich enough to go to the shops and buy a cheap imitation of Mrs. Rich Woman's latest New York gown. The settlement hasn't been here so very long; but quite a few of our first cases have moved over to the hilltop and now own their own cars. But they owned their own houses first!"

"Then, it is up to us!" said the visitor, taking off her hat. "I propose that we send Mrs. Spolotti to Mass in a re-made dress. It will help her self-respect and give Mrs. Rich Woman a jolt when she sees what has been accomplished with her elegant, but ancient, gown. Go," she ordered the teacher, "and get us a pattern and on the way back, stop at Mrs. Spolotti's and take her measurement, and tell her to come up in an hour for a fitting. Buy a corset for her while you are out. There is nothing like a corset to brace a woman up!" And she smiled blandly at the teacher.

By the time the teacher returned, the gown had been ripped, the pieces carefully pressed, and three pairs of hands busied themselves with the making of the new dress. When Mrs. Spolotti presented herself, breathing shortly from the unaccustomed corset, it was ready for the fitting. A little later, the three handmaidens of sweet Charity viewed with pleasure their completed work.

"I have a hat in the clothes press that is not so bad," said the settlement worker. "A bottle of dye and a new wreath will transform it and make it go well with this new dress."

"I have a pair of slippers that only need new heels," said the visitor.

"I have a pair of stockings without holes," laughed the teacher.

"I think I'll go to the ten o'clock Mass next Sunday to see Mrs. Spolotti in her new outfit," said the visitor.

"And Mrs. Rich Woman's chagrin," completed the teacher.

"I devoutly wish," said the settlement worker, "that I had a corps of volunteers to do what we did this morning. We get good, often elegant clothes. They could easily be turned into new, suitable garments, whereas, handing them out as they are, beyond clothing the naked, they accomplish no other purpose. We know ourselves how our sense of well-being is increased by the knowledge that we are well and becomingly clad, and, under the skin, there is no difference between us and Mrs. Spolotti. But the impression seems to be that the poor have none of our finer feelings."

"Or the givers might do the work themselves," suggested the visitor. "That car ride we relinquished this morning would never have given us the pleasure we found in making this dress. Why if I had the time that the women in the home have, even those who are not among the rich, I should set aside a little while each day to sew for the poor. I know a professional woman, who goes at a rate that would make the ordinary woman dizzy, but who squeezes out a little time to help the wife of the tenant on her farm sew for her six children. And she has told me that in her full and happy life, there is nothing so precious as the pleasure she gets out of that work. If people only knew what they miss in missing service for others, there would be a grand rush to help you and your settlement and the needy at their own doors."

### THE WIFE'S PART

A BUSINESS man said recently: "No man can succeed in the world without the support and encouragement of his wife; if she opposes his efforts, he will surely fail." If a wife can not greet her husband cheerfully when he returns from his daily work and the fight for existence, he is at a tremendous disadvantage. In work-a-day life men must endure many disappointments and hardships, and

they have a right to expect a little pleasure and relaxation in the evening. Where shall men go for these if they can not be found in the home circle? If a man is not given a pleasant reception when he returns to his family in the evening, he will soon become discouraged. He has nothing to look forward to during his hours of toil. Thousands of men have gone wrong, because their home life was unhappy.

### OUR MOTHER TONGUE

HERE are a few of the difficulties of the English language:

A flock of ships is called a fleet.

A fleet of sheep is called a flock.

A flock of girls is called a bevy.

A bevy of wolves is called a pack.

A pack of thieves is called a gang.

A gang of angels is called a host.

A host of porpoises is called a shoal.

A shoal of buffaloes is called a herd.

A herd of children is called a troop.

A troop of partridges is called a covey.

A covey of beauties is called a galaxy.

A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde.

A horde of rubbish is called a heap.

A heap of oxen is called a drove.

A drove of blackguards is called a mob.

A mob of whales is called a school.

A school of worshippers is called a congregation.

### CHILD TRAINING SHOULD START EARLY

LITTLE lessons of regularity can be acquired by the child even in its infancy. Regularity can be observed in eating and sleeping. The formation of character can begin by curbing little displays of temper. As soon as the child has learned to say "papa" and "mama," it should be taught to say "please" for everything it wants and "thank you" for everything it receives. In this way, courtesy and politeness can be acquired.

When there are several children in the family—and happy the parents who are blessed with more than one child—the mother should observe their conduct to one another. If they are inclined to be quarrelsome, they must be taught to play together in harmony. Selfishness, particularly, should be guarded against. Teach the little ones to share their pleasures, and above all do not show any partiality.

In teaching her children to keep their playthings in order, the mother can impart the first lessons in being neat. Whenever the

hour of play is over, the playthings should be put in their proper place. Neatness can be taught, moreover, by never permitting the children to come to the table with soiled hands or faces.

Never neglect to say the morning and evening prayers, or to pray before and after meals. Thus you will begin to lay the foundation for the child's religious training.

### RAINY DAY

Lady Mary, draw aside

Clouds of sullen hue;

For a canopy o'erhead

Spread your mantle blue.

Ah! I catch an azure glimpse

Of your mantle's edge;

See the sun look out and smile,

Birds dance on the hedge.

Roses gold and crimson leap

From the rain-kissed sod;

Happy that you bear their name,

Mystic Rose of God.

Hills cast off their murky hood,

To kiss your mantle's hem;

Whom your Mother-arms enthroned

Was desired of them.

Trees salute with sweeping grace,

Rain gems showering;

List! it is an ave low

They are whispering.

Things of earth are happy now

'Neath your mantle's blue;

All the singing world smiles back,

Lady, sweet, to you.

—CATHERINE M. HAYES.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**EASTERN GIRL.**—The Order to which you refer is the Sisters of Loretto, or Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. It was founded in Kentucky in 1812 by Father Charles Nerinckx, a native of Belgium, and a pioneer priest of the West. It has no houses further east than Ohio. It is one of the principal teaching Orders of the United States, conducting some of the leading schools of the South and West. The Sisters have a college for girls at Webster Grove, Mo.; a suburb of St. Louis.

**A. L., Wis.**—Youth and discontent generally go hand in hand. You will either outgrow your discontent, or it will persist until it drives you into your proper place. All the good in the world was accomplished because of some one's discontent with existing conditions. Don't be so downhearted because of your discontented nature, but strive not to make yourself disagreeable to others. Wait, and in the meantime do your work, fill your position, as well as you possibly can, even if it be but "helping lame dogs over stiles."

**MRS. V. M., Syracuse, N. Y.**—By all means give the baby a pretty name. Because a certain name has been perpetuated in the family, is no reason why you should feel compelled to bestow it on your child, since it is objectionable to you. The Home Editor, too, thinks Rose a very pretty name, and its derivatives, Rosamund, Rosalind, Rosaleen and Rosemary. It should be dear to American Catholics because of St. Rose of Lima, the first American saint.

## Life and Legends of St. Francis of Assisi

By CANDIDE CHALLIPE, O. F. M.

This is a new edition of a work which appeared in French almost two hundred years ago. It is still regarded as a classic biography even in these days of hyper-criticisms. Admirers of St. Francis will find much pleasure and profit in these pages. The book makes a very readable and presentable volume. It is printed on good paper, in clear type, and is substantially bound in cloth. The price of one dollar is ridiculously small for this handsome volume of pages. Orders may be sent to this office.



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by **ELIZABETH ROSE**

### A FIRESIDE TALK

**T**HIRTY days hath September"—thirty long days to some of our Young Folk, I am afraid, who don't care much about being housed up again for so many hours, after the freedom of the summer months, or for lessons of which they do not realize the value. But I know that there are others who take great pleasure in books and in finding out all they can about this great world in which we live. And then, too, there is still another class at our Fireside who like both play and work, and throw themselves into both with all their hearts—which is the secret of success in everything. Success to all three! To those who love study, to those who don't love it quite so well, but are willing to do their best and be good friends with it, and—above all, shall I say?—to those who are neither loving nor willing in its regard, but have made up their minds to set to manfully—(even if they happen to be girls!) and do their duty and accomplish what is even better than success itself—the deserving of it!

Success once more to our Puzzlers who have come so gallantly into the field! Keep at it—don't let a single puzzle "get by" you, Puzzlers! Have you noticed from how many parts of our Union we are getting answers? Let us see what section, north, east, south, or west, has the best guessers.

### A QUEER OLD SCHOOL BOOK

**I**F there are any of our Young Folk who don't like school and "just hate" September because they have to go back to their books again, it would do them good to read about the scholars of other days, especially those of those far-off times our Protestant historians are so fond of calling the "Dark Ages"—yet ages in which a learned man was held a greater man than a king—ages, too, in which those who loved knowledge would leave homes in distant lands and travel all across Europe (in the days when trains and automobiles had never been imagined) to enrol themselves among the students at some renowned monastery; for it was principally the monks who

were the teachers of the time. And these poor scholars had nothing to relieve the monotony of study as those of to-day have—no games, no entertainments, no short hours, few holidays, and the strictest of rules, besides. In fact, the discipline of the time was so severe that in 950 a very learned and good man, Ratherius, Bishop of Verona, in Italy, took compassion on the youthful students and wrote a book on grammar for them—the first of the kind that we know of—called "*Serva Dorsum*" (Save the Back), because he thought that by its help the unlucky scholar might be saved many a whipping for his failure in a hard lesson. Ratherius must have been a favorite among the boys, don't you think? In his "*Serva Dorsum*" he has left us a lesson that will be longer remembered than the one he intended to teach. His grammar and his system have long passed away, but his kindness and good will to others have made his name immortal.

### SOLDIER BOBBY

**I**N the United Service Museum, in London, there is the figure of a small dog sitting up on his haunches, a collar of military buttons around his neck and a medal hanging from them. A gallant, spry looking little fellow is he, who evidently "saw life," and he has a story as gallant and spry as his looks. Many years before any of our Young Folk were born, there was a war between England and Russia called the Crimean War, from the peninsula of Crimea; in Russia, on which it was fought out. One of the British regiments taking part was the Scotch Fusileers, and with a certain battalion of these went Bobby, a bit of a common, ordinary, everyday little dog, who didn't belong to the army officially—he joined the ranks himself, a most enthusiastic volunteer. Not so much on account of the war, of course; for this Bobby cared less than nothing; but the soldiers with whom he departed for the scene of action were his very good friends, and Bobby was no dog to desert a friend in time of need. This battalion was stationed at Windsor, where Queen Victoria



lived, just before the war broke out, and it was there that Bobby, the property of a butcher in the little town outside the Queen's castle, first saw and fell madly in love with these delightful humans, whose like he had never seen. There is an old song called "Oh how I love the Military!" If dogs ever sing, that is the tune Bobby must have sung to himself; for his master simply could not keep him away from the barracks. Over and over the man came and took his reluctant property home with him; but next day there was Bobby again. At last, the soldiers, who had become quite fond of him, and liked his perseverance and spirit, bought him from his master and formally adopted him as their pet. So Bobby was now a real "hound of war." It is told of him that he was always on time for parade, and was a pattern "private." Then came the war, in the year 1854.

Bobby sailed with his battalion for the Crimea. On the first day out, he was just saved in time from being thrown overboard as a stray by a seaman who didn't know him. One of his friends happened along, fortunately, and brought the rest to the rescue, and Bobby was unmolested for the rest of the trip. The little fellow went through battle after battle, unharmed by shot or shell; he seemed

to bear a charmed life. Once, after a great battle, having disappeared for some time, he was sadly reported "Missing." But all of a sudden, Mr. Bobby, safe and sound, turned up again, though no one ever found out where he had spent the interval. In the most famous battle of the war, Inkerman, he didn't kill anybody; but he enjoyed himself hugely chasing spent cannon balls over the field while the battle was raging around him. This performance won for Bobby the medal for valor which now hangs around his neck in the Museum. At the end of the war, when the battalion came home again, Bobby, like our friend Toutou, the Drum Dog, was first man at the head of the procession as it marched through the streets of London.

Now what do you think was the end of gay little Bobby, who played ball on the field of battle, with destruction and death all about him? Two or three years after his return, he was run over by a cart and killed instantly. His Fusileers mourned him; they did not forget him, though he was only a dog; they put up this statue of him in the Museum that others might remember him, too, and there he sits, his pert little head cocked on one side, looking right up at you as much as to say—"My! didn't I have a good time!"

### "O SAY CAN YOU SEE—?"

WHAT did "you" see? Did "you" see the Star Spangled Banner that we see now and sing about and salute and think the finest ever? No indeed, "you" did not. You saw

fifteen stripes and fifteen stars where we see only thirteen stripes and ever so many more stars, and you saw the second and not the original flag of the United States, with a third to come after. The first flag, we all know, was the one made in Philadelphia by Betsy Ross, and it waved o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave from June 14, 1777 to May 1, 1795.

Then Congress ordered another in its place bearing 15 stars and 15 stripes in recognition of the two new members of the big family, Vermont and Kentucky. This second flag was the one Francis Scott Key saw floating over Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, on September 14, 1814, and caused him to write the beautiful anthem, which is too low for high voices to sing well and too high for the low ones, although so fine! Congress evidently thought, however, that this flag was a mistake; for by its order, on April 4, 1818, out came another, with the original 13 stripes but with the 15 stars. Now, as you all know, with the admission of every new State into the Union, a new star is added to the field, placed there on the Fourth of July following the admission.

### *The Holy Name of Mary*

Thou mother of God's Mother sweet,  
Where didst thou find her name, so meet?  
Surely that name from Paradise  
Was sent thee, to thy glad surprise  
Some angel must have brought it down  
For her, creation's flower and crown!  
Not the Archangels great who stand  
Around His throne in glory grand--  
Not Michael, with his flaming sword,  
Might speak the sweetness of that word:  
Nor Gabriel's yet to her to bring  
The "Hail!" God's choosing witnessing--  
• Ah no, some baby angel came  
And whispered thee thy Mary's name.

There is one little bit of information about our flag that you will not come across in the histories, and yet it is significant to Catholic boys and girls. You know that the Church has placed every land under the protection of some particular saint, its patron. There is St. Patrick for Ireland; St. George for England; St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Boniface for Germany and so on. But our United States she has placed under the protection of the Blessed Mother herself, and her Feast of the Immaculate Conception is the titular feast of our country. We are accustomed to think of blue and white as Our Lady's colors. Do you know that the ancient dress of the women of Nazareth, where she lived so long with her divine Son, a dress still worn at the present day, consists of a red robe, a blue mantle, and a white head covering? You will often see Our Lady so represented in pictures by the old masters and in painted statues, which shows that these colors are traditional. So we may say our national colors are hers, and while our banner waves above us with her red, white and blue and her crown of stars upon it we will "Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation."

### SOMETHING ABOUT ANTS

IT is said that St. Francis, our gentle St. Francis who was so fond of all living things and called them brothers and sisters, could not find it in his heart to care for the ant as much as for other little lives of God—he said it was *too* careful and thoughtful. To him, the bird that takes no thought of the morrow was a higher type of confidence and trust in the goodness of the great Creator. Yet he himself must have admired the wonderful bit of life that creeps everywhere, throughout the entire earth, holding in its tiny frame a resolution, a foresight, and an invincible "push" that distinguishes it among creatures so much larger than itself—worthy of the elephant, at least, that, strange to say, is less intelligent. It is an old saying, you know, that it is the little people who do everything in the world, and this seems to hold of the animal creation, too. Who among us is ignorant of the fascination in watching the ants build, so patiently, their houses of sand in our gardens? How the little things hurry, each with his grain of sand, and how they swarm up and down in the hole in the earth from which they are excavating! And how funny it is to see the few idlers

among them bestir themselves and pretend to be busy when the real workers appear above ground, to resume their lazy standing as soon as the earnest small laborers disappear again for fresh material! Enough can be told about ants to fill a book to read at our Fireside, but of course we will only speak here of a few of their "first families" and their fads. In some colonies of ants, there is an inferior sort, which are actually used as slaves by the more favored ones and which do all their work for them. One curious duty they are made to perform is to raid an ant-hill belonging to another tribe and carry off prisoners, just as is done in human warfare. These prisoners are brought to the nests of the master-ants and made to look after their aristocratic babies. These "slave" ants dig out galleries in the ant-hill, also, for their "masters;" they carry the babies to the top of the sand-hill in fine weather to get the sun and air, just as many of you after school roll your small baby brothers or sisters in their carriages. If the ant-hill is disturbed, the faithful nurses carry the little ones to a safe point while Papa and Mamma Ant look out for themselves. Sometimes the baby ants are enclosed in webs, like caterpillars—cocoon. If this is the case, Nurse Neuter (as the slave ant is called), tears the wrappings apart when the time comes for the youngsters to take their proper place in the family circle; if the weather is rainy—an ant hates rain—they hold back the impatient little things who start out with wings and want to try them. These Neuters make the prisoners they take for their masters help them in all this; but I don't know that they allow them to "graduate" as nurses, no matter how well they do the work.

Another wonderful ant is the "honey ant." On certain plants in warm countries, live tiny insects known as *Aphides* or *Vine-Fretters*. These little fellows extract from the leaves of the plant a sweet fluid, which is our ant's chocolate sundae. On the backs of the *aphides* are a number of small humps which give forth this fluid again, one clear sweet drop at a time. Our honey-ant knows all about this—it is on the watch. It goes up to the *aphis*, touches it very softly and rubs, just as softly, the sides and back "as if caressing it," says an observer who saw the process. After a while the nice drop makes its appearance, and our wise ant drinks it without loss of time. Then it begins all over again, gets another drop, in fact as many as it wants. The *aphis*

and its family, the *aphides*, have been called the "cows" of the Ant family. Their dairy is fine and never comes under the ban of the Milk Inspector.

There are ants who make a specialty of supplying food to other ants. I suppose they might be called "merchant-ants." These thrifty ants take the food from the industrious workers as they bring it in and store it in their crop, a little bag lying near the stomach, in which everything they swallow is turned into fluid. These merchants never go abroad, like the other ants. They stay at home, hanging to the top of the nest, and when the worker comes in, tired and thirsty, and wants a drink, our obliging friend brings up the stored-away liquid and "treats" him, without the slightest regard to prohibition laws! Those "merchants" are only found in desert lands like those of our southwestern States, parts of Africa, Australia, etc., where all created things suffer from thirst.

**OVER CONFIDENT**

"Come hither, chicks!" called young Bantam aloud,

"I want the attention of all of the crowd. No cheeping nor chirping I wish me to hear—Lend me a ear; for I've something to fix." "He knows it all," said the wondering chicks.

"That creature that lies there outside of the gate—

They call him a dog, and much overrate; They're even a little afraid of his bite. They're scarcely right—but the matter I'll fix!"

"He knows it all," said the awe-struck chicks.

"Now watch me approach him and show them the way

To make the big coward his true worth display!

I'll do the job! With a look and a jeer I'll cause him to fear, and his status I'll fix." "He knows it all," said the worshipping chicks.

Young Bantam stepped forth to the gate in his pride;

Old Bruno his coming unfriendly eyed. One squawk!—Bantam never got out of his fix!!!

"He knew it all?" said the sorrowing chicks.

**THE PUZZLE CORNER**

**AT THE DINNER TABLE**

Give me:

1. A slice of one of Noah's sons; 2. a vehicle and length of years; 3. a summons, myself, and a blossom; 4. a young animal and a part of the leg; 5. an altered direction and slight bites; 6. a kitchen utensil, a numeral, and is in debt; 7. an underground space and a letter of the alphabet; 8. the rough part of flax, a spring month, and on the feet; 9. policemen's travels; 10. a serpent, a Brazilian city, and a boy's nickname; 11. a body of water and to study over; 12. jumbled letters.

**WHAT'S YOUR COUNTRY?**

- The Country for: 1. skaters; 2. doctors; 3. suffering people; 4. people in a hurry; 5. cats; 6. packers; 7. brides and grooms; 8. dishes; 9. voters; 10. angry people; 11. royal people; 12. people who want food.

**INSERTIONS**

Insert a letter in

1. traffic and get abusive speech; 2. printed narratives and get small streams; 3. to talk foolishly and get a robber; 4. a fruit and get to proclaim the Gospel; 5. a raised platform and get part of a rope; 6. one who bites and get acrid; 7. underground caverns and get certain animals; 8. washes and get parts of a tree; 9. a kind of fur and get a place to keep horses; 10. pertaining to the pole and get a kind of tree.

**HIDDEN CITIES**

1. Can you tell me anything about nitrogen, Eva? 2. Emma conducts a boarding school for girls. 3. Marshall is bonded in a very good company. 4. Tito led our pony all through the woods. 5. Lily, on seeing the rat, hid in a cupboard.

**CONNECTED SQUARES**

- |                                  |                        |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Space.                        | 1. A malignant glance. |
| 2. To wander.                    | 2. A feminine name.    |
| 3. Always.                       | 3. To send forth.      |
| 4. A prefix relating to the air. | 4. To value.           |
| 1. Beyond.                       | 1. Trial.              |
| 2. A weather cock.               | 2. At all times.       |
| 3. Terminates.                   | 3. Withered.           |
| 4. Repose.                       | 4. A woody plant.      |
| 1. A fruit.                      | 1. A fruit.            |
| 2. To resound.                   | 2. To resound.         |
| 3. An ejaculation.               | 3. An ejaculation.     |
| 4. A city of Europe.             | 4. A city of Europe.   |

**ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES**

Half Square	Diagonal
C h e r r y	A f r i c a
h u m o r	O T s e g o
e m i t	L e H i g h
r o t	T o I E d o
r r	A l b a n y
y	A m i e n S

**Dropped Vowels**

A stitch in time saves nine.  
 Enigma ..... Enigma

**Correct Answers**

Mary Cassidy, Baltimore, Md.; Etta Bezley, Bronx, N. Y.; Charles Kaufmann, N. Y. City; Kathleen Murphy, Govans, Md.; Francis Quinn, Decatur, Ill.; Dorothy Hornung, Steubenville, O.; James McCarthy, Chicago, Ill.; B. P., Teutopolis, Ill.

# Miscellaneous

## FRANCISCAN POETS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN

WHEN we have glimpsed the influence of Saint Francis upon English literature of the past and present, we have set our feet upon a pathway leading into stranger and more distant fields of song and romance. Following the notes of his poet disciples of today to the songs of the saint himself, so crude in form yet so powerful in grace, we are prepared to learn of the vast and deep influence wrought by the Assisian upon the social, religious, and literary life of his time. The literature of Italy, which he and his disciples converted to the service of God, takes on particular interest and importance. As Catholics, we have long rejoiced in the universal acclaim awarded to Dante for his immortal poem the *Divine Comedy*. Many are the readers of poetry who, knowing the fame of Dante and his influence on all subsequent literature, have never heard the names of his immediate inspirers and masters in the soul's poetic flight. Brother Pacificus, St. Bonaventure, Fra Jacomine of Verona, Blessed Jacopone da Todi,—to few, indeed, will these names suggest the regions of poetry, as do the names of Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Yet these Franciscan poets of the thirteenth century, when once their lives and their songs have touched our minds, teach us what is the true soul of poetry and romance and by what brave and glorious struggles the heavenly bays are won. Their acts and thoughts were poems, their influence is epic, their honors are the divine approval, as manifested by God's special favor and by the Church.

Frederick Ozanam has given us, in his volume, *Franciscan Poets of the Thirteenth Century*, a clear and exhaustive study of Saint Francis and his disciples, with special reference to their influence on Italian life, literature, and religion. An authority on the Franciscan movement of the Middle Ages, a deep thinker, and an ardent Catholic, Ozanam here brings within reach of the average literary student the fruits of research, toil, and scholarship, illuminated by the faith and charity

which in this later disciple of the Assisian originated the St. Vincent de Paul societies of the world. Reading his book, we understand why it is timely to make popular knowledge of the part played by saints in the creation of literature. The translation of this volume into English, in the year 1914, is but one of many impulses to recall and revive the Franciscan influence in our own time which is so similar in its needs and perils to the very age in which the Poor Man of Assisi wrought.

Italy, the Mecca of artists, is equally a land of poetry and of romance. Italian poetry, from the nature of the clime and the people, is either sensual or religious; or, as in St. Francis' time, it is both. In the main, the literary achievement of St. Francis was the conversion of Italian poetry from sensuality at high tide to spirituality of the highest flight; incidentally, he formulated and perpetuated a national language by writing his songs in the popular idiom, which would otherwise have been neglected and perhaps obliterated. In view of the present struggle of small nations for their national life, and, to that end, the retention of their languages, we must realize of what vast importance to a nation is the preservation and perfection of its language. To Dante is popularly given the credit for this service to Italian literature; yet Saint Francis and his brother poets are the real pioneers in making of the Italian idiom a literary medium.

In detail, the Franciscan conversion of Italian poetry is this: the inspiration of Saint Francis was the love of God, which diffused itself in a love of Nature, in brotherhood with man and beast, in peaceableness, gentleness, tenderness, in renunciation of things sensual, in joy of serving God, in simplicity, humility, and all virtues. From this love of God, as a growth came those wonderful romances of his charity, those recorded acts which sound like myths in their transcendence of human powers; his dominion over the brute world as Adam ruled it; his mystical likeness to

Christ in soul and body, speech and action; his conversion of men and movements;—powers masked by a childlike simplicity, quite as marvelous in itself. In all these points, he formed an offensive against the evils of his time; his poverty counteracted luxury; his renunciation vanquished class hatred; his reverence for the Blessed Virgin opposed the worship of the sensual beauty of woman; his chivalry for the weak, suffering, and despised combated the cruelty, rapacity, and hatreds of the time; his joy in God's service offset the gloom and fear of God's wrath which the depravity of men had drawn upon themselves. It is thus that Ozanam describes the social influence of Saint Francis:

"When the penitent of Assisi learnt to love God in the contemplation of the Cross, he began to love humanity,—humanity crucified, destitute and suffering; and it was this which drew him toward the lepers, the wretched, the outcast. . . in becoming poor, in founding a new order of poor men like himself, he honored Poverty which is the most despised as well as the most universal of human conditions. He showed that in such a state may be found peace, dignity, and happiness. By so doing, he pacified the resentful feelings of the indigent classes, reconciled them to the rich whom they learned to envy no more. He made a truce in the ancient warfare of those that have and those that have not, and strengthened the bonds already loosened of Christian society. By so doing this madman proved that he possessed the greatest possible tact, and that he had reason to foresee he would become a great prince. For whereas Plato never found fifty families to realize his ideal republic, the servant of God at the end of eleven years numbered a following of five thousand men busied like himself in a life of heroism and strife. But this life, hard beyond conception, was also the freest, and in consequence the most poetic. Indeed one thing alone confines human liberty, namely fear, and all fear becoming ultimately the fear of suffering could have no weight with one who regarded suffering as a joy and glory. Freed from all servitude, from all trivial occupation, Francis lived in the contemplation of eternity, in a devotion which exalts all the faculties, and in intimate relationship with the whole Creation, which offers the most poignant charm to the simple and humble."

The chief poem of Saint Francis, the Sun Song, was, like the work of Dante and Camoens, composed at different times, occasions and places. Thus, after his recovery from the

affliction of his eyes which had inspired the Sun Song, he divined that he had two more years to live. Whereupon, he added to the Song the stanza to our Sister Death:

"Blessed be Thou, Oh Lord, for our Sister  
Bodily Death,  
From which may no man that liveth escape;  
Woe unto them that shall die in deadly sin;  
Blessed they that shall conform to Thy most  
holy will,  
For them the second death harmeth not.  
Praise and bless our Lord and thank Him,  
And serve Him with all lowliness."

Again, on the occasion of a dispute between the bishop and the magistrates of Assisi, he composed the stanza:

"Praised be Thou, Oh Lord, for them that for  
Thy love forgive,  
And undergo tribulation and weakness,  
Blessed are they that shall in peace sustain,  
For by Thee, Oh most High, they shall be  
crowned."

The Sun Song complete, and the inspiration of Saint Francis, being now before us, we are free to write upon the tablets of our memories, amid the contents of anthologies, old and new, of English and American verse, the names of the Little Poor Man's followers,—obscure foreigners, saints renowned for philosophical thought or political activity, but not, so far as we have yet learned, masters of the sonnet, the triolet, or the quatrain.

Brother Pacificus, to whom was given the task of transcribing the Sun Song into orderly poetic form, had previously won in worldly circles the title of King of Verse, and had been crowned by the emperor with the laurel wreath which later adorned the brows of Petrarch and Tasso. From this "height of human glory" he descended, captivated by the eloquence of St. Francis, to throw himself at the saint's feet and renounce the pomps and pleasures of the world. Receiving in return the peace of Christ, whence his name Pacificus, he turned his poetic gifts to the service of religion in the Franciscan Order, learning from his master to seek the soul of poesy in the depths of the heart and in conscience touched by faith. His education, talents, and fervor brought him arduous duties other than literary, and as he concealed his laurels beneath a friar's hood, so he has concealed his poetic work in the Order in the anonymous lauds preserved from those times. For him poetry had ascended to the dazzling

heights of supernatural vision. He it is who was shown the vacant throne of Lucifer in heaven, and who was told that this throne awaited the Poor Man of Assisi. As we can not identify the poems of Brother Pacificus, his inspiration for us is the eclipse of his worldly fame by spiritual progress. If we should try to trace an effect of this poet in modern days, we go not far beyond one name which is heard more often since his swift and heroic passing crowned his brief poetic career. Joyce Kilmer had only begun to write; he loved and sang much of the saints; his favorite saints were many. He thought well of poets and of poetry. Yet he wrote from France that, when he returned, his friends should find him less of a bookman; for he had discovered that there were greater things even than poetry. So, too, had Brother Pacificus.

The list of Franciscan poets of the thirteenth century is small, but astonishing. After Brother Pacificus, whose name in the world is not told, we are introduced to St. Bonaventure as a poet. Most Catholic readers and many non-Catholics know that St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Siena, and other saints wrote verse. Yet St. Bonaventure is generally known as a philosopher and churchman. It was the ardor of his charity, Ozanam tells us, that moved him to song. A scholar and mystic, he spoke naturally the language of symbolism. The titles of his pamphlets,—*The Six Wings of the Seraphim*, *The Seven Roads of Eternity*, *The Soul's Journey to God*—read like the titles or phrases of poems. Of St. Francis he coined the phrases, Star of Morning, Rainbow of Peace, The Blessed Virgin he termed the Fountain of Paradise, the Rainbow after the Flood, Jacob's ladder, Judith, Esther. The Legend of Saint Francis, a prose work written in response to the prayers of his brother Franciscans, is poetic in spirit. The preparation which St. Bonaventure made for the writing of this legend is an admirable inspiration for lesser poets. He visited all the places beloved of the saint, sought out his friends and disciples, subordinated style to truth, and above all imbued himself with love of his subject and of God. From this legend Giotto derived the inspiration for his representation of Saint Francis in art, which has been so often reproduced.

Later St. Bonaventure turned to poetry as expressed in verse, and chose as the mistress of his thoughts the Blessed Virgin, dedicating

his songs to her. His many canticles, sequences, and psalms in her honor are supplemented by his acts of worship as a churchman. Memorable among these is the institution of the Angelus, to this day a familiar inspiration for poets. Says Ozanam:

"The Virgin Mary whose cult had such a softening influence upon the barbarous customs of the Middle Ages, who attracted to her service so many knights and poets, was indeed the only love worthy of that chaste soul of whom his contemporaries said that 'Adam had not sinned in him.' And since earthly women loved to be serenaded at night by the songs of the troubadours, he deemed it fitting that in all the churches of his Order, the bells should sound at sunset as a perpetual memorial of the angel's greeting to the Queen of heaven. The Angelus, that poetic appeal instituted by the humble Franciscans, resounded from belfry to belfry, to gladden the heart of the peasant at the plow and the traveller by the wayside."

Unlike the preceding poet, who is better known than are his verses, Fra Jacomine of Verona would be unknown as a poet, so far as the annals of his Order go, were it not that his name is signed to a poem in the library of St. Mark's at Venice. A forerunner of the *Divine Comedy*, this poem treats of the story of heaven and hell. It is a record of the sources whence immortal Dante drew the inspiration for his poem. It traces the Franciscan development of this theme which was of so great appeal to men of the Middle Ages, Ozanam writes:

"In proportion as barbarism gained strength, as the minds of men became coarsened and their hearts hardened, it was essential that the Church should rule them by terror and speak to them in the tongue which they themselves had evolved." Jacomine borrowed from a theological treatise of St. Bonaventure and from the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse, to picture a Paradise "of earthly comfort and monastic joy." For an example of this poet's fancy the following excerpt may serve:

"Let us imagine a holy city. I will tell those who wish to hear how the interior is planned, and if any one bears in mind what I am going to say, a great benefit will undoubtedly accrue to him. That majestic and beautiful city of the most High God, where Christ is ruler, is named the heavenly Jerusalem. Very different it is from that city of woe, Babylon the Great, where dwells Lucifer with his train. . . .

"Some of my words are wholly true, the others I warn you are imaginary. If any one denounces them and takes them in bad part, it is evident that there can be no love of God within his heart.

"To begin with, the city is encompassed by walls built in the form of a square. The walls are of equal proportions in height, length and breadth. On each side there are three splendid gates, lofty and spacious and more brilliant than stars. Their arches are adorned with gold and pearls, and surrounded by crystal battlements, and on the heights stands a cherub as sentinel, his brow encircled with a crown of hyacinth, his hand armed with a fiery sword, which wards off the attack of the dragon, serpent and all harmful things. No sinner can enter however mighty he be. In the midst flows a beautiful stream bordered by trees and sweet smelling flowers....."

Thus we follow St. John's vision of the holy city to the poet's description of the joys of heaven, chiefly the beatific vision with attendant joys of music, endless happiness and peace, the glory and honor of the saints, and the throne of the Blessed Virgin with her troops of knights who "rest in the service of such a lady for eternity."

The introduction of chivalry into this description of paradise recalls the character of this poet's time, and reminds us how the human combines with the supernatural in a poet's conception of heaven. The more interesting does this become when we consider that our own time in many features resembles the thirteenth century, even to the reappearance of chivalry in a Catholic order of laymen, and a reviving devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

At the period when the glories of the thirteenth century began to fade in degeneracy, strife, and wrong leadership, the most notable of the Franciscan poets, blessed Jacopone da Todi ran his extraordinary career. To Ozanam is given the chief credit for the discovery of this poet's importance. "From the cloister to prison, and from prison to martyrdom" is the story of this friar whose mind clashed with that of Pope Boniface VIII, and who addressed the holy hermit, Pope Celestine V with advice and warning regarding the perils of his office. For poetry lovers, however, it is enough to mark this poet's fame to learn that he is the author of the hymn, *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*.

Jacopo, as he was called in the world, was reared in wealth. His brilliant talents led him to the bar of jurisprudence. His mar-

riage brought him one of the fairest maidens of Todi. His life was marred by dissipation and dishonesty, until, on the accidental death of his young wife, he discovered her secret austerities and holiness in expiation for his sins. Crazed with grief, he turned from his reckless life at first to solitude, later to repentance; and after years of study and discipline, by the writing of two little essays, one in metrical form, on the love of God he gained admittance to the Franciscan Order. Follows an extract from the poem:

"I will make a great fight, a long struggle and a mighty effort. Oh, Christ, may Thy strength aid me until I triumph!

"I will cling zealously to the Cross, the love of which even now burns within me, and I will pray it humbly to kindle me with its folly.

"I will become a contemplative soul and triumph over the world; I will find peace and happiness in an exquisite agony."

After his admission into the Order he "went about singing psalms, composing verses, and drowning his songs with tears." Like Saint Francis, he refused the honors of the priesthood, remaining a lay brother. By many mortifications and secret disciplines he prepared himself for his public struggles in which all his faults were purged away. Pope Boniface VIII, succeeding Celestine V, revoked the privileges of the Brothers Spiritual of living under the original severity of their Rule. From the trouble which this act brought on the reformers of the Order sprang rumor and slander, resulting in the defiance of Boniface by the Colonna family and their sympathizers. Jacopone by his satires was drawn into the strife; and when Boniface triumphed, the poet in a dungeon, for many years did penance for his part in the strife. His pleas for pardon remained unanswered, and he remained excommunicated until, on the overthrow and death of Boniface the new pope, Benedict XI pardoned the Colonna and their supporters. Ending his days with the Brothers Minor at Collazone, Jacopone, now aged, still composed poems, which Ozanam compares to those of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. The burden of these verses is divine love, which burned in this impetuous, faulty soul until, "broken by the strain of divine love," and "full of years," he passed away singing the canticle *Jesu, nostra fiducia*, at the beginning of Mass, Christmas night, 1306. Then, as if in reward of his public ignominy undergone as a penitent, came his beatification. Ozanam writes:

"Rome did not fear to allow at her gates, in a town of the papal province, the public beatification of this holy but misguided man. She had punished with temporal punishment the mistake of a moment; but she allowed a virtuous life to be awarded with infinite honors. The Church in pardoning the violence of Jacopone showed once more that she had sounded the depths of the human heart and that she understood its inconsistencies, for there is in the heart of man a stern jealous love incapable of suffering anything imperfect in that which it loves."

The whole number of Jacopone's poems is two hundred and eleven; and these are of three divisions,—theological, satirical, and popular poems for special occasion and impulse.

At our present development of poetry and popular taste, it is not to be expected that the poems of such poets as this group will be enjoyed in the same measure as the popular poems of secular and of religious periodicals and books. The average reader will note little beyond their similarity to the extracts included

in his prayer book, the raptures of the saints, the quotations from Scripture which are compiled to excite devotion on special occasion. Yet prayer book literature wins its lovers, and these will be able through spiritual insight to discover the poet in the religious. The literary student will readily appreciate the importance of this group of poets in a period of history, so critical for religion, social life, and literature. And more than the literary student, will the prospective poet, the Catholic writer of this constructive period find in these poets glowingly illustrated, convincing in strength, the true motive of the poet,—divine love, and the true method of preparation for serving God with the pen,—the purging away of the sensual, and the development of the spiritual to its highest growth. Were they even to remain unknown and unnoticed in modern literature, these poets, as they did their work in their own time, are still working. They have their clients and protégés and counterparts in our day, the discovery of which is one of the adventures of literary pursuits.

## POVERTY AND LABORS OF THE SCOTCH FRIARS

By MARIAN NESBITT

IT has been said that "example was the great weapon of the Franciscan. . . . by it he had to preach to the upper classes, clerical and lay, the duties of humility, renunciation and brotherhood; by it he had to prove to the poor of the towns that it was possible for religion to beautify and exalt a poverty as absolute as their own. It was a task as old as the hills, and as everlasting, but no body of men ever set themselves to it with such radical thoroughness as the Friars Minor."

This is high praise, but it is justified by fact; for we know that, soon after the landing of the Franciscans in England, their self-sacrificing apostolic labors and untiring care of the sick and the poor had won for them the love and admiration of all classes; and, that, although the friaries and the churches attached to them were the humblest and least pretentious of all the religious houses, "they were," says a non-Catholic writer of our own day, "universally regarded as the holiest," and therefore the most suitable to the purposes of prayer and spiritual consolation.

The brethren were, moreover, essentially

poor both in land and endowments. Their services were wholly voluntary and they depended upon voluntary support. If we turn to old documents we find "the annual rents or victual stipend," of the Carmelites, the Dominicans, and the Conventual Franciscans either in detail or aggregate, but "we seek in vain," says Mr. W. Moir Bryce, in his *Scottish Grey Friars*, "for a single infraction of the Observant Rule."

Need it be added that the name "Friars Observant" was given to those who endeavored to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of their seraphic Founder by detaching themselves from all worldly interests, actual and contingent? So well did they succeed that their disinterestedness became almost proverbial in medieval times when the phrase: "to be worse off than an Observant, if one could not accept a gift from a friend," was a quite common aphorism.

In this connection it is worthy of note that their statutes "forbade the imposition of a pecuniary penance in which the confessor or his friary could have any interest." The following letter gives ample proof of this: "My



opinion," writes the spiritual adviser of the Archduchess Doña Juana, "is that your Highness should not confess except to a friar, who lives according to the rules of his convent, who has not a pin of his own, and to whom your Highness can not give anything nor show him favor, but only to the friary in which he lives, which ought to be of the Observant friars. Such friars as those who live in a convent of the strict observance will give a good account to God of your soul."

Thus it is evident that these true sons of St. Francis did nothing and had nothing that could detract from what has been called "the picturesque attitude of seraphic poverty;" for they neither desired nor accepted any mitigation of that vow so earnestly imposed upon them by their holy Founder: "Let the friars appropriate nothing to themselves, neither house, nor place, nor anything. As pilgrims and strangers in the world let them seek alms with confidence, and they need feel no shame in doing so, because the Lord made himself poor in this world for us. Herein lies the excellence of absolute poverty, which has constituted you heirs and kings in the kingdom of heaven, has made you poor in possessions and rich in virtues. Let this, which leads to the land of the living, be your portion, dearest Brethren; devote yourselves entirely to it, and never desire aught else under heaven for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

James III, "by the grace of God, King of Scots," writing "to all worthy men of his whole land, clerics and laymen," tells of the "singular favor and devotion" which he bears toward his "beloved and devout orators, the Friars Minor of Observance." In a letter to Pope Julius II, James IV of Scotland speaks of the "wonderful manner" in which "this Order has gained ground everywhere," and attributes the fact to their rigid adherence to the vow of poverty, so "in harmony with the simplicity of the Gospel." He goes on to say that "by their care, the salvation of souls is most diligently advanced, the negligence of others more fully remedied, the Sacraments administered and the Word of Christ spread abroad by the faithful," adding that he has "constituted himself their son and defender," and remarking in conclusion that it would be "a calamity too fearful to recall" if they were urged by those whose rule of life was less severe to abandon the "excellence of their profession" in this respect—an excellence which the more it became known so much "the more bitterly blew the blast of envy against it."

James V, son of the above-mentioned mon-

arch, chose a Friar Observant for his confessor. This fact we see recorded in the *Treasurer's Accounts*, September 24th, 1531: "Payment for the hire of a horse to ane (one) Grey Friar of Stirling, the King's confessor, to ryde to St. Andrew's to hear the King's confessionne at the pardone."

It must be noted here that the Rule which permitted the friars to travel on horseback only in cases of manifest necessity or sickness became not only a grave inconvenience but sometimes wholly impracticable, when in constant attendance on a sovereign or noble; therefore, in such circumstances, these friar chaplains received permission from the Pope to ride on horseback. For example, Innocent IV allowed the English friars to do so when accompanying Henry III "in the parts beyond the sea." And similar privileges were granted to Scottish friars as occasion arose.

But to return to James V. He, too, writes to the Pope of the "holiness and purity" of life of the Observants, begging his Holiness "to preserve and to confirm to them, uninjured, unchallenged, and intact, the rules, ordinances, statutes and privileges which have been granted to them by law and the Roman Pontiffs." The whole tone of the letter breathes the "highest veneration" and gives undeniable proof that during the twenty-five years the fame of their sanctity had remained unsullied; while, in regard to their vow of poverty, they had never deviated an iota.

It must not be forgotten that another King bears the same testimony. This was none other than Henry VIII of England, who, in his appeal to Pope Leo X on behalf of the English Observants, expressed his admiration for their strict adherence to this vow as well as for their "sincerity, charity and devotion," adding that none waged a more continuous war against vice and were more "active in keeping Christ's Fold." This, however, it need scarcely be stated, was in 1514, before they had become his unflinching and uncompromising opponents on the question of his divorce from his saintly and cruelly wronged Queen, Katherine of Aragon, and the firm supporters of the papal supremacy in contradistinction to his own claim to be head of the Church in England.

"By their personal merits as evangelists and missionaries," writes Mr. W. Moir Bryce, "they won the recognition of the clergy towards whom they maintained that attitude of respectful deference desiderated by their Founder. . . . In fact, the interest of the Scottish clergy in Franciscanism may be said to

date from the foundation of the first Observant Friary in Edinburgh;" while he considers that the "most striking feature in the subsequent history of the Order" was the contenance and continued encouragement accorded to its members by those who held the very highest ecclesiastical positions.

"The Observants," to quote once more from the same authority, "became the yeomen of the Church, eager to enhance its prestige by their evangelical activity in the parish, and to protect its fair fame by a rigid observance of their vows." They were essentially men of action, going barefooted from town to town, working in leper houses, tending the sick in the noisome lanes and crowded unsanitary suburbs of our mediæval cities, preaching their impassioned sermons, sometimes in the churches, sometimes in the market squares, sometimes in the open fields or on the rugged mountain sides. They were idealists at a period when idealism was almost extinct, and their unfeigned detachment from the things of this world could not fail to win for them the respect of their contemporaries."

Looking back through the mist of ages, a great light seems to shine around the Franciscan movement, illuminating each stage of its growth and showing the friars to be, what in fact they were, "the real intellectual and moral force in Christendom." By their means, religion was brought into close contact with business affairs, while the influence they exercised over the educational and commercial life of the people can scarcely be too highly estimated. Not only did traders and merchants benefit by their scientific skill and information as to foreign lands, but the citizens frequently and freely seem to have resorted to the friary as the most fitting place in which to conduct their arbitrations, settle disputes, and carry out the formal ratification of their agreements. In Scottish documents we find repeated instance of business meetings being held, contracts arranged and executed, and deeds signed, sometimes in the church itself: "Done in Judgment in the Friars Church of Dumfries, May 4th, 1459;" sometimes in the Chapter House: "Procuratory of Resignation made in the Chapter House of the Friars Minor of Aberdeen, dated February 20th, 1552;" sometimes in the cloister: "Agreement made in the cloister of the Friars Minor of Aberdeen, dated June 24th, 1552;" sometimes in the warden's chamber: "Instrument done in the town of Dumfries, in the chamber of the warden of the Friars Minor, July, 1516;"

sometimes in the street in front of the place; "Arbiters appointed to meet in the place of the Friars Minor of Aberdeen, dated February 3d, 1527."

It is certain, too, that the Franciscans were, on occasion, summoned to appear as witnesses and to give evidence as such in a court of law, for in an action brought against James Kennedy, of Row, Friar John McHaig is called, and for his protection letters are to be directed to the Vicar of the Grey Friars to send him to Stirling, to give evidence in the case. Again in disputed transactions, it was by no means unusual to place the bonds, conveyances, or sums of money in the hands of the brethren; and in the event of one of the parties refusing to carry out the contract, "all deeds and money were simply placed on the high altar of the friary church and left there at his risk."

Right of sanctuary was also afforded by the friars to those who sought refuge in their churches. For example, when a long-standing feud between the magistrates of Aberdeen and John, sixth Lord Forbes, terminated in an unsuccessful attack on the town by his kinsmen, John Forbes of Pitsligo and Arthur Forbes of Bruce—the two latter, their party having been worsted by the burghers in the street-fighting—fled to the Grey Friars for protection, remaining with them for twenty-four hours. That they were thus permitted by the citizens to leave the town, was doubtless owing to the mediation of the friars, who spared no pains in their efforts to promote peace, and were at all times most assiduous in their endeavors to bring such quarrels to a harmonious end. It is not unworthy of note that Forbes of Pitsligo is especially mentioned as having been "a great friend" of the Friars Minor Observant "during his life and at his death," which occurred on the sixteenth of May, 1556.

Love for the Franciscan Order appears to have been a marked characteristic in this family; for two sons of the eighth Lord Forbes joined the French Capuchins, both taking the name in religion of Brother Archangel: viz., William, who entered the Capuchin convent at Ghent in 1589, and John who took the habit at Tournai in 1593. "Having survived his father for a few weeks he became the ninth Lord Forbes." He is said to have converted 300 Scottish soldiers to Catholicism at Dismude and a number of Scottish heretics at Memis.



# Franciscan News

**Italy.**—On October 20 and 21, an important convention of Piedmontese Tertiaries will be held in Torino. His Eminence Agostino Cardinal Richelmy, Archbishop of Torino, has consented to act as President of the congress. Eminent speakers will treat of the Third Order in its relation to the parish, to domestic and social life, to the woman question. Special efforts are being made to interest the Italian youth in this congress and in Third Order activities generally.

**Syria.**—The former custodian of the Holy Land and present delegate apostolic of Syria, Monsignor Frediano Giannini, O. F. M., has been made a commander of the legion of honor by the French government and decorated with the insignia of the Order of Maurice-Lazarus by the Italian government.

**Hungary.**—The Masonic lodges of the country are being converted by the Government into charitable institutions for the general public. The Third Order of St. Francis, which is in the forefront of all charitable activities, above all in the capital city, has also benefited by this praiseworthy and opportune order of the Government.

**Spain.**—The Royal Spanish Academy has made the young Franciscan Friar Joseph Pou y Marty a member of the faculty of history. During the past year, Fr. Joseph was professor at the College of St. Antony in Rome and keeper of archives at the Spanish legation in the Vatican. He is the author of several learned historical works.

**England.**—In connection with the Catholic Congress held in Liverpool from July 30 to August 3, a group of English Tertiaries held a special meeting, at which matters pertaining to the Order were discussed.

**China.**—The Franciscan missionary Morand Gang writes from Tsingchowfu, Shantung:

"I have charge of thirty missions, scattered among 500,000 pagans, and these too I am to convert! What I have seen and experienced of late, is sad enough. My predecessor had no means to engage catechists, and he himself was able to visit his parishes only once or twice a year. For our neophytes this is not sufficient, since they are compelled to live in an altogether pagan atmosphere. Even with the best intentions and greatest exertions, I can not manage the work without assistance from native teachers. But to employ these, I need money, and that is a rare article in China. With one thousand dollars I could engage a goodly number of catechists whom I could pay the princely salary of fifty to sixty dollars a year. America is the only country that can help. Will you not be so good as to assist me by asking the Sacred Heart of Jesus to touch the hearts of benefactors. He knows that it is necessary for the salvation of immortal

souls. I gladly give my strength and my life for them; but God and the faithful must furnish the rest—the material means. Let us pray and hope."

**Germany.**—A few years since, the Franciscan Fr. Gisbert Menge published a book on unity in faith. As a means of promoting this unity, the author advocated the founding of a society having as members persons earnestly desirous of establishing religious unity. By dint of tireless, unobtrusive, and self-sacrificing endeavor, all obstacles in the path of the undertaking have been removed. The project was recently launched under the most favorable auspices when the Right Rev. Bishop of Paderborn approved the scope and the statutes of the new society and presided in person at its first meeting. Despite the stress of the times, a lively interest is being taken in this movement, which has for its aim the realization of our Lord's prayer at the Last Supper: *Ut omnes unum sint*. The members oblige themselves to recite daily a prescribed prayer and to lead exemplary lives by putting Catholic teaching into practice and thus giving to the world the most convincing proof of the Church's divinity, namely, the sanctity of her children. Many Franciscan Tertiaries are active and enthusiastic members.

**Allegany, N. Y.**—The second annual meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference was held from July 5 to 9 in St. Bonaventure Seminary. All Franciscan provinces of the United States, except that of Santa Barbara, were represented. Papers were read on affiliation of the college and seminary departments, on methods of teaching Latin, and on the ascetical element in the education of Franciscan students. Many other topics pertaining to studies in the Order were discussed. A detailed report of the proceedings will be issued later.

**Syracuse, N. Y.**—The Very Rev. Vincent Mayer, O. M. C., a native of Syracuse, has been given charge of all the work of the Minor Conventuals in England under the title of Commissary General. Fr. Vincent was ordained fourteen years ago and was immediately sent to England, where he has spent all his priestly life. He is a brother of Fr. Ferdinand Mayer, O. M. C., master of clerics at St. Antony's-on-the-Hudson.

**Cleveland, Ohio, St. Joseph Church.**—On Sunday, July 25, sixty Tertiary men of St. Louis Fraternity made their first annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Angels, at West Park. Holy Mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock. A luncheon was served on the convent grounds after the services, and at half past two a devotion in honor of St. Francis was held and the Office of the Third Order recited in common. Visits were then made to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, in the rear of the Academy of St. Joseph, and to the

chapel of the Poor Clares. Toward evening the pilgrims returned to their homes recreated both in body and in soul. The joy and solemnity of the occasion were greatly enhanced by the beautiful singing of the Franciscan clerics at the convent of Our Lady of the Angels. The zeal and activity of the Cleveland Tertiaries is very encouraging and it is celebrations of this kind that tend to keep alive the interest of the members in their fraternity and serve to repay them for the sacrifices their Order demands of them. Recently, thirty-one Tertiaries commemorated with appropriate services in St. Joseph's Church the twenty-fifth anniversary of their investment with the Third Order cord and scapular. It was a gala day for the jubilarians, and the happiness that beamed from their countenances—the fruit of twenty-five years of faithful service as children of St. Francis—filled the younger members of the fraternity with an earnest desire to emulate the virtues of their elder brothers and sisters in the Order and to continue faithfully on the narrow path of the Order of Penance.

Harbor Springs, Mich.—The Holy Childhood School of Harbor Springs, in the scholastic year 1919-20, had an attendance of 186, of which number 134 were Indians. Twelve children were baptized in the course of the year, while thirty-three made their first Holy Communion, and fifty-nine were confirmed. Six pupils, four of them Indians, were graduated from the eighth grade. Ninety pupils competed for Palmer penmanship honors, and only three of them failed, and these three were whites. Two Indian girls led the graduates. Examination papers in composition and penmanship, and specimens of needle work and other manual arts, on exhibition in the school, are arousing the admiration of all visitors. There are few Indian schools in the country that have so enviable a record as the school of the Holy Childhood, and there is none more worthy of the support of our readers. It is maintained entirely by charity.

Milwaukee, Wis.—At the August meeting of the English-speaking branch, the reception of six new members took place. The Reverend Director spoke with great fervor of the honor of belonging to the Third Order. A special meeting was announced for September 12 for the men of both branches. At this meeting, it is expected that the Hon. Antony Matre, K.S.G., will speak on the Third Order. Also, the retreat for the English-speaking branch, from September 21 to 26, and for the German-speaking Tertiaries, from September 28 to October 3 was announced. In order to spread the knowledge of the Third Order, each member was urgently requested to bring with him three persons to the special meeting and to the conferences of the retreat.

Indianapolis, Ind.—On September 22 and 23, the Tertiary Province of the Sacred Heart will hold its second triennial convention. This will be the first convention at which practically all the Rev. Directors of the Third Order of the Province will be present. Rev. Fr. Francis de Sales, Director of the Fraternity at Indianapolis, and his Tertiaries are busy preparing for the great event, and their enthusiasm augurs well for the success of the convention, at least as far as they are concerned. At this assembly of the Tertiaries of the Middle West, a number of important questions bearing on the activities of the Third Order in this country will be treated at length by able speakers and then discussed by the Rev. Directors and the Tertiary delegates. Moreover, the Constitution for our Tertiary Province, which was drafted at the last Provincial Convention and which has been in force the past two years, will be amended, if necessary, and then finally adopted. A new secretary and four new lay consultants for the Provincial Board will be elected at the convention. In a future issue of the HERALD we shall give a detailed account of the proceedings, and in the meantime we beg our readers to pray for the success of this important Tertiary meeting.

## WARNING!

OUR readers are warned against unscrupulous persons who, though in no way connected with the FRANCISCAN HERALD, are making use of our name to solicit alms for Franciscan institutions. Our authorized agents are strictly forbidden to accept any money, except the subscription price, and we expressly repudiate all responsibility for money given to any one for any purpose other than in payment of the regular subscription price.

The price of the HERALD is two dollars for one year, four dollars for two years.



# Franciscan Herald



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Volume VIII

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## The Message of St. Francis

"An obedient man shall speak of victory." These words of Holy Writ are admirably exemplified in the life of the Poverello. Few saints of the Church have had so lasting and comprehensive an influence on their own and succeeding ages as St. Francis of Assisi. As a leader and reformer of men, he is perhaps without a peer. Even in our own godless day and generation, his power to attract and hold the affections of men is unequalled, his dominance over their hearts is all but universal.

One cause of the widespread homage rendered to St. Francis in and out of the Church undoubtedly is the perennial charm of the Saint's personality. A character so exalted and purified and at once so human and sympathetic as the Saint's, was sure to find worshippers and to keep alive an ideal. This fact may account for his popularity; but it does not explain his tremendous power for good. Francis effected his great social reform in union with the Church and in obedience to her authority. For his filial obedience to her, the Church has honored him with the title of "a Catholic man." He was too thorough-going a Catholic not to know that to be at variance with the Church is to resist the power of God; but to feel, think, and act in union with her is the surest and only way to achieve any lasting good for mankind. Catholic social workers would do well to remember that for them there is no surer and safer way to success than humble and willing obedience to the divinely constituted rulers of God's Church, lest, to use the phraseology of St. Augustine, they make great strides on the wrong way. American Catholics who desire to take part—and he is a poor Catholic who does not—in the reconstruction work now under way, should familiarize themselves thoroughly with the contents of the great encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and of the American Bishops' pastoral letter. These documents will be found both illuminating and inspiring.



# Editorials

## GO TO JOSEPH

TO commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of St. Joseph as patron of the Universal Church and to increase devotion to the most chaste Spouse of the Virgin Mary and Guardian of the Word Incarnate, the Holy Father has issued a very timely and practical letter. In the introduction, the Pope himself calls attention to the opportuneness of intensifying and spreading that devotion, in view of the great social evils which the war has begotten or accentuated.

One of the most widespread and deep-rooted of these evils is naturalism, that theory of life which substitutes nature for God and subordinates spirit to matter, and which the Holy Father fittingly styles "the great plague of the century." He next points to the loosening of the family ties—the loss of conjugal fidelity and filial respect—and the consequent corruption of public morals as another evil threatening society with irreparable ruin. The spread of the revolutionary spirit, typified in socialism, which His Holiness characterizes as "the bitterest enemy of Christian principles," also fills him with the deepest anxiety. To recall society, especially "those of our people, all and everywhere, who gain their bread by labor," to a sense of their duty, the Pope places before them the example of St. Joseph. From the imitation of his virtues he expects the restoration of Christian ideals. From St. Joseph he hopes all will learn "to look on passing events in the light of the eternal things to come, and seeking consolation in the inevitable troubles of human life in the hope of celestial blessings, aspire to those with all their strength, resigned to the will of God, living soberly according to the rules of piety and justice." The working men, in particular, he exhorts, in the words of

Pope Leo XIII, to be guided by justice and reason in their relations with their employers, and not to disturb by violent means the order constituted by Divine Providence. By the example of the Holy Family, the Holy Father desires that Christian families should be inspired and restored, and that the whole human society should be strengthened and revived. In conclusion, the Supreme Pontiff urges the Bishops to spread the devotions to St. Joseph already existing in the Church and to arrange for a special solemn function in his honor during the year beginning with the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

This is a bare outline of the inspired and inspiring utterance of Pope Benedict XV. It breathes throughout the truly paternal love and solicitude for suffering humanity, so characteristic of the Roman Pontiffs and of the present one in particular. Without a doubt, society could yet be saved from itself if it would harken to the voice from the Vatican. But there are none so deaf as those that will not hear. Society has long since declared in its pride of spirit, "We will not have this man to reign over us." It has repudiated the authority of God; why, then, should it listen to the counsels of his representative on earth?

But, after all, the letter is addressed, in the first place, to Catholics, and they would be unworthy of the name if they did not show a more docile spirit than those not of the faith. The three hundred million Catholics of the world should wield a tremendous social and religious influence. If Catholic families were modeled on the Holy Family, and if Catholic husbands, fathers, workmen would cultivate the domestic virtues of St. Joseph—his unfeigned humility, his willing obedience, his unremitting industry, his strict sobriety, his chaste affection, his uniform

gentleness, his patient resignation, his imperturbable peace of mind, and his unflinching trust in God's Providence, this world would be a better place to live in. Their example would act as a leaven on the great mass of people estranged from God and from everything religious. We pray that Catholics the world over may heed the Holy Father's counsel to "go to Joseph," and receive for their atrophied souls spiritual sustenance in abundance.

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### THE GREAT PLAGUE OF THE CENTURY

**T**HERE is one passage in the *Motu Proprio* of the Holy Father that deserves more than a passing notice. It is the paragraph dealing with naturalism. It reads:

It behooves us now to consider another and a much deeper cause of trouble, that which is, indeed, imbedded in the very bowels of human society. For when the scourge of war descended on the nations, they were already deeply infected with Naturalism, that great plague of the century, the effect of which, wherever it takes root, is to lessen the desire of celestial blessings, quench the flame of divine charity and withdraw man from the healing and sanctifying grace of Christ. In the end the light of Faith is taken from him, only the corrupt forces of nature are left, and he is delivered to be the prey of the very worst passions.

The particular brand of naturalism that the Pope here refers to, is ethical or religious naturalism. This is not so much a well thought out system of philosophy as a point of view, an attitude of mind, a tendency common to a number of philosophical and religious systems and pervading and influencing many doctrines. As the name implies, this tendency consists essentially in looking on nature as the one original source and adequate explanation of all that exists. Naturalism is so far-reaching a tendency; it touches so many points in the social, political, and moral orders; its ramifications extend in so many directions that there can be no doubt that, as the Holy Father says, "it

is imbedded in the very bowels of human society."

That it is a most pernicious tendency, is evident from the fact that it is the direct antithesis of Christianity, which is a religion of supernaturalism. The existence of a personal God and of Divine Providence, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, human freedom and responsibility, the fact of a divine revelation, are so many fundamental teachings of the Church which naturalism denies or ignores as opposed to the rights and exigencies of nature.

It is apparent that there can be as little accord between the tenets of naturalism and the doctrines of the Church as between Christ and Belial; that the former is in reality the absolute denial of all religion. In practice, it differs little or not at all from what is commonly called neopaganism, which is nothing but the grossest kind of materialism. This is the poison with which the whole body social and politic is saturated, and with which even large numbers of Catholics are infected. It is the miasma which we inhale with almost every breath we take. It is the spirit of the world, against which we are so earnestly warned in Holy Writ. In very deed, naturalism is rapidly forming a society whose god is its belly, and whose end is perdition.

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### "THIS WAS A MAN"

**F**EW men in the world's history—possibly not more than four or five—have been singled out by Providence to give to the course of human events a turn which marks the beginning of a new era. Among these chosen few, Christopher Columbus undoubtedly occupies a prominent place. His name is "one of the few immortal names that were not born to die." It will be forever linked with one of the greatest of human achievements; and October 12, 1492, will be recalled to the end of time as one of the most memorable of days in a dim and distant past. Christopher Columbus belongs to the world's immortals by reason of his

achievement, but still more by reason of his heroic character. Indeed, it has been often said that in Columbus's day navigation had arrived at such a stage that even if he had not discovered the New World, other enterprising navigators would surely have done so within a short time. In other words, his chief claim to celebrity lies, not in his discovery, however great and glorious that enterprise may have been, but in his life, spent in the exercise of duties the most exacting and in the pursuit of ideals the most exalted.

The story of Christopher Columbus grows in power and majesty as years and centuries pass. The inspiration of navigators and monarchs in his own time, the inspiration of poets and statesmen of later days, and above all, the inspiration of Catholic manhood of our own time and country, his success rests plainly in the loftiness of his ideals, which found expression in his *Te Deum* of triumph and rejoicing on San Salvador. The story of the discovery of the New World shows forth luminously the supernatural in the events of time and in the actions of men. Whether written by Catholic or non-Catholic, friend or foe, the narrative discloses the finger of God, visible in the high romance of his great achievement. The material progress which followed the discovery of the Western World, will remain the wonder and admiration of all times. The spiritual power which our time witnesses springing from the deeds and fame of Columbus is far more wonderful; and when we learn that the great admiral's name is on the official list for beatification by the Church, we can more easily see in his life the shaping of his soul during a lifetime of trials and his continued work in eternal life. Those who would now belittle and destroy that influence of Columbus's fame, because he can be shown as an imperfect soul, know little of the saints and of God's making of them. A man whose life is signed with the cross of Christ, whose enterprises were consecrated to the service of God, whose soul was molded and directed by

the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic, gives to the world an epic which can be fittingly crowned only with sainthood. To-day America needs vitally the inspiration of Christopher Columbus, whose faith in his mission to bring Christ to a New World now begins to bloom again in our renewed devotion to the Catholic faith and in our vision of America's future as a great Christian nation. The dreams of Columbus are realizing.

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### THE ENEMY OF INNOCENCE

**I**NNOCENCE has its enemy in a premature worldliness that dims the brightness of the young heart and kills or injures deeply the very qualities that should be the protection of early years. The purity of youth is menaced by the moral degeneration that pervades the world, an evil that sweeps unchecked among those who know not the Christian law and extends even to the faithful and their little ones; in a thousand unseen and subtle ways it advances its outposts in mature souls and from them inevitably spreads to the children themselves. As sin robbed our first parents of that candor with which they were originally endowed and made them the slaves of deceit, so do these worldly influences coming from the same source that corrupted their hearts, spoil that honesty and straightforwardness natural to childhood.

The present age is the era of luxury, and luxury ought to have no place in any life, least of all in the life of a child; it is certain to produce physical and moral weakness, to corrupt the noblest faculties of the soul and render its slaves fit only for pleasure. Yet this is precisely the bringing-up that many children are receiving to-day at the hands of unwise parents. Nothing is denied the child of the period; it is pampered and cajoled, not trained. The result is that at an age when youth should possess the will-power to choose wisely, that power is gone, and in its place is the craze of evil allurements.—Cardinal O'Connell.





# Third Order of St. Francis

## ST. JOAN OF ARC

CONTINUED

By Catherine M. Hayes

**A** MAY afternoon in the year 1424. In peaceful repose under the summer sky, the quaint village of Domremy rested in the verdant valley. Out in her trim, well kept garden, with deft, capable hands, unfamiliar with idleness, Joan the daughter of Jacques d'Arc, industriously wielded the spade and hoe. An onlooker, noting the frequent movement of her lips and the serene expression of her countenance, would be impressed with the fact that our heroine regarded work, not as a penalty, but as a high privilege, and made it a sweet oblation of prayer and praise to God. Doubtless, as she cheerfully toiled, an occasional heartfelt plea for her tortured land and its uncrowned king sped upward to the feet of the divine Sovereign, for in Joan's breast burned the heart of the true Christian patriot.

But whence the sudden brilliancy that filled the garden and encircled the girl in a haze of radiance where she stood? With parted lips and awesome eyes she gazed on a form of unearthly beauty that formed the center of the flooding light.

"St. Michael the Archangel!" came the swift thought and her being thrilled as the captain of heaven's hosts saluted her. Breathless she listened. He told her to go often to church and to be a good girl; in fine, to continue the edifying life she was leading. Long after the angel prince and his shining attendants vanished from sight the wondering maiden stood gazing at the tranquil sky, and tears of yearning filled her eyes. Why had they gone away and left her? Ah! that she might have been swept up to heaven and on through the eternal portals with that glorious company.

No change was apparent to those with whom she mingled day by day, save perhaps a deeper gravity, or, if possible, an increased gentleness. But none suspected the great thing that had come into Joan's life. For now several times a week the Voices, as she called them, spoke to her. St. Catherine and St. Margaret, patronesses of the village church, came and con-

versed lovingly and familiarly with this favored maiden, whose virtues had won the attention of the citizens of heaven. All through her childhood days, Joan had loved to place candles and flowers on the altars of these favorite saints. Now this act of devotion held an added charm; for had she not looked into their glorious faces and heard them speak her name in accents of tender affection?

But with the joy those celestial interviews afforded a crushing fear mingled; for the Voices made known to the shrinking girl that she had been chosen for a stupendous mission by the Most High Himself.

Fancy if we can the effect of such a summons on the mind of the peasant girl. She must leave the lowly tasks of household and field, and, her youthful frame encased in coat of mail, lead forth an army to the relief of tortured France, and, the foe vanquished, conduct the king to his crowning.

But what knowledge had she of warfare? How could she think of exchanging the sheltering home, the devoted friends for the rude rough life of the camp—the companionship of coarse and lawless soldiers?

Long ago in an obscure village the Maid of Nazareth wondering hearkened to the Angel of the Annunciation as he made known the high commission to which the Almighty had called her. But her soul was troubled. "How shall this be done?" questioned the sinless Maid. The angel's answer dispelled all misgivings. She placed her lot unreservedly in God's keeping. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Thus did the Maid of Domremy generously make surrender of her will, her life, her all as the Voices repeated the mandate spoken in heaven's court. "God wills it. I must do it!" And with this strong cry her soul uphealed to follow wherever He might lead. To do the Will of God—behold the norm of Joan's conduct all through her brief, but glorious career. Well may she be regarded as a model worthy of imitation for Christians of today.

For the youth of all time Joan of Arc shall stand an exemplar of loyalty and obedience to



Fired with patriotic fervor and ardor for her cause, Laxart offered to conduct her to Vaucouleurs and even to the king himself. But, to accomplish their project, it was necessary to resort to a ruse. Under pretext of visiting Laxart's wife, who was ill, Joan left home and was soon en route accompanied by her willing guide.

Let us picture Joan the peasant girl as she stood before the governor and an assemblage of people in the governor's house that day. All were impressed by her youthful beauty, her calm self-possession, and eagerly strained every nerve to catch her words. The governor inquired concerning her errand.

"My message is to you, Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs," she made answer, "and it is this: that you will send and tell the dauphin to wait and not to give battle, for God will presently send him help." When the governor asked the meaning of this odd speech, Joan replied: "I beg that you give me an escort of men-at-arms and send me to the dauphin that he may make me his general; for it is appointed that I

parents. And it was dread of paining her father and mother and fear lest her work be hampered that prompted the tender-hearted girl to withhold from her dear ones all knowledge of her mission.

The Voices had instructed her to go to Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, a fortified town eleven miles distant from Domremy. He would furnish her with an escort to conduct her to the king at Chinon. To whom would she appeal to help her reach Vaucouleurs? To whom confide her secret? An idea presented itself to her alert mind. She had an uncle by the name of Durand Laxart, a good, honest fellow, with whom she was on terms of warm friendship. To him she told her story. As she anticipated, her uncle was all enthusiasm. Of the supernatural phase of her mission he entertained not the slightest doubt.

shall drive the English out of France, and set the crown upon his head."

Laxart's honest face bespoke his indignation at the laughter and jests Joan's words provoked. Her faithful champion felt the affront more keenly than did the object herself.

Baudricourt was greatly amused.

"Who has sent you with such an extravagant message?" he demanded.

"My Lord!" was the quiet answer.

"What lord?"

"The King of Heaven!"

More laughter followed. The girl was crazy, many declared and Baudricourt, in his rough, unsympathetic way peremptorily dismissed her. But Joan was determined to remain at Vaucouleurs till she had won the approval and assistance of Baudricourt.

The devoted Laxart took her to the home of

a friend, Henri le Charron, whose worthy wife gave the gentle girl a mother's welcome. Here she willingly assisted with the household duties, the same cheerful unselfish Joan the Domremy folk loved so well and missed so sadly. Every morning found her at holy Mass praying with child-like trust that her great desire to meet the king might be granted and God's will accomplished at last.

Baudricourt was surprised one day when Joan presented herself before him. She had told him at that first interview that she would come again and again until he would finally yield and heed her entreaty. Now she sternly reprimanded the governor for refusing to send her to the dauphin, and told him that he had caused grave damage thereby, because that very day the dauphin had lost a battle. "He will suffer still greater loss if you do not send me to him soon," she added.

This speech was inexplicable. For how could the girl know what had happened at that distance? It would take at least eight or ten days to receive the news. The Voices had made it known to her, she answered.

The verification of Joan's prophetic words a few days later dispelled all doubt from the mind of Baudricourt. On the exact day mentioned by Joan the dauphin's forces had met with overwhelming defeat in the battle of Rouvray. This prophetic words was worth heeding, Baudricourt decided, and at once he set about to furnish her with an escort.

Assured now that she was actually "going into France," as her Voices had said, Joan, on the eve of her departure, wrote a letter to her parents. Very tender and loving must have been that message in which she begged forgiveness for any pain she might have caused them. Her parents replied to her letter and readily granted their forgiveness and their blessing.

The enthusiastic people of Vaucouleurs furnished Joan with a complete suit of soldier's attire and a horse. Baudricourt made her escort swear to guide her safely. "Go, come what may!" were his parting words to the Maid.

Darkness had descended. The stars like silent sentinels kept watch as the little band with Joan of Arc in their midst rode out through the gate of the Chateau of Vaucouleurs and took the road to Chinon. February 23, 1429, witnessed this first step in a career destined to be the wonder and admiration of the world for all time. Joan was now seventeen years old.

It was a source of great pleasure to Joan that her two brothers rode with her escort

that night and later went into battle with their brave sister. Among the gallant company that conducted her to Chinon were two noble knights, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Pouligny. They shared all of Joan's campaigns, to the end proving loyal friends and champions who regarded their fair general with reverent esteem. And Joan reciprocated the cordial friendship of these gallant soldiers.

It was a perilous journey across France, beset as it was by brigands and English and Burgundian foes. Often the intrepid little party rode all night, frequently contending with floods and traversing miles of pathless forests. Joan's courage was the admiration of her companions. Asked if she did not fear the consequences of such a hazardous undertaking she replied with faith ringing through every word: "God will clear my way to the king. For to this end was I born."

At the village of Fierbois the party halted for several days. The Voices had told the Maid that buried behind the altar in the church of St. Catherine of this place an ancient sword would be found. This she should carry with her to battle. At her request a search was made and the ancient weapon discovered in the spot she had mentioned. With the sacred sword polished and carried in a sheath, the journey to Chinon was resumed.

How must the heart of our heroine have lightened as the goal steadily neared. But disappointment awaited her at Chinon, for the king, influenced by his courtiers and advisers, refused to receive the peasant girl. At the inn where she and her party found accommodations, the patient Joan waited, hoped, and prayed through the tedious passing days. At last a summons to the castle. Joan set out accompanied by her brothers and the two knights, de Metz and Poulegny.

Fair and sweet, the personification of calm dignity and poise, the girl stood in the audience chamber and gazed at the splendid assemblage, scintillant with jewels and rich adornments under the blazing lights—a strange and fascinating sight for a humble, obscure peasant maid. But Joan was not abashed. One historian fitly says that Joan of Arc could not be disturbed "by this tinsel show with its small king and his butterfly courtiers—she who had spoken face to face with the princes of Heaven, the familiars of God and seen their retinues of angels stretching far back into the remoteness of the sky like a measureless fan of light." But one thought dominated the mind of Joan. She had been summoned by the king—"her Lord's" work would be accom-

plished at last. This was the happiest moment of her young life.

From Fierbois Joan had sent a message to the king saying she was coming, and telling him she would recognize him. This statement had suggested a trick. One of the courtiers disguised as Charles, occupied a throne at the end of the hall. The girl barely bestowed a glance toward this regal figure but walked quietly up to where the king stood among his nobles. The amazed onlookers strained to catch every word, as the girl knelt and saluted with easy grace, as if quite accustomed to ways at court.

"God of his grace give you long life, O dear and gentle dauphin," she said in respectful tones.

Charles showed his amazement, but intent on keeping up the ruse he answered as he looked down into her happy face:

"Ah, but you mistake, my child, I am not the king. There he is," and he pointed to the throne.

But Joan shook her head.

"No, gracious lord, you are he and none other."

The glittering company of lords and ladies applauded. Truly this was an extraordinary girl.

The bewildered king smiled graciously as he said, "Well, tell me who you are and what you would?"

The great hall was hushed. All listened breathless.

"I am called Joan the Maid," came the quiet answer, "and I am sent to say that the King of Heaven wills that you be crowned in your good city of Rheims, and be thereafter Lieutenant of the Lord of Heaven, who is King of France. And He willeth also that you set me at my appointed work and give me men-at-arms."

A sudden thunder-bolt could not have occasioned more astonishment than this extraordinary speech. A peasant girl leaving her flocks to importune a king to give her charge of an army.

Bidding her rise, Charles led her down the hall where they conversed together in low tones for a long time. The interested spectators could note from the earnestness of his face that the words of the peasant maid produced a deep impression on the king. We are told that Joan said with his permission she would reveal something which would dispel the secret sorrow that burdened his soul. It was caused by doubt thrown on his legitimacy and

this doubt the Maid banished forever by her words:

"On the part of my Lord, I tell thee that thou art the true heir of France and son of the king, and He sends me to lead thee to thy crowning and thy consecration if thou wilt." The historian tells us that new life and courage were infused into the vacillating Charles by the Maid's inspired words.

After this first interview, Joan was given lodgings in a tower of the castle with some ladies of the place for her companions.

It was but natural that Charles and his advisers should wish to test the truth of Joan's mission. Some Franciscan friars were sent to Domrémy to inquire into the life of the Maid. We can imagine the excitement and stir in the village when the purport of this mission became known. With what eagerness her old friends answered the questions submitted to them, glad to sing the praises of their beloved Joan, who was now famous—the guest of a king. The good friars returned with the most complete testimony to her admirable virtues and goodness. They had learned, too, that the Maid was a devout Franciscan Tertiary, exemplifying in her young life the virtues most conspicuous in the soul of the Seraphic Father himself—charity, humility, piety, constant joyousness of soul. The simple stories of the devoted friends and associates of her childhood had irrevocably established Joan's claims to recognition. Further investigation by the University of Poitiers brought the unanimous verdict that no evil could be found in her character, but, on the contrary, much goodness, even sanctity, and that to ignore her meant to resist the Holy Spirit. Thoroughly satisfied with the official inquiries, and heartened as he had never been in all his luckless career, Charles determined to allow Joan to proceed with her work.

Behold a wonderful transformation everywhere! Such a revival of patriotic fervor as the army was swiftly recruited. Intense enthusiasm took the place of apathy and indolence. Joan met and talked with war-seasoned veterans who marveled at the knowledge of military science possessed by this modest country girl. Unhesitatingly these warriors placed implicit trust in her plans. The name of this wonderful maiden was on every lip, while the "fate of France," to quote her biographer, "was irrevocably placed in her little hands."

All along Joan had persisted in saying that the first step in her campaign must lead to the relief of Orleans. The second city in importance in France, it was being persistently be-

sieged by the English. Once captured, the fate of France would be sealed. It was Friday morning, April 29, 1429, when Joan first rode out at the head of her army to bring relief to harassed Orleans.

Let us visualize the Warrior Maid, the most romantic and unique figure that ever appeared on the world's shifting stage. Those who saw her describe her well-built, graceful form, her beautiful face with its large, mournful dark eyes so quick to kindle with joy or enthusiasm. She was dressed in a complete suit of armor, which the king had ordered to be made for this valiant commander of his armies. It was fashioned of finest steel, heavily plated with silver. A silver helmet concealed the dark hair, close-cropped after the manner of a soldier. Fluttering about her mailed figure was the lily-strewn banner she had herself designed. It bore the figure of our Lord and the Sacred Names of Jesus and Mary. In addition, Franciscan devices were emblazoned on the standard. This beautiful banner was always carried by her or before her until, in the fatal struggle at Compiègne, the sacred emblem was wrested from her grasp to fall into the profane hands of the exultant foe. Our heroine had never mounted a horse before her journey from Vaucouleurs. But now she rode the prancing black charger, the gift of the king, with all the poise and grace of the most accomplished equestrian. Charles must have been deeply gratified to behold his well equipped, disciplined army moving onward under the lead of this marvelous girl-warrior whose presence inspired the soldiers and imparted to his own timorous soul a new sense of security. Truly, order was rising out of chaos. The horizon of France was brightening.

Pity that the Domremy folk were denied the splendid spectacle that morning presented.

Would father and mother recognize in that silver-mailed form that gleamed in the sunlight, their darling child, the patient, cheerful little helper of days gone by? And Mengette and Simon Musinier—would they know her at once—their loved playmate—and call a happy, familiar greeting to that splendid soldier who managed her great steed so well? Of course, they knew Joan feared nothing. If Père Fronte, the parish curé recognized in this leader of armed forces the little peace-maker of the village, the pious little maiden, so devoted to holy Mass and the Sacraments, a glance into her pure, sweet face, framed in the silver helmet, would have told him that his dear child had kept untarnished the pristine whiteness of her soul. Even that morning Joan had received Holy Communion and induced her soldiers to follow her example.

For a brief space the Maid's thoughts must have wandered away from the plaudits of the gathered multitudes and the sound of ringing trumpets to far-off Domremy and the dear ones there. But despite the homesick tears her heart gladdened at the thought that to purchase peace and freedom for those loved ones she was faring forth to war.

"Go forth, Daughter of God!" the Voices are hovering near, and strong in the strength of "her Lord" she goes.

Let us picture the knightly Saint Francis from eternal battlements above reviewing those marching legions captained by his chosen daughter, the peerless Maiden Knight. Surely his tender blessing must have followed this high adventure sponsored, as it was, by one who deemed it an honor to wear beneath the regalia of war the badge of peace, the holy garb of the Seraph Saint.

(To be continued.)

## APPAREL TALK

By AGNES MODESTA

*Dear Sisters in St. Francis:*

Have you noticed that nearly every month marks something of especial interest to the members of the Orders of St. Francis? The Apparel Talker has often wondered why that is the case, and only recently did the answer pop down to her out of the sky. Our Seraphic Father, being essentially a lover of nature and of all the beauties of heaven reflected in the

mirror of nature, found delight in every season of the year. Hence we, his children, necessarily find in each month, each week, each day, yes, and even every moment of every hour of every day, a special cause for special joy. And from that fact it is easy to understand why, when we pass our minds over any particular subdivision of time, we invariably discover a shining occasion to remind us in a very special

manner of our glorious Founder.

So it happens that October holds the day which Holy Church has set aside for the solemn recognition on earth of the glory in heaven of Francis of Assisi. And it is but "meet and just and salutary" that all the members of the Three Orders which compose the Franciscan family should send up a song of rejoicing on that great day. Here on earth in many places we have the custom of making gifts on gala occasions, Christmas, Easter, birthdays, and even feast days are for many of us the occasions for receiving gifts, material or spiritual. All of which considerations lead the Apparel Talker to suggest a charming way of paying homage to St. Francis on his Feast Day.

Suppose every woman who reads this, especially every one who is enrolled in the Third Order Secular, should offer to our divine Savior, in honor of his friend, the Poor Man of Assisi, whose feast it is, a resolution that will ring through heaven. Those who have made the resolution already, may renew it with the same result.

But what can it be that is so startling as to call the attention of all the dwellers in the mansions of Eternity?

Beloved ones, the first thing to remember in our dealings with the things of God, is that it isn't always the things that seem to us grand or startling that find an answering note in heaven. So I feel sure that I am not far wrong in saying that a firm resolution or a renewal of such a resolution to set none but the most perfect example of Christian decorum in our wearing apparel, as becomes Catholic women, will be an extraordinarily acceptable offering to our Blessed Father on his Feast day. Suppose we try it anyway?

### The Professional Woman: Her Attire

In this, our day, the woman with a profession is with us as at no other time. The professions open to women now are almost as varied as those formerly adopted by their husbands, brothers, or sweethearts. Accordingly, when a charming woman of my acquaintance, a Tertiary and Attorney-at-Law, asked me to devote a little space to the clothing problem of the professional woman, I had no hesitation in complying with her request, for I know that she is not alone in her desire.

In this Talk, therefore, I shall endeavor to put forward suggestions which will appeal in particular to the woman whose profession is the Law, but as the needs of her sisters in other lines are similar, they may find what

they, too, require. I shall be glad to make suggestions for individual needs to any who will write me in care of the HERALD (keeping in mind the new address of our office).

First of all, I should suggest that her business clothes should be as nearly as possible one color. That is, in my opinion, the first requisite of a really trig business outfit. Let that color be unobtrusive and, if possible, dark. Navy or midnight blue, dark brown, dark gray, or taupe seem to me the most safe colors to choose, especially for winter wear.

Suppose Madame Attorney-at-Law starts out on her quest for an outfit with a well defined idea of the color she prefers. For the sake of example, we'll call the color midnight blue. I should suggest that she invest in the best tailored suit that her purse will allow, of that color, with, if she desires variety, a pin-stripe of white or gray. If possible, I should advise buying a light weight man's suiting and having the suit made to her measure. The lines should be conservative and becoming. With this suit, I should suggest a couple of blouses of the same blue, in batiste or wash silk, simply made on modish tailored lines. I should prefer a neck line cut to the hollow of the throat and edged with a white cord or bias band, which can be changed frequently, rather than the high linen collar effect; for one is more at ease in public speaking if the throat is not constricted. If she has a sneaking fondness for white blouses, she may keep one or two just for purposes of celebration, but I never *advise* them, as one wearing takes away their fresh appearance.

So far, so good. Next, let our Portia hie her to a place where she can obtain the exact shade in a second costume. If she can afford it, nothing could be better than to remain at the tailor's and choose another piece of suiting of midnight blue, enough for a one-piece dress and a wrap. This should be carefully tailored, too, and made so that the dress may be worn with spick-and-span white collars and cuffs, either of the stiff linen or the soft, crisp organdie variety. But here, again, I should beseech her to avoid the high collar.

She has, then, provided herself with two costumes, so nearly alike that they will never call attention to themselves, yet so different that she will be able to enjoy a new set of sensations with each change. If they are both well tailored, they will be a joy forever, and eminently suitable for all emergencies.

Now, let her take a leaf from her husband's book—retain the services of an expert cleaner, and have the costumes cleaned and pressed,

or at the very least *pressed*, weekly. I should suggest that she use one for one week, then pack it off to be pressed and cleaned, and that during the next week she use the other—exactly as a man frequently uses two business suits.

With these costumes a close fitting hat of any becoming shape will be appropriate; and if she is clever at adjusting a veil, it is well to make one her close companion. Sensible, well fitting shoes are a prime requisite. Two pairs at least are necessary, and they must be kept in perfect condition. Gloves of the washable variety are best unless Madame's income will warrant many pairs of kid gloves.

The business or professional woman must give special attention to her underthings. Simple tailored undergarments are the most conducive to a well groomed appearance. A straight slip of midnight blue satin worn over a washable crepe skirt will provide all that is necessary in the way of a petticoat, and may be used with a loose blouse for a bit of a rest at home after the day's work is over.

With an outfit of this kind for her business life, a woman should be able to face the sternest judge or jury with a serene consciousness of her perfect correctness of attire.

I heard only recently that one of our foremost woman attorneys created a profound sense of disappointment in her admirers by appearing in court in a clinging georgette gown, suitable for an afternoon reception. By all means, dear sisters, try to dress your parts in this great drama of life in a suitable manner. Be modest, be modish, above all be perfectly groomed. Neatness and suitability in dress will go much further in making a woman appear attractive than even a more than ordinary natural beauty of face, when accompanied by unsuitable, untidy costuming.

So much for that subject.

### A Glance at My Mail

My chance remark on the subject of socks for little girls, has evidently aroused the ire of a correspondent from Wisconsin. She writes to tell me that she disapproves of my condemnation of short socks; that she sees nothing "immodest nor immoral" in socks for her little girl, who is at present four years old. She states further, that she expects to continue to allow her to wear them until she gets too big—say *till she is ten years old*.

Dear lady, I can assure you that I did not intend to throw the impression that I considered socks "immodest or immoral" in little girls of the age you mention. In fact, if my

memory serves me, I made the little girl in the example already ten years old. The point is, that the majority of mothers who put socks on their little girls, fail to note that their darlings have already outgrown socks. As I write this, I happen to glance out of my window, and there, on her way to one of our Catholic schools, is a girl of thirteen or fourteen in short socks! My Wisconsin correspondent will agree that such is, to say the least, unbecoming, if not actually "immodest and immoral".

I may add that I have a personal distaste for short socks on children of any age and sex; but, as I realize that such an opinion is a peculiarity, I have no desire to thrust it on my readers.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Country girl", Auburn, N. Y., writes to know if I will publish a recipe for the removal of superfluous hair from the face.

Agnes Modesta must really confess that she is not conducting a beauty column. In fact, she hesitates to give advice in such matters for fear of encroaching on the prerogatives of her esteemed colleague, the conductress of the CHRISTIAN HOME department. Still, such a need is appealing.

Dear "Country girl," it is best to avoid all preparations for the removal of superfluous hairs on the face. Nearly every preparation is either too strong for the delicate texture of the face, or else the benefit is but shortlived. Nothing will permanently effect a removal except the electric needle, which is expensive and *very dangerous* when not in the hands of an expert.

On consulting an expert in this line, I learn that the use of equal parts of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia, applied several times a day with a bit of absorbent cotton, will do much toward making hairs inconspicuous. This suggestion I offer merely on hearsay, and so can not vouch for the results. This much I do know, however, that such a lotion will do you no harm, and it may be effective.

\* \* \* \* \*

In closing, I wish to repeat that correspondents *must* send their names and addresses. Names will not be used, but we do not wish to reply to unsigned communications.

Best wishes to all my dear sisters, friendly and otherwise. May the blessed Saint, who watches over the members of the Great Order which bears his name, grant you each and all his choicest blessings.



# Fiction



## THE TOP LAYER

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

THE good ship Decatur was standing well out to sea, and Peggy Dexton, cabin passenger, artist, and able seaman, having consumed an excellent lunch, unpacked her belongings, made the rounds of the vessel, and stationed herself near the port companionway to watch operations in the fore-castle, where things were being made shipshape after the work of loading cargo. It was Peggy's ninth voyage on the Decatur, and she had boarded the little steamer with the feeling of one who sets sail in his private yacht; for Captain Perry and the crew, down to the humblest steward, had welcomed her with trumpets and drums.

"It's Miss Peggy," the Chief had said, beckoning the Second up from the oily depths of the engine room. "Why, here's Miss Peggy," said the purser; and the Old Man, who had seen her even on the gang-plank, waved a greeting, supplemented five minutes later by the heartiest of hand shakes.

There was one new face, and it was this face, belonging to Mr. Hale, the Mate, with which Peggy was now occupied, as she leaned over the rail and looked down into the fore-castle. Mr. Hale was slim and strong, and his face was chiseled out of golden bronze. His eyes were pure sapphire, and he was topped off—accented, Peggy said to herself—by a mop of frenzied tawny hair. The most amazing hair! It flamed and crackled in the sunshine like boiling red gold; it cooled, in shadow, to a sort of green brown, like old brass. But it was not brown, nor yellow, nor red, nor any color that well conducted hair ought to be. He was obviously made to be put on canvas; and Peggy proposed to obtain at least some pastel notes of all this splendor, ere the Decatur next showed her nose into a port. But Mr. Hale did not look very approachable. There was an aloofness about him that piqued Peggy's curiosity—a detachment that invited speculation. She wondered where Cap'n had got him, and what had happened to Johnny Winslow; and she did not forget to push inquiries that evening after dinner, when she and Cap'n dawdled

together, as their custom was, over the coffee and nuts.

"Johnny Winslow?" said the Captain. "Why, poor Johnny died, you know. Got yellow fever, down in—"

"Johnny, dead?—No, I didn't know. What a pity!"

"Yes. So here's Mr. Hale. Fortunes of war."

"Well," was Peggy's verdict, "you oughtn't to let him run about loose without a mask. He's far more dangerous than yellow fever."

She had established herself at a writing desk in the forward saloon, some two or three hours later, and was busy with her dutiful "journal" to Aunt Margaret, when the dangerous Mate chanced to pass by. This was indeed kind of the Fates. Peggy assisted them with her most seductive smile, and Mr. Hale stopped.

"Excuse me; you're Miss Dexton, aren't you?"

"Yes," assented Peggy.

He stood, in the subdued yellow glow of the electric lamp above the desk, surveying her.

"The Chief says you paint—pictures, I mean. He says you can paint more than a little."

"Do you know pictures?" inquired Peggy with interest.

"Been over all the galleries from here to there," responded Mr. Hale—not boastfully, but merely as a statement of fact. "Don't know that I 'know pictures,' but I like 'em. That's one of your things over the Old Man's desk, isn't it? Why didn't you give him a m'rine?"

Peggy remembered the sketch of Central Park that hung in Captain Perry's cabin—Central Park on a hot afternoon, with long shadows across the lawns.

"He wanted grass and trees," she smiled. "Said he could see a marine view, handsomely framed, from every porthole."

Mr. Hale grunted. "That's what they all say. Always talking about grass and trees. Going to retire, and have a farm and beehives. Only it's always next year. The Lord seems to leave us that much sense, anyhow."



Peggy swung 'round in the swivel chair, the better to study this young man. The sailor mind, she reflected, was not apt to stand off and comment on itself.

"Well," she said, "I suppose a man has to retire sometime."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Hale, "unless he's retired by Davy Jones. Beehives!" Whereupon Mr. Hale, the Mate, strolled away.

Peggy did not make much progress with Aunt Margaret's journal. "Eight bells" found her deep in consideration of the safest way to "manage" dark blue eyes, and deep in quest of a color combination that would "express" an entirely new and unheard-of variety of hair; and she finally gave over her letter, and set aside the problem of the Mate reluctantly. Even an ardent young artist must sleep. She took a turn about the deck and paused to watch the foremast rocking gently against the stars and to peer at the lonely figure of the lookout in the bow. She was at her old tricks again, prowling about in the night, brooding on the mystery of it, dreaming her long sea dreams.

In the days of her first voyages, those delicious first voyages with funny little Captain Larkin on the old tub "Sargasso," in her school-girl days, she used to walk up and down the deck, when the ship had gone to sleep, and say her rosary. What a queer, pious little creature she had been. Everything was God in those fervent times; there was nothing in His creation that did not speak of Him. The clouds were His angels, the thunder was His voice, the sea—ah, the sea was His bosom, where He cradled her. But now Creator and creation were divorced, and creation spoke to her not of God, but of itself. This mental transition had puzzled and disturbed her for a while; then she had accepted it, and afterwards found pleasure and comfort in it. God had receded from her slowly but steadily, like a retreating wave, but He had left her the heritage of Nature, and she was satisfied with the arrangement. Of course, she had not lost the Faith; she could never be anything but a Catholic, but the Catholic religion need not monopolize one. She supposed it was natural to look at the world a bit differently from a vantage point of six and twenty years. Certainly, she did not wish to be as narrow-minded as poor dear Aunt Margaret.

She must do a lot of work this trip. A nocturne, for one thing; and, if Cap'n wasn't fussy, a sketch from the crow's nest. It was the season of the loveliest trade clouds too; and there was almost sure to be an electric storm off the Shoals. And then would come

the Blue Days—indigo-blue days on the Gulf—the Gulf, whose roots take hold on hell, whose treachery no man can fathom, and whose beauty is like the beauty of all the world made one.

And so, once more, she was "sagging south on the Long Trail." It was not until the third day out that she found another opportunity to speak to Mr. Hale, the Mate. She had been painting aft on the boat deck; and having finished her study, came upon Mr. Hale under a bit of spread awning near the port companion-way. He stood with his back to her, gazing through a glass at a white-winged shape that glimmered against the horizon line, and she paused to admire the silhouette thus presented. Then he turned and saw her.

"Oh," he said. "That you, Miss— Miss Peggy? Been painting? Let's see."

Peggy turned the pastel about. A turquoise blue sea under a pale sky, and in the foreground ripples of churned foam. Mr. Hale looked, and his lips parted.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "You— you were aft there, to stabb'rd—" he jerked the tawny head—"just over beyond the boats—"

Peggy nodded, intently pleased. "The wash—" she began.

"Yes, it tells me just where you were. Say, do you always paint like that?"

Peggy sank into a chair. "Well, I try to, but I'm afraid I don't always succeed. It is good, rather. I want to do a nocturne some time this trip—forem'st against the stars—ropes—fo'c'stle. I could do it from here if I could see my work. Perhaps a lantern—"

"Lamp from the cabin—extension cord—shade," suggested Mr. Hale.

"That's it. Do you think—"

"Why, certainly. Let me know, and I'll fix you up."

"Awfully good of you. Passengers are a nuisance, aren't they?"

"Passengers are." Mr. Hale's aloofness was melting beautifully. "What y' going to do now? Paint some more? Care if I watch?"

"Not at all. I just thought I'd catch that cloud effect, but it's moving so fast—"

She rummaged through an untidy pastel box and began to lay in flat foundation tones of sea and sky, working swiftly and using the palm of her hand and her fingertips in reckless fashion. Mr. Hale edged closer, fascinated. She glanced at him now and again from the corner of her eye. What a head! What a profile. The sketch grew; but the cloud bank broke up, and she stopped.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured.

Mr. Hale took the board from her and held it at arm's length.

"You've caught it, though," he said. "How—how clever! No!" He turned to her. "Not clever. It's divine! A gift like that! Making waves and clouds and sky, like—like God!"

Peggy looked at him, speechless. A vibrant note had crept into his voice, and a pulse of red swept the bronze of his cheek.

"Y' ought to 've seen it before sunrise this morning," he continued. "A funny pink, it was. Kind of dead. D' y' know that way it looks sometimes before the sun gets up? As if everything had stopped forever. What d' y' call that color—that dead sort of pink?"

"Ashes of roses?" managed Peggy.

"That's it. Miss Peggy, why is dawn so different from twilight? Why are the shadows so different? They stretch out just the same. Why is the feel of 'em so different?"

Peggy gulped. This was, indeed, a new angle on sailor consciousness.

"A growing light is different from a waning light," she was explaining; but Mr. Hale cut in.

"Yes, but that sort of thing doesn't hit the mark," he objected. "It's the feel of everything that's bothering me. Why is the waxing moon cheerful, and the waning moon sad? It's the same kind of reflected light, isn't it? Explanations don't explain. Don't you see? There must be something inside us—inside our souls, I mean, that tells us— Oh, don't you see? Twilight is mournful and dawn is hopeful, clear down in—in here, you know." He tapped his chest. "Why? I wonder."

Peggy was watching him intently. "Does it matter why?" she mused. "It's all there—the moon and the sunset and the dawn; it's there, and we can see it—and paint it. Isn't that good enough?"

The Mate shook his head. "No, no, it isn't, Miss Peggy. The things we see—they're just the top layer. You—you ought to understand," he added, reproachfully. "You're an artist."

"Yes," nodded Peggy, "and an artist's concerns are with the top layer."

"You don't mean that," said Mr. Hale slowly.

"Indeed, I do," Peggy laughed. "I'm not a bit of a mystic. Not a bit."

He shook his head again. "The top layer's very thin, Miss Peggy. Some day you'll find it out. 'Lift the stone and thou shalt find me.' Poets are wise. They know a lot. Artists, too." He smiled apologetically.

"And sailors," said Peggy. "Especially sailors."

An absent look crept into the blue eyes. "Well—I suppose a chap does get a bit dotty, maybe. The sea—she's a queer old girl."

"You've been at sea a long time?" Peggy was wondering how old he was. It was hard to tell. He was so weather-beaten; and the sea-weariness had touched him already. He might be thirty or thirty-five or younger or older. Perhaps she could make him tell her.

He did not seem to have heard her question, and she repeated it. He started. "I—oh, I was only eighteen when I cut loose. And I'm nearly thirty-two now."

"Are you sorry?"

The heavy straight brows drew together menacingly. "What makes you ask that?"

"I—just wondered," explained Peggy hastily. "Every sailor I know wishes he hadn't gone to sea. I can understand how that might be. It gets a grip on you, doesn't it? You aren't good for anything else."

"No," said Mr. Hale, looking away from her. "That's a fact. You aren't good for anything else."

Peggy gathered up her chalks. "Well, everything has its compensations, they say. If you weren't a sailor, you might not be a mystic." She watched the bronze of his face redden again. A fine idea, to lecture her! She laughed spitefully. The roving eyes came back.

"No fair calling names," grinned Mr. Hale.

The long sea days slid by. Peggy's expected electrical display arrived obligingly off the Florida Shoals, and she wasted a good deal of chalk and several boards in a vain endeavor to portray forked lightning in a satisfactory manner. She felt irritated with Florida, and was glad when the tantalizing shapes of palm trees faded from sight, and the "inverted bowl" of the sky shut down upon the tossing water. That night she saw witch-fire, sizzling about the ship's prow; the churned foam of the wash gleamed with a million tiny jewels, and overhead the stars throbbled, crowded together in the black velvet sky. And the waning moon, ragged and desolate, dragged herself up the awful curve of the east like a lost soul going to judgment. Yes—this was the Gulf.

In the morning, she looked out on a sea of glass: a deadly still, fearfully blue mirror, whose surface was unbroken by the faintest flicker from horizon to horizon. Over this sheet of paralyzed water, the Decatur slid like a phantom ship, accompanied only by a light whispering, as submissive little ripples folded

back to let her pass. It was very hot, a muggy, distressing heat; and, arguing from past experiences, Peggy decided that a storm was due; but the day passed uneventfully. Perhaps, she thought, Cap'n would let her get that sketch she had been wanting, from the crow's nest, after dinner. He had been fussy, this voyage, for some reason. She put out a feeler, as the ceremonial coffee and nuts appeared, and Captain Perry looked at her whimsically. "Sketch?" he mused. "Well——"

"I'll only take a dozen crayons and a wee board," Peggy assured him. "I can sling 'em round my neck, you know."

"One of the boys can take 'em up," interposed the Captain. "But——"

"No need," said Peggy quickly. "Do you mind, Cap'n? I haven't been aloft this trip."

"All right. Don't stay too long."

"It's still as a meadow," protested Peggy.

"Yes—but the dark comes so fast. And you've never been up in the dark."

"I'm not afraid."

"There'll be a wind later on." The humorous, tired eyes crinkled up. "I know you're not afraid, Miss Peggy, but don't stay too long."

Peggy emerged from her cabin twenty minutes later, attired in a close fitting jersey, a somewhat abbreviated riding skirt, and flat rubber-soled shoes. A little parcel was slung at her side, kodak-fashion. She passed Mr. Hale, walking pensively to and fro in the fore-castle, and he condescended to interrupt his "evening service," as the Chief called it, and nod to her. He had rather avoided her, she fancied, since their conversation on the boat deck. Perhaps he had decided that he did not approve of her; or he might have divined her artistic intentions regarding him. She was afraid he would get away from her. And—he was worth painting.

"Whither away?" he demanded now, taking in the details of her costume.

"Going aloft," Peggy responded laconically.

Mr. Hale grinned. "Good night," he said. "Pleasant dreams."

"I'm going to do the afterglow," elucidated Peggy, slightly miffed.

"Oh," said Mr. Hale.

"You get the whole sweep there," continued Peggy. "Maybe I'll scratch in a slice of fore-shortened deck or something."

"It'll be dark pretty quick."

"Well?"

"Watch your step."

Peggy tossed her head. "Pray for me," she flung at him flippantly, over her shoulder.

"I will," agreed the Mate.

"Thanks," said Peggy, sweetly.

"Don't mention it. But don't leave the whole job to me."

Peggy hesitated. "Wh—what—?"

"Pray for yourself," counseled Mr. Hale.

## II.

The crow's nest on the good ship Decatur is reached by means of iron rests let in the mast. These foot and hand holds are gaged to a man's easy reach, but to Peggy's little length each step meant a stretch. Two-thirds up, the rods begin to circle the mast, instead of being set one above the other; the last few stretches, then, are the most difficult, as it becomes necessary not only to stretch, but to lean sideways from the mast each time, in order to reach the next hold. It is no trick in a calm if one's head is steady, but with a sea running it is different. Peggy had qualified long ago as an able seaman, in Captain Perry's estimation, and she could not understand his "fussiness" this voyage. But sailors are queer mortals. Captain Larkin used to smell a storm, he said, long before the glass began to fall. Maybe Cap'n Perry had seen the rats going ashore, or something of that sort, before they left harbor. She laughed a little as she swung herself into the crow's nest. She had been tempted to coax Cap'n again to-night for permission to try for the cross-trees, but judged the moment unpropitious. She had often urged on him, without success, the lure of those perfectly straight and easy footholds that led to the tip-top—the glorious tip-top—of the mast.

"It's too high," he would explain patiently. "You don't realize how much higher it is. Stay in the crow's nest. You're safe there. Suppose you should get dizzy and fall?"

"I'm never dizzy," Peggy argued.

"It's too high," was all the satisfaction she could get. "Don't go beyond the crow's nest."

She cast a longing glance aloft now. How easy it would be. Just those few steps—and the sea like a meadow. Well—Cap'n had forbidden it, so of course——

She must hurry with her sketch, or the light would be gone. If she could get the bow in, somehow, and the flag-pole—that would show height, and give the impression she wanted. It would be a stunning thing if she could only get enough to work on later. Her stuff hadn't gone properly at all, this trip. That confounded Mate!

She looked down into the fore-castle. Mr. Hale was leaning against the rail, smoking. She was extraordinarily annoyed with him.

He had very nearly preached at her the other day, and to-night again. That was really too bad of him. He must be distressingly religious. It seemed in rather bad taste—didn't it? to bring things of that kind into—well, into the open. Of course, she, being a Catholic, was religious; but what was the use of letting it interfere with everything? Wasn't it better just to go along quietly and enjoy life? Surely she, Peggy, for example, was happier than when, years ago, she had been so dreadfully pious. The "top layer"! That expression stuck in her head. The Mate had put it cleverly; and, of course, it is true that the things we see are not everything, absolutely speaking. But we can see them and understand them. "The real is concrete," as the psychologists say.

She got out her chinks and set to work, but the afterglow faded rapidly. She struggled with the difficulties of her composition till it was too dark to see her colors, and put them away with a disappointed sigh as the night descended with a rush, and the stars began to crowd into their places once more. Another failure! She must be "hoodooed." She slung her sketch box across her shoulder and prepared to go down. She was in the act of stepping over the edge of the crow's nest when the "small voice" of temptation spoke suddenly and clearly at her ear. How easy, said the voice, how very easy it would be to make that long desired ascent to the cross-trees. The water couldn't be calmer; and it was so dark that she wouldn't be noticed, unless the officer on the bridge should happen to see her. But she would be very quick, and she would come right down again. And, of course, she would confess to Cap'n later and take her scolding. Cap'n wouldn't be cross when it was all safely over. She remembered how he had laughed in spite of himself when she had been inspired to take a short cut between decks, via the ladders, on a previous voyage. They were serving bouillon, she had told him, on the upper deck, and she was in a hurry to get some. Oh, she could manage Cap'n. This, to be sure, was a little different: it was flat disobedience. But there was no real reason why she shouldn't do it. It wasn't dangerous, at least, not for her. Cap'n was so fussy.

She slipped off the slight extra burden of the sketch box and pulled down her jersey. The little curls about her forehead blew back in a puff of wind as she began to climb. A breeze was coming up; yes, that was a cloud bank over there to the southeast. It would be cool to-night; there might be rain. She raised

her eyes to the black sweep of the cross-trees and began to go up quickly and steadily. It was farther than it looked, she found. Cap'n had been right. It was pretty high, after all. She glanced down through the dimness, and was seized with a tremor of doubt. How far below the security of the crow's nest seemed. Well, she was halfway there. She would go on.

She went on; she reached the cross-trees. She looked about her. How gorgeous it was! It—it wasn't so very high—not so very. But—but she had better not look down—not just now. Cap'n Larkin had always told her never to look down except when she was fenced in by the crow's nest. "Look up, and keep on climbing," was the one direction he had given her. How lonely it was up here. You had the sea and the stars all to yourself; there was nothing else between your soul and the great universe. It seemed, Peggy thought, as if the "top layer" that the Mate had talked of had been twitched away. She was beginning to understand what he meant; she might find the heart of things as she hung in the arms of the night. Secrets were ready to be told her, perhaps. God was very close. He was All Things. That was pantheism. No, it didn't fit the "top layer" idea. She wasn't a pantheist, of course. And the Mate—he would make a street preacher, with a little training. She chuckled to herself. Fancy working out life's mysteries under present circumstances, like St. Simon on his pillar. But St. Simon didn't appreciate the view. He was too busy worshipping God.

What was that? Her disjointed thoughts focused themselves upon a white line below the distant cloud bank. A long white line. A wave? The foam of a breaking wave? But there were no waves in such a calm as this. A gust of wind swept the rigging. Peggy felt a great swaying motion. The masthead dipped with the heave and roll of the ship. She clung with all her might. She was not so much afraid of her hand grip, as that her feet would shift their hold upon the little rod. The wind was coming up, and she had better get down. She wasn't frightened. But it was a long way to the crow's nest. She had better wait a minute. Perhaps the sea would grow quieter. As she looked out over the water, again, she saw not one, but several lines of white that gleamed in the darkness and disappeared. Whitecaps, she said aloud. Just white caps, that was all. But the wind was certainly rising.

Then it came. Peggy never knew just what

happened. She held on while a sound of roaring filled the ropes and spars, and the universe danced and spun. As in a dream, she saw a mass of white boil over the forecastle, and felt the shudder and shock that thrilled the mast. Ages went by. The stars were gone. The world was gone. There was nothing left anywhere but something that clung to something and was shaken to and fro in darkness and wind—something that must hold fast, that must not on any account let go of something it was holding. If it should, it would drop—drop down and smash the “top layer”—and then—

Was that a voice? A voice? Were there such things as voices? A voice. And somebody's name was Peggy. Why, of course, her name. Peggy was clinging to the mast, there was a wind blowing, and a voice was calling to her. The whirling cosmos came to a halt for Peggy, mentally, when she saw just by her right foot a face that look through the gloom and grinned a shadowy grin.

“Come on down,” said the voice of Mr. Hale, the Mate. “It's getting rough.”

The person whose name was Peggy heard a faint voice answer him.

“I—I c-can't.”

“Bosh!” retorted the voice of the Mate comfortingly severe. “Come on down. They're having cocoa in the smoking room.”

The human warmth of the picture stirred Peggy, but the faint voice faltered. “It's t-too dark. I c-can't see the rods.”

“Fiddlesticks! What d' y' need to see 'em for? Feel with your feet, and come on!”

Peggy took the advice and managed to let go with one of the clutching hands and to find the next rod, while the cautiously questing and numbed foot was grasped by a capable strong something that helpfully guided it to its haven on something solid miles down in a bottomless pit.

“That's it,” said the Mate, approvingly. “Come on. They're all having cocoa and hot buttered toast.”

When Peggy reached the foot of the mast, the revulsion came, taking the form of a violent irritation with her deliverer.

“It's not so very rough at all!” she cried. “Let go my hand! As if I cou-couldn't climb!”

And down she went, over the deck-house side, and was up the companionway and on the promenade deck before Mr. Hale reached her again. He sprang up the stairs and caught her by the arm just as a great black form reared itself to port; and the next that Peggy

knew she was staggering against the rail, while the water dripped from her clothes and hair.

“Not so very rough,” said Mr. Hale, wickedly. “Get along and change your clothes. I'll send up somebody with something hot.”

The Decatur plunged and careered, rising on mountainous waves to survey the surrounding scenery and diving into subterranean valleys to mediate on suicide; anon, swashing and rolling drunkenly along, her cordage singing like a hundred giant violincellos. Peggy was enough of a sailor, however, to know that the vessel stood in no particular danger at the moment; and when she had taken off her wet clothes and made way with the promised “something hot,” she decided that her berth looked more than inviting. She was just about to switch off the light, and turn in when a tap at her window startled her.

“I say, Miss Peggy,” said the intruder.

Peggy dived into her negligee and slid back the shutter; and the face of Mr. Hale was revealed.

“Here's your stuff,” he remarked, handing her the forgotten sketch box. “I was afraid of rain, and I thought I'd better fetch it down.”

Peggy stammered incoherent thanks.

“You're all right, aren't you?” proceeded the Mate, resting his arms on the window sill as one prepared for a sociable chat. “My word, you did have a good scare, though.”

“Oh——” Peggy felt herself flushing. “It was nice of you. I'm a nuisance. Who saw me first?”

“Second officer. He'd just come on watch when the wind puffed. At first, he thought it was a man doing something to the masthead light, and then he saw your skirt blowing.”

“Oh!—And then——?”

“Oh, then I went up. My word! I wouldn't be in your shoes, to-morrow!”

“W—will Cap'n——”

“Well, if you weren't a girl, I pretty near believe you'd be—er—trounced, you know,” stated Mr. Hale, amiably. “He's mad as a hatter. Did you get the sketch, by the way?”

“N—not much,” faltered Peggy.

“Scared of the Old Man?” queried the Mate, abruptly.

“I—er—no,” lied Peggy, bravely.

“What y' going to tell him?”

“Nothing. What is there to tell?”

“What made you do it?”

“Oh, I don't know. Just wanted to.”

“Well, that's good enough, I guess.” Mr. Hale laughed a little. “See here,” he added, “tell him I dared you. Tell him it was my fault. That ought to help some.”

Peggy stared. "Wh—what will he say to you?"

"I don't know. I guess I can stand it."

Peggy drew a sharp breath. "Good gracious, my dear man, I can't do a thing like that! What gave you such a notion?"

"Oh, I don't know. You were—you were a plucky little beggar. S'pose you'd fallen?"

A chill shuddered along Peggy's spine. Her knees felt queer. She stuck out her chin, therefore, and laughed. "Well, I wouldn't have been here now, would I? Or, if I were here, I'd probably be somewhat damaged. I—er—I hope you prayed for me, Mr. Mate."

The face in the square of blackness beyond the window frame wore an odd look. "I did," said Mr. Hale.

"Th—thanks," returned Peggy, a bit doubtful of her ground.

"My God!" burst out the Mate, "you were near death, girl. Don't you know you're lucky to be here, warm and safe and whole?"

Peggy made an inarticulate sound. A cold fury had leaped into the eyes of the astonishing young man. "A slip," he cried, "a misstep—and where would you've been?"

Peggy gulped, but no satisfactory words occurred to her.

"Life—and death," the Mate went on, sternly. "Life—and death. Just a breath to divide them. A slip—a bit of lead—a knife—one of a thousand tiny things that can happen—and where are you? And we face it every day—" he broke off. "I'm frightening you," he said, in a different tone. "I'm a brute. I—I beg your pardon, Miss Peggy."

"Y—you seem to think I wou—wouldn't have got on very well," stammered Peggy, "if—if I'd g-gone out." She giggled, hysterically. The Mate was decidedly upsetting. She wasn't accustomed to sailors who looked in your cabin window on a stormy night and insinuated, none too politely, that your soul might be in imminent danger.

The Mate looked hard at her. "I don't know exactly what your philosophy may be," he said. "You pagans are a queer outfit. For my part—"

"Pagan?" Peggy stiffened instantly. "Excuse me, Mr. Hale. You're making a little mistake. I'm—a Roman Catholic!"

"You!" The intent blue eyes grew wide and dark. "You—a Catholic? A *Catholic?* You?"

"Why not?" snapped Peggy. Really, this was too much. "Please don't lecture me on the 'Scarlet Woman' to-night. I've had about enough. Save the balance of your sermon for

to-morrow." She laid a hand on the shutter, but he shook the tawny head impatiently.

"You don't understand," he said. "I'm—I'm a Catholic myself." He paused a moment longer; then the window frame was empty.

"Good night," said an impersonal voice somewhere in the outer darkness.

The Decatur weathered the displeasure of the Gulf, whose evil temper quieted at day-break; and after breakfast, Peggy, feeling somewhat chastened, sought an interview with Captain Perry.

She was treated to the scolding of her life. She stood, twisting her fingers together, while the Captain sat judiciously in his armchair and made remarks. He ended by rising up and pinching her ears paternally, half in anger, half in forgiveness. "I knew something was going to happen on this voyage," he cried. "You monkey, don't you know you're lucky to be alive this morning?"

Peggy winced and laughed uneasily. "Th—that's what Mr. Hale said," she murmured. "He—he got quite excited. He s-seemed to be anxious about my eternal salvation or something. I'd no idea he was so—so very religious."

Captain Perry smiled. "Well," he said, "Mr. Hale takes things rather seriously. He's a Catholic; and they have queer ways of looking at these matters."

Peggy cast a sidelong glance at the tall figure. "But—but I'm a Catholic too, Cap'n. Didn't you know?"

The Captain looked down at her. "You? A Catholic? No, I didn't know. You—you're not a bit like a Catholic, Miss Peggy."

The Mate hunted her out, a few hours later, where she sat in a heap aft the funnels, blistering her neck and arms in a patch of blazing sunlight, and building a derrick, a railing with the sea beyond, and a corner of glaring white deck-house, seen in perspective below.

He dropped down beside her. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "It's hot! How can you stand it?"

"I'm trying to get used to it," said Peggy. "I thought it just as well, all things considered."

The Mate grinned. "Don't" he begged. "I—I was a pup, last night. But—but you had me scared Nile green."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Peggy airily. "I've no doubt I shall profit greatly by it. What a pity the voyage must end so soon. You might make a saint of me, given time enough."

Mr. Hale sighed. "You're the funniest girl I ever saw," he said, meditatively. "You know so much—and so little."

"Cryptic, to say the least," remarked Peggy, blowing pastel dust frantically. "You better move farther along. You'll get all chalky."

"I like chalk," said the Mate.

Peggy slashed away at her derrick. "I— I'm awfully obliged to you for—for last night, you know," she said, presently. "I really am."

"Don't mention it," said the Mate.

"Prayers and all," added Peggy. "P'raps it was the prayers that— How in the created world did you ever happen to be a sailor, Mr. Hale?"

"Why not?" demanded the Mate, flushing.

"Oh, I know. But—but—" she hesitated.

"Well," he said, slowly, "that was it. The created world."

Peggy turned to look at him.

"That was it. Just that—the created world. I was in love—in love with life, and with her —" He swept an expressive arm seaward. "I was in love with her, and I gave her— everything! She took it all and laughed at me. She—she's a treacherous old lady. Don't trust her too far, Miss Peggy."

"And—and then—?" urged Peggy.

"Well, then—then, when she had me tied up, fast and tight,—then she wanted my soul, too. And—and I said, 'No.' She's been fighting for it ever since. Ah! She's a wicked old lady!"

Peggy sat silent.

"It's easy to be a pagan," the Mate went on. "The moon's there, and we can see it—it's a pretty philosophy. Yes, don't I know—don't I know how the sea and the sky and the stars and the sun are just—well, just enough, somehow? Oh, that beautiful top layer! But—listen, girl dear. Suppose—suppose you hadn't been drowned, last night, or squashed to death, falling on the deck; suppose you'd just been banged up—crippled—broken. What would be left? You couldn't paint, any more. Maybe

you'd be blind, even, and couldn't see the moon and the clouds and the water. What then? What would be left?"

Peggy watched him, her heart beginning to beat uncomfortably.

"Isn't that enough?" The blue eyes were darkening in that curious compelling fashion they had. "Isn't that enough? Even forgetting death and what comes after—isn't life, and what can happen here, enough to show you that you can't get on without God? We think we can face death without Him—Why, we can't even face life—not for an hour—if we stop to think it out a bit. I—I—Excuse me, please, Miss Peggy. I—I shouldn't talk to you like this. Don't look so sober."

Peggy caught her breath. "I—I feel sober," she said.

"I'm sorry. I've been awfully rude, haven't I?"

"I wouldn't call it that," murmured Peggy.

"You—you scared me so last night, you know," said the Mate. "I—Oh, Miss Peggy—"

Peggy lifted her eyes, and dropped them quickly.

"Miss Peggy—Miss Peg— Oh! I'm a cad. A sailor has no right to—no right to ask.— A sailor shouldn't expect.— Off at sea all the time, you know—and no good for anything else.—And women get so lonely—"

"I don't," whispered Peggy, "not so very."

"Peggy!"

"And I'm n-not afraid of b-bees, either.— Look out, you're spilling all my chalks!"

"Peggy—darling!"

"And if you want a farm, and—and beehives, you can have them, p'raps. And—and I won't be jealous of *her*!"

The old sea tossed, and murmured a protest, but Peggy threw her a conciliating kiss.

"You're a dear old lady," said Peggy, "and I won't have you slandered!"

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# Missions

## FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

### CHAPTER XXIII

*The New Fr. Custodio—His Verdadera Relacion—Historians Confused—Fr. Perea's Narrative—Death of Fr. Gonzales—On the Jornada del Muerto—At Santa Fe—Missionaries Assigned—The Jumanas—The Apaches—The New Governor—At Acoma—The Governor's Edict—At Zuni—The Country—Superstitions—The Estufa—Why Rattlesnakes Were Kept—The Indians—How the Friars Were Received—Object of Their Coming.*

**I**N a previous chapter it was related that Fr. Custodio Benavides petitioned the king of Spain to send thirty additional Franciscan friars to labor among the natives of New Mexico; and that King Philip IV granted the request and in November, 1627, directed the viceroy of Mexico to have the Province of the Holy Gospel at the Capital supply the required number of missionaries for the territory named. Fr. Estevan de Perea was accordingly appointed custodio to succeed Fr. Alonso Benavides, who was called to Spain in order to report to the king in person. Fr. Benavides, however, did not leave New Mexico until some months after the arrival of his successor, as is clear from a statement he makes in his *Memorial* when speaking of the Conversion of the Navajo Apaches. "Now, in the month of September of the past year, 1629," he writes, "it pleased our Lord that I should pacify them etc."<sup>1</sup>

Fr. Perea, the new Custodio, drew up a report of his journey to New Mexico under the title *Verdadera Relacion—True Narrative*, the first part of which was printed at Sevilla in 1632, and the second part at the same place in 1633. Modern writers, including Bancroft, seem to have been ignorant of the existence of this work; for they have Perea in New Mexico at various periods. Even Bancroft makes Fr. Perea succeed Fr. Peinado as Custodio in 1614.<sup>2</sup> Yet all might have been able to give the correct date, if they had followed Vetancourt, who states plainly enough that Fr. Perea left Old Mexico for New Mexico in 1628.<sup>3</sup>

Fr. Perea's most valuable *Verdadera Rela-*

*cion* was for the first time published in English, so far as is known, by Mr. Charles Lummis in his *Land of Sunshine*, November and December, 1901. Not being in possession of the original, we are obliged to follow this quaint version, which, owing to the fact that the translator was not familiar with Catholic customs, and with Franciscan terminology, is quite unintelligible at times to the ordinary reader. Lummis tried to be quite literal, and this necessitates some reconstruction of the version. However, we shall be able to secure a clear story by treating the translation somewhat freely.

"From this City of Mexico, on the 4th of September, 1628, set out twelve soldiers, nineteen priests, and two lay brothers, religious of St. Francis, in company with Fr. Custodio Estevan de Perea. The friars were sent from the Province of the Holy Gospel with the allowance and at the expense of his Majesty. With these religious went also nine others of the same Province of the Holy Gospel and at its own expense. They all went forth with exalted courage and spirit, ready for any hardship, péril, opprobrium, and affront, for the purpose of making known the Name of Jesus Christ. They proceeded together harmoniously and reached the Valley of San Bartolome, where they were refreshed by the people and provided with certain comforts that had been lacking. A mishap occurred here. Thirty of the mules ran away, and only fifteen were recovered. On the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, April 7, 1629, all reached the Rio Grande del Norte. The Indians of the country treated the travellers hospitably during the three days that man and beast rested there. It is very probable that the expedition crossed the Rio Grande at or near what is El Paso, for

<sup>1</sup> "Ahora por el mes de Setiembre del año pasado de 1629 fue nuestro servido que los pacifique, etc."—*Ayer* Edition, p. 130.

<sup>2</sup> *History of New Mexico*, p. 158.

<sup>3</sup> *Teatro Mexicano*, cap, III, no. 23.



the narrative states that from there the party proceeded up the river to a place called Robledo. A day's journey before they arrived there, one of the Fathers, Fr. Martin Gonzalez, died. His death was very much lamented; yet he was envied, says Fr. Perea, for his great virtue. The Father probably succumbed to the hardships of the road; and no wonder, for the expedition was now on the famous and appropriately named *Jornada del Muerto*—*Journey of the Dead*, which lay east of the Rio Grande between Fray Cristobal and Robledo, or the vicinity of what later became Fort Seldon, opposite 'Cerro Roblado' on modern maps, sixty miles above El Paso. . . . This desert route was the terror of all travellers, and many a life has gone in an endeavor to cross the inhospitable stretch of eighty miles."<sup>4</sup>

The weary wanderers at last reached the town of Santa Fe, says Fr. Perea, who was one of them, and at the monastery gave heartfelt thanks to God, and praise to the Seraphic Father St. Francis for the favors they had received through his intercession on the long journey.

The Fathers then celebrated their Chapter, because when they arrived, it was Pentecost Sunday, which in that year fell on the 3rd of June. The religious were assigned to the respective Indian pueblos and white settlements, and given the allowance granted them by the king. The Fathers Antonio de Arteaga, Francisco de la Concepcion, Thomas de San Diego, formerly lector of theology, Francisco Letrado, Diego de la Fuente, Francisco de Azebedo, and the lay brothers Garcia de San Francisco and Diego de San Lucas, were assigned to the nations of Jumanas, Piroas and Tompiros all still pagans.

"These Indians," says Fr. Perea, "received the religious with tokens of great joy. Preaching to them through the interpreters whom they had brought along, the friars instructed and catechized the natives in the mysteries of our holy Faith with the result that these gentiles begged for the holy waters of Baptism."

To the nation of the Apaches of Quinia and Manases went the Fathers Bartolome Romero, lector of theology, and Francisco Muñoz. Inasmuch as this was the first expedition to that warlike nation, Don Francisco de Sylva<sup>5</sup>, the governor of these provinces went along escorting them with twenty soldiers. The precaution

proved unnecessary, as the Apaches received the missionaries with joy and later desired to be baptized, which of course was not done until the petitioners had been sufficiently instructed. The governor, therefore, returned to Santa Fe, and left the zealous friars with their dusky charges.

The journey was then arranged for the crag of Acoma, and for the provinces of Zuñi and Moqui, as Fr. Perea relates. With ten wagons and three hundred horses in charge of thirty soldiers, the expedition set out to instal Fathers Roque de Figueredo, Francisco de Porras, Andres Gutierrez, Augustin de Cuellar, and the lay brothers Francisco de San Buenaventura and Cristobal de la Concepcion. They were accompanied by Fr. Custos Estevan de Perea and his companion, Fr. Thomas Manso, who was the procurator of the friars. The march was begun on June 23<sup>o</sup>, 1629. Acoma, thirty-six leagues west of Santa Fe, as Fr. Perea says, was reached safely, and at this stronghold Fr. Juan Ramirez was stationed. With their escort the missionaries in due time arrived at Zuñi, computed by Fr. Perea to be fifty-six leagues from Santa Fe. Here they were received "with festive applause." In return, the governor issued the wise edict that no soldier should enter a house of the pueblo nor aggrrieve the Indians under penalty of his life, "as it is a settled fact that with suavity and mildness an obstinate mind can be better reclaimed than with violence and rigor". The country is level and fertile, Fr. Perea writes, "abounding in water, agreeable with green fields, shady with groves of ilexes, pines, piñon trees, and wild grape vines. All the Indians of this settlement very much practice superstitious idolatry. They have their temples with painted idols of stone and of wood, where only the priests can enter, and these by some trap doors which they have on top of the terrace. They also have gods in the mountains, the rivers, the fields, and in their houses—as is related of the Egyptians—for they give to each one its particular protection.

"Here the Spaniards saw a notable thing. It was an enclosure of wood, and in it many rattlesnakes which, vibrating their tongues, hissing and leaping, were as menacing as the bull in the arena. Our men desired to know the object of having these serpents imprisoned, and they were told that with their venom the Indians poisoned their arrows so that the

<sup>4</sup>Hodge, note 16 to Ayer's *Benavides*, p. 213.

<sup>5</sup>Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto succeeded Don Felipe Zotzilo as governor of New Mexico. He may have led the expedition that brought up the Franciscans under Fr. Perea.

<sup>6</sup>Hodge, Ayer's *Benavides*, p. 202, has June 22. Both Hodge and Lummis translate *Paseua del Espiritu Santo* with *Easter*, which would have caused the trip from the Rio Grande to be made in one week.

wounds inflicted on their enemies became incurable. These Indians have a sort of political government, and their pueblos have streets and contiguous houses like those in Spain. The women dress in cotton cloth, and the men in buckskin and leather. The country abounds in corn, beans, squashes, and every kind of venison. In order to make these people understand the veneration which was due the priests, whenever Indians appeared, the governor and the soldiers, falling on their knees, would kiss the feet of the friars, and they would caution the Indians to do the same, which they did.

"A house was purchased to lodge the religious who was to stay there, and this at once also constituted the first church of the province, where next day was celebrated the first holy Mass. The standard of the triumphant Cross was raised, and possession was taken as well in the name of the Roman See as in that of the Crown of Spain. This act was greeted with shouts and salvos on the part of the soldiers. Fr. Roque de Figueredo pleaded very much for permission to stay and to convert those gentiles. He is well known in this dominion for his prudence, virtue, and learning; and he is endowed with many graces, especially that of knowing how to administer to these Indians. He is also eminent in the ecclesiastical chant, counterpoint and plain; and dextrous with the instruments of the choir, organ, bassoon, and cornet. He preached many years

in the Mexican (Aztec) tongue and in Metalzinga, so that he is quick to learn any difficult language. He was one of the councillors (definidores) of the Province of the Holy Gospel, and he was regarded with especial love and respect."

As the presence of the governor was more necessary at the headquarters (Santa Fe) than in that place, he arranged to return with the Fr. Custodio and his associate. He took leave of the holy religious with much regret. With Fr. Roque, however, remained Fr. Augustin de Cuellar, the lay brother Fr. Francisco de la Madre de Dios, and three soldiers. Very soon Fr. Roque assembled the Indians of the pueblo, which was called Zibola, the chief town of the group, and by means of interpreters he informed the Indians of the object of his coming. This was to free them from the slavery of the demon and from the dense darkness of their idolatry, and to make them dwellers of the Great House above. He spoke to them of the coming of the Son of God into the world for that very same purpose. The natives listened with marked attention, as they seemed to be intelligent people, and they began at once to minister to the religious, bringing them water, wood and whatever was necessary. In this prosperous condition the affairs at Zuñi continued, as will be related in the proper place. Thus Fr. Custos Perea concludes the first part of his interesting account.

## MISSION CROSSES

BY FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

(Continued)

ALMOST three months had elapsed since the departure of Don Fernando Rivera for San Diego. All this while, the destruction of the mission and the plight of the Fathers and of their neophytes had been the ever recurring topic of conversation among the missionaries on the Rio Carmelo. Great was their joy, when Sunday afternoon, March 10, shortly after divine services, a message arrived from the neighboring presidio of Monterey with the glad tidings that Colonel Don Juan Bautista Anza and his San Francisco expedition had just reached the presidio; that on the following day high Mass would be celebrated in thanksgiving; and that the Fathers of the

mission might come over to take part in the celebration.

"Now we shall get reliable news about San Diego," Fr. Palou exclaimed.

"Yes," Fr. Serra replied, his countenance radiant with joy, "and what is more, before long you and Fr. Cambon will be surrounded by scores of neophytes at mission San Francisco."

"I hope so," the other returned; "we have been waiting for that these two years."

Early next morning, when the first streaks of light flecked the horizon, the Fr. Presidente with three of the missionaries and a number of trusty neophytes set out on foot for the presidio. Eager expectation lent wings to their feet; and

before the sun shone in full splendor in the cloudless sky, they had covered the five miles and found Colonel Anza and Fr. Font waiting for them. The warm exchange of greetings, the devotion with which Fr. Font sang the high Mass, and the fervor with which in his sermon he reminded his hearers of what they owed to God for their safe arrival—all this can be better imagined than described.

When holy Mass was over and the Fathers were preparing to go back to the mission, Colonel Anza called Fr. Serra aside.

"Father Presidente," he began, "may I ask a favor of you?"

"Ask a favor, Senor?" the missionary smiled. "No; command me."

"You see," Anza explained, "the quarters here at the presidio are not sufficient for all the soldiers and immigrants. Could you perhaps lodge Fr. Font and me with a few of my soldiers at the mission?"

"Colonel, you are most welcome. Only, as to the soldiers—it is a matter—"

"I fully understand," Anza fell in. "But you needn't fear; I shall be very careful whom I select."

"Very well. We will return and make the necessary preparations."

That same afternoon, Colonel Anza, Fr. Font, and a number of veteran soldiers passed through the beautiful valley to San Carlos Mission. Tears came to the eyes of Fr. Font when on nearing the mission he beheld two of the Fathers and a crowd of neophytes coming to meet them. Amid the joyous peals of the church bells and the loud cheers of the Indians, they stepped into the spacious courtyard. Vested in surplice and stole, Fr. Serra waited at the church door to receive them according to the ceremonies prescribed in the ritual of the Church. After offering the colonel holy water and handing him the crucifix to kiss, he conducted the visitors into the church, where the colonel took the place of honor prepared for him. When all were seated, the Fr. Presidente bade Anza and his party a hearty welcome and voiced his assurance that through their courage and perseverance the viceroy's orders as to the proposed missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara would soon be executed. Then he intoned the *Te Deum* in which all the Fathers and soldiers joined. These solemnities made a deep impression on the Indians. It was Fr. Serra's way of imbuing them with due reverence for rightful authority.

Late that night, Fr. Presidente and Fr. Font were still engaged in earnest conversation.

"As I said, your Reverence, conditions at San Diego are simply intolerable. Lack of every comfort, insolent and unruly soldiers, an arrogant and spiteful comandante—the poor Fathers—my heart bled when the moment came to leave them. But it is good that I left; else you would never have heard the full story."

Again Fr. Serra heaved a deep sigh. In vain he tried to hide the anguish that his confrère's report awakened in his heart.

"You say Fr. Fuster is feeling better?" he at length ventured.

"Yes," replied Fr. Font. "Prayer, no doubt, and the cheering sympathy of Fathers Lasuen and Amurrio are gradually healing the wound."

"Well, my dear Father, the picture you have drawn of conditions at San Diego is surely a gloomy one. Between you and me, however, things are not worse than I feared they would be. Rivera's demeanor at the time of his departure three months ago gave me reason to fear that there would be trouble. But let us trust in God. Perhaps by this time the comandante has changed his mind and his tactics. He has called for more soldiers, you know."

"Yes; but not for the purpose you have in mind—the restoration of the mission. No, Father Presidente, hunting down the terrified Indians and plying the lash till blood flows is all he thinks of. Moreover, I am inclined to believe that his efforts to detain Colonel Anza at San Diego were not at all prompted by fear of another Indian rebellion."

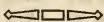
Fr. Serra started; had his confrère noticed also this feature of Rivera's strange conduct?

"But in this he shall not have his way," Fr. Font insisted. "You may take it for granted that Anza will carry out the viceroy's orders to the letter, and that before long a presidio and a mission will be established at San Francisco Bay. Rivera is aware of this; and I am willing to wager anything that he will yet take steps to delay what he can no longer prevent."

Fr. Font was right. About the middle of that week, Lieutenant Moraga informed the colonel, who was sick in bed at the mission, that a letter had just arrived from Don Fernando Rivera directing the immigrants to construct dwellings for themselves at Monterey and to postpone their journey to San Francisco until a presidio could be established there. Needless to say, Anza was annoyed at this unwarranted interference, and immediately he addressed a reply to the meddling comandante telling him that his strange orders had caused consternation among the immigrants;



## God's Troubadour



His lute called soft to the answering stars  
In that olden, golden day,  
And the dusky streets of the Umbrian town  
Re-echoed his roundelay.

Companioned by a merry throng,  
In quest of joy and cheer,  
Gayest of all that care-free band  
Was Francis, the cavalier.

Joyous of soul—yet to earth enchained,  
Held by things that pass away;  
And life—'twas naught but a festive dance,  
A swinging, chiming lay.

Came a day when above the lilting lute,  
The feast, and the merry jest,  
A noble Form, thorn-twined the brow,  
Beside him closely pressed.

And a Voice—ne'er melody so sweet,  
Stole soft through the revelry;  
Deep thrilled his soul: "Come, Francis, come,  
My troubadour to be!"

No more 'neath the glow of the friendly stars  
He roams in his happy glee,  
Nor the slumbering streets or the dew-sweet lanes,  
Wake to his minstrelsy.

For a higher quest his steps allure,  
And he lilts a ballad new,  
With voice to nobler strains attune,—  
Of the One, Eternal, True.

The bliss of pain and the gain of loss  
And the wealth of a life denied;  
Now he treads the trails of high romance,  
With Poverty, his bride.

Lo! a world a-thrill with his glad refrain,  
Men's souls with grace imbued;  
Pauper and prince to his standard press,—  
The face of the earth renewed.

—Catherine M. Hayes.

that, moreover, the four missionaries, who had been waiting two years at San Carlos, were disgusted and would apply for permission to retire to their College in Mexico, if the proposed missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara were not established very soon. "As for myself," the Colonel added, "you must know that I am under direct and immediate obedience of the viceroy. Wherefore, I shall proceed to the port of San Francisco and establish the presidio, as his Excellency has enjoined on me. If you can not at present join in the enterprise, you may well place the matter in the hands of Lieutenant Moraga. If such does not meet your approval, I will gladly postpone my return to Sonora until the viceroy's instructions are executed. On my return from the north, I trust your reply to these presents will be waiting for me here at Monterey. May God have you many years in His keeping. March 17, 1776."

Five days later, on March 22, Colonel Anza, Fr. Font, and seventeen soldiers and servants departed for San Francisco Bay. After traveling a week, they came to a site near the bay which they deemed suitable for one of the proposed missions. This was on Friday, March 29; and in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows, whose feast was celebrated that day, they called the place Arroyo de los Dolores. Then, after rounding the bay, they began the return march, and on Easter Monday, April 8, they reached Monterey. The Colonel was sorely disappointed when he learned that as yet no reply had come from Rivera. He waited five days; but in vain. Finally, on April 13, he and Fr. Font bade farewell to the Fathers at San Carlos Mission and returned to the presidio. From here, on the following afternoon, they set out with a military escort on their long journey to Sonora. They passed the night at Buenavista, some fifteen miles from Monterey. The next morning, they resumed their march, but had proceeded only a few miles when, to the surprise of all, Sergeant Gongora, whom the Colonel had previously despatched with letters to Rivera, came dashing up the road.

"Letters from the comandante, Colonel," he panted.

"How? From Rivera? Where did you meet him?"

"Up in the mountains, near Mission San Antonio."

"Then he is bound for Monterey."

"Very likely. But something must be wrong. I never saw the comandante in such a rage. I hardly recognized him. And when I

handed him your letters, he pocketed them indifferently and gave me these and said coldly, 'For Captain Anza,' emphasizing the title 'Captain.'"

"Well, I wonder what is the matter now," Anza mused, trying to hide his indignation. "Didn't Senor Rivera read my letters?"

"Not in my presence," the sergeant replied. "But you will soon meet him, I presume. He is coming up this road."

The Colonel was nonplused when he opened the package and found that the letters were replies to his of March 17. "Such a piteous lack of military subordination and self-discipline," he cried. "I never saw the like. Like touchwood! He resents my going to found the presidio at San Francisco and bluntly refuses permission. The viceroy's orders seem to have no weight with him, at all."

An hour later, Rivera and his escort appeared. Anza was filled with anger and disgust at sight of him. But he restrained his feelings.

"Buenos dias, Senor," he greeted. "How are you?"

"Quite well, only for the pain in my right thigh."

"Rheumatism, I suppose," the Colonel ventured. "You have my sympathy."

"Thank you, Don Juan. A Dios!" and giving his horse the reins, the erratic officer passed on. This was too much for the colonel.

"Señor," he shouted after him, "you may send your reply to my letter to Mexico or whithersoever you please."

"'Tis well," Rivera snapped back and continued in the direction of Monterey, which he reached about noon.

Fr. Serra was in the chapel instructing the Indian children when Fr. Murguia entered and handed him a sealed note. Dismissing the children, he accompanied his confrère into the adjoining room, which served as sacristy.

"From the comandante?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes," the other answered, "the soldier told me he arrived at the presidio this noon."

"Why, he wishes to see me at the presidio immediately on important business."

"But he could just as well come down, couldn't he?" Fr. Murguia remarked.

"He would do so, he says, but for his sore leg."

Without delay, the Fr. Presidente and three of the missionaries took the road northward, and after two hours they arrived at the presidio. Rivera was quite agitated when he opened the door and admitted them into his apartment.

"These letters are from the Fathers at San Diego," he said, making an effort to smile. "As you notice, the seals are broken. It happened accidentally. The letters were not read, however. On this I am willing to take an oath, if necessary."

"'Tis well, Don Fernando, 'tis well," Fr. Serra replied in a friendly tone. "Tell us how matters stand at San Diego. Ever since your departure, that question has been the constant burden of our thoughts and conversations."

Rivera winced. If ever in his life he had felt the weight of guilt it was at this moment, standing face to face with a man whose sincerity and good will he had so often trifled with.

"Has Fr. Fuster fully recovered from the shock?" Fr. Serra continued. "Have they begun to restore the mission?"

"Well, Padre Presidente," Rivera began nervously, "I might as well tell you. In fact, it is this that brought me here and had me summon you—I am excommunicated."

"Don Fernando!" Fr. Serra gasped, while the others fell back in mute amazement. "Excommunicated? By whom, if I may ask, and for what?"

"By the Fathers at San Diego. But be seated, and you shall hear all."

Then the comandante related what had happened.

"Were you sure," Serra began quietly, "that the Indian Carlos had taken part in the rebellion?"

"He himself confessed it."

"And Fr. Fuster refused to hand him over to justice."

"Yes."

"Even after you had requested him in writing to do so?"

"Precisely," the officer replied after a moment's reflection. But he felt the ground slipping from under him and added hastily, "the Fathers invoked the right of sanctuary. With what justice, I fail to see. The place where the Indian took refuge is a warehouse and no church."

"Ah, I see," Fr. Serra returned. The truth was beginning to dawn on him. "But, Senor," he continued, "on this last point I must disagree with you. The warehouse, I understand, had been set aside for divine services in default of a more suitable place. Hence it had to be regarded as a church vested with all the rights and privileges that canon law provides for such an edifice."

"Such is not Fr. Lasuén's view, however.

Only a few days before the incident, he told me that the warehouse was no church." The shrewd comandante was playing his last card. But he found his equal in the saintly and humble friar before him.

"Then Fr. Lasuén erred," came the quiet reply. "Or he probably meant that the place was unfit for a church."

"No matter what he meant; he said it," and a menacing look flashed from the eyes of Rivera who till then had succeeded in hiding his anger.

Not wishing to widen the breach that already existed between himself and the relentless comandante, Fr. Serra smothered the retort he had on his lips.

"Well, Senor," he said calmly, "you realize that this is a serious matter and needs time for reflection. But I shall give it immediate attention."

With this he and his three confrères departed and hastened back to the mission.

That same evening the Fr. Presidente addressed the following note to Rivera:

"Senor:—After carefully reading the reports of the Fathers at San Diego and after consulting the Fathers here at Mission San Carlos, I find it to be my painful duty to inform you that I can not but approve both the protest and the subsequent procedure of Fr. Vicente Fuster, inasmuch as he in both cases acted most strictly in accordance with the law that obtains in all Spanish dominions. It is not in my power, therefore, to free your Honor from the ban you are under. In fact, nothing can be done in the matter as long as the Indian refugee is not restored to the church. This done, however, Fr. Vicente Fuster possesses full power and authority to absolve your Honor, so that there will be no further need for me to interfere. May God have you many years in His keeping. Your Honor's friend and servant,

"Fr. Junipero Serra."

Needless to say, this straightforward reply infuriated the comandante. He had hoped to wrest from the Fr. Presidente, whose kindness and forbearance he well knew, a decision in his favor. But he had much to learn of the friar's true character. On the following Friday, April 19, Don Fernando selected a bodyguard and departed for San Diego.

(To be concluded)



# Christian Home Women's Dept.

Conducted by GRACE STRONG

## NEW FIELDS FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN

THE Catholic Ladies of Columbia, a fraternal society, with insurance and sick benefit features, at its convention in Cincinnati last August, adopted a set of resolutions, which are of interest to all Catholic women, outlining, as they do, work in which all may have a part. If our societies and sodalities for women and girls throughout the land were to engage in an active campaign against any or all the evils pointed out in these resolutions, and for the furtherance of the good they pledge their members to assist, it would not be long until a new order of things would prevail. And who should do this if not Catholic women? Yet to our shame we must admit that Catholic women, instead of being leaders, are only followers, if indeed they take any interest in forward movements at all.

Take that one sentence concluding the resolution on immodest attire—a subject which should make a special appeal to women readers of the *HERALD*—“We realize that as soon as women take a decided stand against immodest dress, a reform in style will of necessity follow.” Is there any gainsaying that statement? When we want a thing and want it badly enough to make a fight for it, we are going to get it. The passage of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is a case in point.

If the Catholic women of every walk of life refuse to wear immodest styles, those styles will be changed, and with them will be associated a large number of sensible and modest non-Catholic girls and women, and their united strength will bring the change more speedily.

The resolution on the divorce evil, also deserves special attention. There are those Catholics who say the Church's stand on divorce protects us: why bother about the outsiders? Because we are not living in a world of our own. We are all citizens of one commonwealth, and we have a duty to protect it from the evil that strikes the deadliest blow at the home, the foundation of the state. Be-

sides, some Catholics do get divorces, do remarry; and we are our brother's keeper. Nor should we grow discouraged, seeing this or any evil so widespread, so strongly entrenched. What evil ever stood stronger than the evil of liquor? Prohibition was the laughing stock of the world. But to-day the saloons are converted into bakeries, eating houses into shops; and the breweries and distilleries are standing empty or are being torn down to make place for factories.

When we see what has been accomplished in less than half a lifetime, the splendid forward strides that have been made in our own country, how can we be discouraged in our fight against any evil? And who should lead in this fight against divorce if not Catholics? Catholic blood drenched the British Isles, and Catholics have suffered the world over since because the Church did not hesitate once and for all time to say what God has joined man can not sever.

One further word, and we leave you to the reading of the resolutions promulgated by the Catholic Ladies of Columbia. Note the paragraph relating to the industrial injustice from which women suffer. Do not leave the amelioration of these conditions to others. Our own Catholic women suffer equally from that injustice; let them find in us staunch supporters in their effort to secure their industrial rights. Let not your protection make you insensible to the need of others.

## THE RESOLUTIONS

We realize that woman's most important and most sacred sphere of activity is the home, and we gladly consecrate ourselves anew to this all-important work entrusted to us by Jesus Christ.

Experience has shown that fraternal insurance, as conducted by our organization, is productive of much good; that it is a powerful means for banding women together; that it cultivates habits of thrift; that it helps to relieve want at critical periods, and that sick benefits in particular offer splendid opportunities for practicing the cardinal virtues of Christ's religion, namely, charity. Nothing should be allowed to weaken these features of our organization. Every effort should be made by sub-



ordinate Councils and individual members to extend these benefits to an ever increasing number of Catholic women.

Recognizing that the rapidly changing status of women offers new opportunities, and that those opportunities are best grasped by the educated women, we exhort mothers among the Catholic Ladies of Columbia to secure higher education for their daughters. But as religion should accompany education, we urge that, whenever possible, this education be obtained in Catholic institutions, and that support and encouragement be given to Catholic high schools and Catholic colleges.

As many girls are prevented by circumstances from availing themselves of higher education, we advocate the establishment of Catholic night schools, and urge attendance thereat. Since the trained worker is the best worker, and that worker is happiest who finds work for which she is fitted, we approve of vocational guidance and training in connection with our schools, and where feasible under the auspices of our organization.

In advocating intellectual advancement, we call attention to the opportunities offered by the lecture platform. We advocate the consideration of this means of improvement by our members and suggest that they arrange lectures for their members and for general audiences on civic, social and educational topics.

We can not too strongly urge upon our members their duty to support the Catholic press. We hold it a duty that each member subscribe for her diocesan paper, and at least one Catholic magazine, and that the books of Catholic authors be bought and read. We hail the advent of the first English Catholic daily paper in the "*Daily American Tribune*," of Dubuque, Ia., and ask that each subordinate Council pay for at least one subscription.

We furthermore urge the use of public libraries as a means of spreading Catholic truth and combating bigotry. Since Catholics help to maintain these libraries, it is their right and duty to see that Catholic authors are not ignored.

The startling increase in divorces with the consequent destruction of the home, is a menace to our country. The trifling causes for which, in many states divorce is granted, shows how lightly the breaking of the marriage contract is regarded by our law makers. As uniformity of divorce laws will tend to mitigate this evil, we advocate the passage of the Jones Bill now before Congress.

Places of amusement are conducted for the entertainment of the public and not to pander to the taste of the depraved and to corrupt innocence. Therefore, we insist upon the strict censorship of moving picture films, the prohibition of immoral shows and immoral publications and the suppression of immodest dances.

We pledge ourselves to be exponents of

modesty in dress, which has been so strongly urged upon Catholic women by the Holy Father. We realize that, as soon as women take a decided stand against immodest dress, a reform in style will of necessity follow.

The injustice done to women in the industrial world constitutes one of the crying evils of the day, and we deplore the indifference of the sheltered woman toward her unjustly treated working sister. We ask that our Catholic women give their constant support to those measures intended to secure the betterment of women in the industrial world, among which measures may be mentioned laws providing for a minimum wage, for regulating child labor, for the fifty-hour week for factory, store and office workers, for the abolition of night work for women, for truth in fabric, proper housing and social insurance.

As an all important factor in the solution of social problems is the help of workers, therefore, we recommend most heartily the organization of women workers in defense of their rights, and earnestly solicit the enthusiastic support of the Catholic Ladies of Columbia for the Co-operative Movement.

We urge our members and subordinate Councils to initiate, or at least to interest themselves in, movements and endeavors seeking to relieve distress, to promote the welfare of orphans, to improve health conditions in their respective communities, to reduce mortality particularly among mothers and infants, to provide wholesome recreation for young and old, to promote neighborliness among new Americans, particularly those of our own Faith, and to assist, counsel and protect girls exposed to danger, as is done by the Big Sisters.

We pledge our support to the missions in our own country and abroad, our aid to European sufferers, particularly to the starving nuns, women and children of Austria, our active, loyal, enthusiastic devotion to our respective parishes and dioceses.

We heartily rejoice over the establishment of the Irish Republic, and earnestly solicit its recognition by our Government.

We consider the establishment of the National Catholic Women's Council an institution of tremendous possibilities for the welfare of Catholic women organizations and for the good of the Catholic Church in general, and promise to give its development every assistance in our power.

## BETTY AND THE VOTE

THE electric bus was skimming along, when a young woman, running and waving her arm, caught the driver's eye. As he stopped, and we watched her sprinting down the street, a young man, with heavy lidded eyes and a bad mouth, sneered, "And she ex-

pects to vote!" No one noticed his words, not even a man smiled. The papers in their hands announced, in big headlines, that Tennessee had ratified the Suffrage Amendment, and the bus was half filled with new citizens. The girl, breathless but smiling, climbed in, and the bus started.

"You almost got left, Betty!" observed the Judge, by whom she had dropped.

"Won by an eyelash!" she laughed.

"You will have to get up earlier," he suggested.

"I'll warrant I was up before you," she rejoined. "You see I just made father and mother take a little vacation down in their old home town, and of course I have everything to do. I was up at half-past five this morning, got my breakfast, straightened up the house, fed the chickens and the dog and the cat, gathered vegetables for dinner, picked the tomatoes—why will tomatoes ripen so fast, when you are not ready for them?—gave the flowers some attention—it would spoil mother's vacation if she found her flowers had suffered because of her absence—dressed, caught the eight-thirty bus, and will be at my desk on time."

"And you expect to vote, Betty?"

"Why certainly, Judge!" answered Betty.

The Judge deliberately looked at the young man with the heavy eyes and the bad mouth, and his steady gaze drew the attention of the others except Betty, who was buttoning her gloves. Then the Judge said:

"I expect the vote of a person so capable will be wisely used," and he began to tell her about his garden.

There are a number of capable Betties in the old U. S., but I wonder if the Judge's last question were put to them, would all answer as this Betty did. Or would they think when they started the domestic machinery in the morning and got to the office on time, they had done their full duty, and with an easy conscience could leave matters of state to men.

Judging from the lack of interest suffrage workers found among many of their sisters while the battle for their political freedom was still to be won, it is possible that not a few will neglect to use their franchise, which has been secured for them after so long and hard a conflict, and we fear that Catholic girls and women will be largely numbered among the indifferent.

There never was a flimsier argument put forth against suffrage than that politics would degrade woman, unless it was that woman's

silent influence is more effective than her vote could ever be. The same thing was said when she entered the business and professional world; but, instead of being degraded by it, she has elevated it. Man naturally reveres woman, and when with her he is at his best. And if that degradation of politics, of which we hear so much, threatens to prove too great for women, then we shall find men becoming her aids in purifying politics. It was rather offensive to be told that women needed to be protected to be good. Woman is the great protecting power of the world. God made her such, and wherever that power is needed, it is her duty to exercise it.

Now, sisters, whether you wanted it or not, suffrage has been won for you. You are needed in the world to-day as never, perhaps, before, and the vote is your strong, sharp weapon. It may not seem of much worth to you, but it is one more arm raised for right and justice and goodness, and it is your duty to use it. In some places your very liberty is threatened by bigots, and the law is being employed to destroy it—but you now have it in your power to prevent such laws being enacted, by sending men and women to office who will not turn or attempt to turn the machinery of the State against a part of their fellow citizens to deprive them of their right to worship God and educate their children according to the dictates of their conscience. Remember what is done in one state may be attempted in another. So register and when election day comes, vote, and vote intelligently. Let the November returns show that we were at the polls.

M. T.

## MAKING WORK DRUDGERY

THE housewife who treats her work as a drudgery has no happiness in this world. If she could see the beauty of simple art in the home it would tend to transform her work from drudgery to pleasure. The farmer who sees nothing but hard toil in his work is an unhappy creature. He might find supreme pleasure in his occupation if he saw the application of science and art in his daily work. The blacksmith who merely nails on shoes of a crude character cannot find particular joy in it, but the blacksmith who does horseshoeing as an art, with precise reference to beauty and perfect use, finds an ever increasing pleasure in his accomplishment. All through the vocations of life there is the possibility of stimulating interest by a full understanding of the simple applications of science and art.

## OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

"Let us speak the patent fact. God and Christ are being crushed out of the lives of its citizens, because God and Christ are being brushed out from the school rooms into which are thrust the childhood and the youth of the land.

"Then, if you wish that your men and women of the future be valiant Catholics, put your children into Catholic schools; help to maintain and develop those schools. The Church knows well its needs; it pauses before no effort, before no sacrifice, to bring to all its little ones a Catholic education. Catholic parents, send your little ones to Catholic schools. Catholics all, take deepest interest in the work of Catholic education, whether or not your children are its immediate beneficiaries.

"It is the Church that makes the appeal, for her own sake, for her own life, for her own welfare. Let us care for the Catholic children of today; the morrow of the Church will be provided for in America. Let us not neglect Catholic education. If we do, the future of the Church in America is to be despaired of."  
—*Archbishop Ireland.*

## MEETING SORROW

WE all receive heartaches once in a while. Every one does. If it is not one kind of sorrow, it is another. We should not be here if our lives were to run along without a ripple. So because we have met with disappointments or sorrow, we must not let ourselves become sour, and place ourselves in a rut, where we imagine everybody is sorry for us; and in our narrowness, we think we derive comfort from such sympathy when the truth of our position is this—nobody really pities us. People think we should have more stability than to be crushed by incidents that come into almost every life.

We could all be in that position if we let ourselves go down with our feelings, instead of looking up and realizing that every sorrow comes from God, and that He has put into our hands the things we are complaining of. Always remember the old adage, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Seek for joys and you will find them, not in a rut, but in the paths outstrewn before you.

## COURTESY

If more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar, have we not often seen how politeness wins where rudeness loses? What is the use of rushing about the world knocking each other in the hurly-burly of our eagerness to embrace an advantage, when the world resents such roughness and yields its prizes instead to those who are gracious and graceful?

Among the best of good manners is promptness. Some persons have many of the sweetest virtues of character and "miss out," because they are too late. They come when the party is over and the fiddlers have gone home, and there is nothing left for them but confusion and regret.

Another superior point of good manners is to listen. He has not learned to live aright who interrupts in the middle of a sentence—any more than he who talks too long or too miscellaneously. The world wants people in whom the world can repose its confidences—and you cannot tell anything to people who listen with half an ear and half a mind.

## UNEXPECTED REWARDS

"I want to thank you for the inspiration you gave me last night," said a woman to a friend in whose home she had spent the evening.

"How could that be? I did not know that I said a word out of the commonplace, and I certainly did not feel inspiring."

"I was greatly depressed; your quiet manner and your pleasant view of things cheered me so much."

Now, it happened that the woman who was thanked had herself been also struggling against depression of the bluest kind, due to overworked nerves; she had had to force herself to appear as she really wanted to appear, to make the visit as pleasant as she would want to make it if she were feeling at her best.

One who insists on doing her best, "whatever wind doth blow," is sure not only to find pleasant rewards on the way, but also to help others, as at the bottom of her heart she really wants to help.

She could not fathom the springs of her happiness; nor would she try. She had that grade of sweetness that never picks God's gifts to pieces to see if the material is worth anything. She did not even need to bid herself note that she was happy. It did not come into her mind that being glad was a treason to her dead. . . . Between them all and her was no black gulf of bitter separation; only the golden bridge of absence across which love flies with surest foot.—*JOHN AYSOUGH.*



# Fireside Talks & Tales

## Children's Corner

Conducted by *ELIZABETH ROSE*

### THE STORY OF ROSARY SUNDAY

**I**N the year 1571, long, long ago, there was a terrible state of things in Europe. Not only were its different countries almost all at odds with one another, but the Turks, who today are of but little account, were then very powerful and bitter enemies of the Christian nations, and saw in the disturbed condition of affairs a fine chance to overrun the continent and crush the Christian religion by making its members their slaves. So busy were the European monarchs with their own worries that few realized what the Turks had in view. Pope St. Pius V, far more clear-sighted, called on them in vain to make friends with one another and bend all their energies to defending Church and home against the common foe. With the exception of Spain and parts of Italy and France, none paid any attention to his warnings or appeals. So in this year of which I am writing, the Turks had already gained their first foothold and sent a fleet into the Gulf of Lepanto in Greece, now known as the Gulf of Corinth. The Christian fleet, under the command of Don John of Austria, the gallant brother of King Philip II of Spain, went out to meet and give battle to the invaders. The Turks had by far the larger force and apparently all the advantages. Even the wind and tide were with them when, on October 7, Christian and infidel met in conflict. The Turks drew out their vessels in the shape of a crescent, the Mohammedan emblem; the Christians arranged their boats in the form of a cross. On each of their vessels, Franciscan friars went among the men, encouraging and blessing them and hearing their confessions, that they might go into the coming battle with clean hearts, and so draw down God's favor on their cause. Every man had his rosary around his neck; and at the first shot Don John himself broke out the standard of Our Blessed Lady from his ship. A tremendous shout arose from the Christian fleet at the sight. Every vessel in line saluted the image of the Virgin, while the Turks aimed at her flag in vain. The battle lasted the whole day. But at the end, the banner of Mary floated triumphant, unharmed, untouched; and what remained of the Turkish fleet, shattered, dis-

persed, and crushed, was at the mercy of the Christian victors.

Nine hundred miles away, far off in the city of Rome, Pope Pius and his Cardinals sat in conference that same day, not knowing what was taking place in the waters of Lepanto. In the midst of the discourse, the Pope suddenly rose, went to an open window, and gazed fixedly out into the skies above him, lost to his surroundings. There was a dead silence around—the cardinals, amazed, could not imagine the cause of this abrupt action. Just as suddenly, the Pope turned again to them and sank to his knees before them, the tears pouring down his cheeks.

"Away with all earthly business!" he cried. "To your knees with me and give thanks to God for the victory he has granted us!"

Then rising, he led them to St. Peter's, and in the midst of a throng of excited people who had soon discovered something strange was happening, as people do in some mysterious fashion, he intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and added an invocation never before used—"Help of Christians, pray for us!" So it was that all Rome knew of the miraculous victory before the actual news was brought, days later.

After the battle of Lepanto, the Turks never again troubled the peace of Europe; and, best of all, when Don John and his men returned in triumph to tell their tale to the Pope, they brought with them 25,000 rescued Christians who had been enslaved by the Turks, and had never hoped to see the light of freedom again.

In memory of this event, Pius V ordered a new feast to be put in the Calendar—the Feast of the Holy Rosary, to be forever kept on the first Sunday of October, in memory of the part played by the Queen of the Rosary on this memorable day. And those who know the story will remember and reverence, too, on this day, the brave soldiers of Christ who faced the outnumbering foe without fear, each with his rosary on his breast and a salute for the standard that floated from the ship of Don John, their admiral, with victory hidden in its folds of blue and white.



### THE ROSARY

Three angels bend around her throne  
Who is the Queen of all,  
And each beneath her blessed feet  
A wondrous rose lets fall.

How fair, how sweet, how beautiful  
They lie, her smile before!  
Now why to them such favor shown  
Of all God's gracious store?

Grief that hath passed eternally,  
Joy that doth reign complete,  
And Glory, are the roses three  
Low at Our Lady's feet.

—Mary J. Malloy

## HILDEBRAND AND THE GREEN CHICKEN

A WELL KNOWN French author, Theophile Gauthier, had a splendid cat, all yellow-and-black velvet, named Hildebrand. Hildebrand was the handsomest of cats and a very imperious one, allowing no liberties to be taken with him, and strongly resenting any one's else pets being introduced to his master. Ordinary cats took care to keep out of his way, for he really resembled a small tiger more than a creature like themselves. His master thought Hildebrand the finest thing going, and Hildebrand thought well of his master, but more of Hildebrand. One day a friend of Gauthier's asked him to look after his parrot for the day, as he was obliged to leave town. "Certainly," said the author; "bring him along. He'll be company for Hildebrand while I write." Polly and her perch were brought in; Polly's master departed; and Gauthier settled down comfortably to his writing, Hildebrand at his side on the soft cushion on which he loved to doze. But there was no doze today. He fixed an eye of cold shining emerald on the newcomer, blinking a bit now and then, as if considering the situation. Poor Poll saw that unfriendly eye, and feeling instinctively what was coming, gazed just as fixedly; but there was fright in that gaze, which Hildebrand was not long in finding out. His owner, wrapped up in his work, saw nothing of what was going on silently at his side. He didn't know what thoughts were gathering in the brain of Hildebrand, nor what fears were shivering along the spine of Polly.

"What can the thing be?" said Hildebrand to himself. "It's not a cat—it's not a dog. I don't know what it is. It's nothing I've ever seen before. I wonder if I could tell any better if I got closer?"

"What can the thing be?" said Polly to herself. "It's not—I don't think it's a cat—it's not a dog. It's something I don't like the looks of. I hope it won't get any closer. Oh, if that man would only look around! If I could get off this perch! Oh——! It's coming! ! !"

Hildebrand's yellow-and-black was all up in ruffles. His eyes were opening and shutting and sending out sparks like Catherine-wheels. His tongue was licking swiftly, though softly, across his lips.

"It's a green chicken!" he said. "It's got no business here, out of the chicken-yard. I'll put it in its place and keep it safe."

A bound—he was up on the perch. Then—a meow that was a scream, a rush for life!

From out the green chicken's throat came a deep rough voice, such as no green chicken ever before spoke with—

"Had your breakfast, Jack?"

Polly spent the rest of the day very pleasantly, and went home with her master in the evening in high spirits. Hildebrand spent the rest of the day under the sofa, whence no coaxing or persuasions could dislodge him. The "chicken" was not so "green" as he thought!

## QUEER FISH

DO you ever hear of the lung-fish? He looks like a snake, growls like a dog, and has a voice like a cat. When he feels like filling his lungs, he sticks his head up in the air and takes a good sniff. He's hardly more than eighteen inches long, yet he can fight any fish that attacks him except an alligator—rather an unfair fight that, when you think of the sizes of the two, something like a big boy fighting a very little one, it seems to me. Then there's the maltha, a Brazilian fish, that crawls, walks and even hops when he's in particularly fine spirits—but he can't swim. He looks just like a toad, and his fins are nothing but slender paws, no good for swimming. The cephalopode has two shining lumps on his back that resemble electric lights. He is black in color, to show off his "lamps" better, I imagine. Every now and then they grow dim, and he lights up again without the slightest trouble. He lives deep down in the sea, and if brought up to shallower water, he shows his displeasure by promptly dying. Poor fellow, he has a mean set of cousins, who often chase him and worry him; these very undesirable relatives have their electric light, too, but they carry it on the end of their noses. Many of these electric fishes give out beautiful colors as they move about. One, the lantern fish, throws out a green light at certain intervals, just like the revolving light on some lighthouses. Another queer inhabitant of the water is an eel that can get out whenever he wants and crawl over solid ground. He leaves the deep waters where he was born and goes abroad to hunt for small ponds and pools that he likes much better—for all the world like some boys who can't rest until they get away from home out into the world, and who, in the end, are often only too glad to come back again. So it is with Friend Eel. He will live for years in his pond, but all of a sudden, he packs up (whatever fishes pack, do you know?) and makes for his first home again.

**THE PUZZLE CORNER**

Then there's the puffer. He's a bright chap and a cunning one. Whenever a bigger fish tries to get him for his dinner, he doesn't make any fight—he simply swells himself up so that his captor can't possibly take him into his mouth, and has to let him go. Whereupon Mr. Puffer shakes himself, puts himself to rights again, and no doubt laughs in his rubber insides at the disappointment of his foe. A funny fellow, indeed, but not so funny, after all, as a fish that lives in the South Pacific Ocean and goes by the name of phronima. This gentleman wears his bones outside of his body. I suppose he must do it to be different from other fish. There are some human beings, also, who do queer things for a like reason.

The starfish can't swim, yet nobody ever hears of his drowning. His body is small, but five powerful arms stretch out from it in the shape of a star, thus giving him his name. He loves oysters for his dinner above everything—not broiled or roasted or fried, though—the raw ones are what he likes best. He will spread his arms around an oyster shell in which the tenant lies peaceful and quiet, and will press and squeeze until the unlucky little fellow within, feeling that something is wrong outside, opens the shell for a peep. An unfortunate move, poor oyster! Mr. Starfish is on him in a trice and sucks—how horrid!—just *sucks* him down alive! Take warning—never open your door until you are quite sure who is outside.

There are so many queer folk in the sea that perhaps we'd better get away altogether from them now. It won't do, you know, to be too long with queer things, or people, either, for that matter; there's always danger of getting the same way a bit ourselves. But before we say goodbye to them, let us take a look at perhaps the oddest of all—the little seahorse, only five or six inches high. His head resembles that of a horse so much that it has obtained the name for him. He stands up on end and has a tail, a real tail—not a fish one, but a straight one that tapers to a point and curls up, after his death, like a pug dog's. He winds this tail around the weeds that grow in the water—to help him stand, I imagine. He has a long snout or muzzle like a horse's, and a ruffle of skin on his back that is just like a little mane. But he can't run away, and he can't eat apples, and they will never take him in the army, although one might very truthfully speak of him as a horse marine.

We often hear the expression: "He's a queer fish." I wonder which one of them?

Our Puzzlers are doing well about guessing, and now, some of them have started out to make other Puzzlers guess. Here is a good specimen of their work—the more the merrier! But be sure to send puzzles only that you make yourselves. We don't want our fine Corner just a copy of other people's work, you know. Put on your thinking caps, Young Folk, and send in your own good work, to show those other people what we can do.

**A FIREWORKS PUZZLE**

- 1, Name of a boat; 2, A citizen of an olden time country and a means of light; 3, An article of wearing apparel; 4, Made in China; 5, What Mother said to Tommy when the baby cried; 6, An anarchist's weapon; 7, A noted politician; 8, Part of a flower; 9, A vehicle and an extended elevation; 10, What all women are afraid of.

Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia, Pa.

**DIAMOND**

1. A consonant; 2. a period of time; 3. a fruit; 4. an animal; 5. a vowel.

**BUTTONHOLE BOUQUETS**

1. For the iceman; 2. automobilist; 3. grammarian; 4. musician; 5. watchmaker; 6. untruthful person; 7. shoe-maker; 8. father; 9. soldier; 10. oculist; 11. doctor.

**ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES**

**AT THE DINNER TABLE**

1. Ham; 2. cabbage (cab-age); 3. cauliflower (call-i-flower); 4. kidney (kid-knee); 5. turn-nips; 6. potatoes (pot-eight-owes); 7. celery (cellar-y); 8. tomatoes (tow-may-toes); 9. beats (beats); 10. asparagus (asp-Para-Gus); 11. bacon (bay-con); 12. pie (p).

**WHAT'S YOUR COUNTRY?**

1. Iceland; 2. Germ-any; 3. Wales (walls); 4. Russia (rush-ia); 5. Persia (purr-sia); 6. Can-ada; 7. United States; 8. China; 9. Pol-and; 10. Ire-land; 11. Palestine (palace-tine); 12. Hungary.

**CONNECTED SQUARES**

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a r e a   l e e r
r o v e   e m m a
e v e r   e m i t
a e r o v e r   a t e
           v a n c
           e n d s
p e a r e s t e s t
e c h o   e v e r
a h e m   s e r e
r o m e   t r e e
    
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**INSERTIONS**

1. Trade-tirade; 2. books-brooks; 3. prate-pirate; 4. peach-preach; 5. stand-strand; 6. bitter-bitter; 7. caves-calves; 8. laves-leaves; 9. sable-stable; 10. poplar-poplar.

**HIDDEN CITIES**

1. Geneva; 2. Macon; 3. Lisbon; 4. Toledo; 5. Lyons.

# Miscellaneous

## THE GREAT ADMIRAL, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born at Genoa, Italy, about 1435,

the son of a wool comber, Dominico Columbus, and Susanna (Fontaresso). He was the oldest of five children. One brother died in childhood; the sister, Biancetta, married a cheesemonger and remains in obscurity; the brothers, Diego and Bartholomew, became the life companions and partners of Christopher's trials, perils, and fame, Diego finally becoming a priest. Christopher early inclined to seafaring—a natural thing in his family; for he had an uncle who was an admiral noted for boldness of enterprise. Christopher's dreams of the future were permeated by whisperings of the Divine, for, as we shall see, it was God who chose the gifted youth for a great work, supported him through life with supernatural aid, and molded him in trials. Christopher's education was scanty and maritime in character. Besides the ordinary branches, he learned some Latin, drawing, and designing. His youth and early manhood are purposely left in obscurity by his son Fernando, who was his father's confidant and scribe in the latter's age. It is thought that he went to sea with his uncle and a cousin of his name, of whom many wild and daring exploits are recorded. Finally, attracted by the fame of Portuguese navigators, he came to Portugal, about 1470, in pursuit of fortune. It is thus that Washington Irving describes him: "He was about that time in the full vigor of manhood and of an engaging presence. Minute descriptions are given of his person by his son Fernando, by Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts he was tall, well formed, muscular, and of complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek bones were rather high, his eyes light gray and apt to enkindle.

"His whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair in his youthful days was of a light color, but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was

*"Blent with our loftiest note shall soar—  
A distant echo from a far off shore—  
His first Te Deum at San Salvador."*

moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and his amiableness and suavity in domestic life strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the Church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

In attendance at the chapel of the convent of All Saints, in Portugal, he met Doña Felipa, daughter of Bartolemeo Perestrello, an Italian cavalier and distinguished navigator, and with this lady he made a happy marriage. Living with his wife's mother, he supported his family by making maps and charts, and also contributed to the support of his aged father and the education of his brothers in Genoa. At Porto Santo, an island property which his wife inherited, his son, Diego, was born, and here also he formed a business connection with his wife's maritime relatives, studied the Portuguese routes and charts in the Perestrello family, and formed the conceptions which led to his great undertaking. The legends of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, Asiatic travelers, had a great influence on him. From imagination, reason, and vision came his famous theory that the earth is a sphere, and that one could reach the east by sailing west. To prove this theory, he must dare the mysteries of nature, of the unknown ocean. Let us listen to Irving on the spiritual effects of this theory:

"When Columbus had formed his theory, it became fixed in his mind with singular firmness, and influenced his entire character and conduct. He never spoke in doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes beheld the promised land. No trial or disap-



pointment could divert him from the steady pursuit of his object. A deep religious sentiment mingled with his meditations, and gave them at times a tinge of superstition, but it was of a sublime and lofty kind; he looked upon himself as standing in the hand of heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose; he read, as he supposed, his contemplated discovery foretold in Holy Writ, and shadowed forth darkly in the mystic revelations of the prophets. The ends of the earth were to be brought together, and all nations and tongues and languages united under the banners of the Redeemer. This was to be the triumphant consummation of his enterprise, bringing the remote and unknown regions of the earth into communion with Christian Europe; carrying the light of the true faith into benighted pagan lands, and gathering their countless nations under the holy dominion of the Church. . . The enthusiastic nature of his conceptions gave an elevation to his spirit and a dignity and loftiness to his whole demeanor. He conferred with sovereigns almost with a feeling of equality. His views were princely and unbounded; his proposed discovery was of empires and his conditions were proportionally magnificent; nor would he ever, even after long delays, repeated disappointments, and under the pressure of actual penury, abate what appeared to be an extravagant demand for a mere discovery."

On the accession of John II to the throne of Portugal, Columbus presented his case at court; but he met only artifice, treachery, and repulse. His wife having died, he took his son, Diego, and secretly left Portugal to try his fortune in Spain. At the same time, he commissioned his brother, Bartholomew, to appeal to the king of England.

About 1484, Columbus appealed to the dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi, who considered his project favorably yet were deterred by lack of faith and courage. On his decision to go to the court of France, the duke of Celi advised him to appeal directly to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, joint monarchs of Aragon and Castile. Such an impression did he make at court that he was summoned to appear before the council at Salamanca, in the Dominican convent of St. Stephen. Here Columbus confronted the most learned men of the age, and more by his faith and eloquence than by his theory, he won a friend in Diego de Deza, a learned Dominican friar; afterwards Archbishop of Seville. For several years Columbus waited and hoped in the court of Spain, following its campaigns and for-

tunes, and finally notwithstanding the patronage of Diego de Deza, he was repulsed with only an indefinite promise for the future.

He next appeared at the Franciscan convent of La Rabida, where he begged food and drink for his little son, Diego, and rest for both. He was on his way to leave the child with a maternal relative, while he pursued his quest in France. The Franciscan friars hospitably entertained them, and the guardian, Juan Perez, became the staunchest friend and advocate of his cause. Calling in friends for consultation, the guardian brought to Columbus a distinguished navigator and learned man, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who thought so well of the project that he offered to engage in it and to furnish means for making application in court. Friar Juan, who had once been confessor to Queen Isabella, wrote asking her aid; and, summoned by her to court, he pleaded so well that Isabella sent means for Columbus' conveyance to court, where he was now favorably received. The wars with the Moors were over. Granada was conquered, and the capital was in jubilee. The princely conditions of Columbus, however, caused hesitation. For eighteen years he had suffered neglect, ridicule, and scorn, he was about to depart indignantly from Spain to seek help elsewhere when a few friends of Isabella roused her enthusiasm, convinced her, and secured her promise to undertake the venture for the crown of Castile, to which venture she pledged her own jewels. An agreement was made, to which Ferdinand subscribed. The stipulations were: that he and his heirs forever should bear the title of admiral in lands discovered by him, and that he should be viceroy and governor general over such lands, and name three candidates for governor of each island and province; that he should have one-tenth the wealth (gold) from his lands; that he or his lieutenant should be sole judge in commercial disputes between such lands and Spain; and that he should contribute one-eighth the expense and receive one-eighth the profit. This share of the expense he furnished through Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who added a third vessel to the expedition. At this time Columbus broached to the king and queen his project for a crusade to recover the Holy Land from the Infidel. It was in his mind to employ in this way the wealth he might gain through discovery. This, too, we find in his mind when broken with age he set out for his last voyage.

Before Columbus started on his voyage, Isabella made his son, Diego, who had remained with the friars at La Rabida, page to Prince

Julian, with provision for his education and support. During the years of his waiting and neglect in Spain, he had met Doña Beatriz Hendriquez de Arana, a lady of respectable family, and with her he formed a second union. Her brothers and other relatives were the friends of Columbus and accompanied him upon his voyage. Her son Fernando was the companion and consolation of his last voyage.

On May 12, 1492, Columbus set out for Palos. After eighteen years of perseverance against all sorts of difficulties, trials, and rebuffs, he was now in his fifty-sixth year. Thus far his life presents an example of such virtues as perseverance, endurance, courage, faith, hope, patience, humility, steadfastness. Says Irving, "His example should encourage the enterprising never to despair." Columbus was again the guest of the friars of La Rabida. The port of Palos, by royal order, furnished two caravels, and Columbus a third. No vessels being ready, the Pinzons finally furnished one vessel and crew from among their relatives and friends. A second crew was impressed with some tumult and confusion, which explains largely the mutinous character of Columbus' sailors on the first voyage. By August, three caravels were ready, the largest, the Santa Maria, having a deck. This was the flagship of Columbus; Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with his brother Francisco Martin Pinzon as pilot, commanded the Pinta; and Vincente Yanez Pinzon, the third brother, commanded the Niña. In all, one hundred twenty persons sailed.

On embarking, Columbus confessed to Juan Perez, received holy Communion and the friar's blessings. His crews followed his example, and full of awe they committed themselves to the care of Heaven. It is impossible not to sympathize with the gloom that filled the relatives and friends of the seamen at Palos, as they bade farewell to the fleet, since many of the men were going against their will into unknown perils, for a project in which they had little faith. Nevertheless, both for the greatness of Columbus and the majesty of his undertaking, this voyage is perhaps the most thrilling of all in the history of seafaring. Columbus knew well the certain dangers as well as the chances of the unknown. The vessels were small, ill-fitted, unseaworthy; the crews unwilling, fearful, and changeable. The lives of his men were a heavy responsibility upon the admiral's soul; the success of the enterprise before the world was as great a care. He left in Spain his family, as yet unprovided for, except by strangers. His journal shows

whence he drew his strength, his calmness, and his success. To quote the verses of Benjamin D. Hill, C. P.—

"Into the vast unknown  
Thou wentest forth in steadfast hope, alone,  
But God was with thee: for thy peace enough.  
His breezes served thee; and when seas were dark

His stars more surely led thy destined bark;  
Aye, and for thee, a Star shone all the way  
Which others could not see—the Queen of Stars,

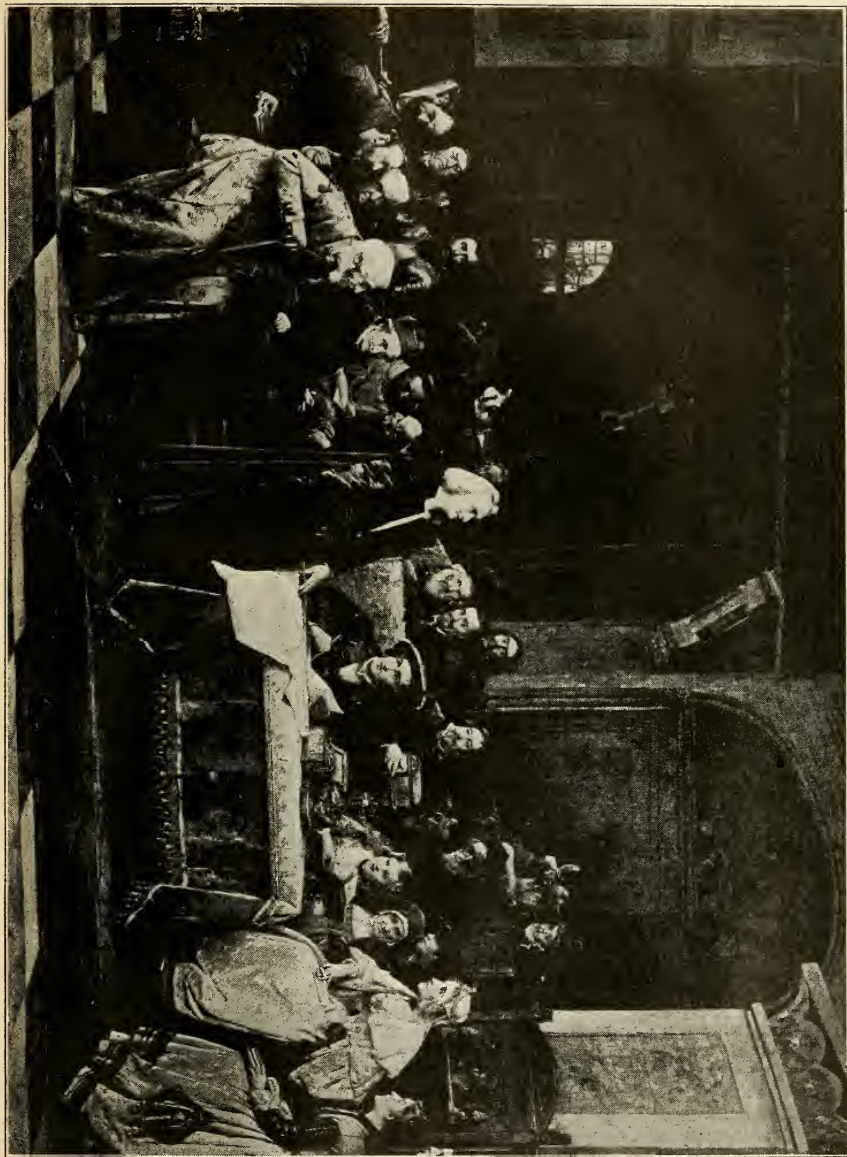
Brighter than Venus, Jupiter and Mars,  
In one; and clearest mid the blaze of day:  
The Ocean Star, whose sweetly constant ray  
Smiled calmness on a brow no petty jars  
Could vex—a brow where pain had printed scars

Which told of vanquished self through years  
of fray.

Thy soul uplifted ever to the light  
Of that true guide whose name thy vessel bore,  
Took Her for pilot. Morning, noon and night,  
To Her thine Aves rose; and more and more  
Thy trust increased, the sullen crew despite—  
Their menace deadlier than the tempest's roar."

Strangely on this first perilous outward voyage, the supernatural appears in the providential calmness of the seas, the fair weather; the recurring breezes and land signs which stilled the rebellion and fears of the sailors. When they became frightened at the continued calmness of the ocean, a swell or a breeze relieved their minds; when they despaired of reaching land, the floating weeds, the land birds, the murky horizons cheered them. But most of all, we believe, the daily Ave Marias, the evening Salve Regina preserved the caravels and crews to the singing of the Te Deum on land. On August 3, Columbus sailed from Palos. On October 12, in the month of the holy rosary, a mariner of the Pinta sighted land. The night before, Columbus, in his vigils, had seen a moving light. Hence to the admiral belongs the honor of first seeing land.

And now another historic scene is painted. At early dawn, Columbus is the first to touch the land, and kneeling down, kisses the ground, plants the standard of the Cross and the banner of Castile; the Te Deum is chanted; the timid natives draw near in wonder and awe, hailing the white men as spirits from the skies, bringing their gifts of gold, parrots, fruits, receiving with delight the hawk's bells, beads and other gifts of the strange and glorious beings. How perfect in innocence and trust is the reception given Columbus in his hour of



triumph! He came with faith and hope, and the desire to bring the blessing of Christian faith to pagan souls; they received him as a messenger from heaven, with love, with admiration, with worship. His kindness, his gentleness, his charity at once embraced the savages, and he planned for them a rule of love, of kindly teaching, and exchange of Christian faith for their pagan content and happiness. The disastrous miscarriage of his plans for them, the cruelties, the abuses, the outrages recorded in history, must be ascribed to the circumstances of time and persons, not to the will of the great admiral. But in the landing at San Salvador we still glimpse the divine plan, so beautiful that it has ever remained an American ideal of justice and liberty and good will.

Believing that he had reached the Indies, as he had planned, Columbus now cruised in search of the islands mentioned in the tales of travelers of the Orient. He thus discovered and named Hispaniola and Cuba, made friends of the natives, converted and baptized a number of them. Being deserted by the *Pinta*, and shipwrecked on Christmas eve off Hispaniola, he erected the fortress of Navidad on that island; and leaving a garrison of volunteers, he set out on his return voyage to Spain.

Columbus took with him a number of the Indians, who were to learn the Spanish language, receive Baptism and return to assist in the conversion of the islands. He took also specimens of gold, wood, fruits, and vegetables, and a glowing description of the lands discovered. Less favorable weather attended the homeward journey; and Columbus, fearing that the secret of the ocean would be lost with his ships and crews, redoubled his prayers and vows of penance and pilgrimages. He also prepared a cask, in which he placed a written account of the voyage and its charts, and cast it upon the waves. A second cask he placed on the deck of his ship. During a tempest, the *Pinta*, which had reappeared just before the return voyage began, was again separated from the fleet, and Columbus feared that it was swallowed up in the sea.

He finally made a Portuguese port, where he was at first roughly received, and later treacherously detained. He managed to send a land messenger to the court of Spain with news of his return and finally made the port of Palos. Here and at the Spanish court his return was a triumph, which at the time compensated for the hardships and neglect of the past. On the evening of the day he entered Palos harbor, the *Pinta*, which had survived the storm, sailed

up the river. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, an able, worthy, and brave navigator, had been penetrated by jealousy of Columbus. His own great contribution to the enterprise caused him to desire first fame. In this he was disappointed; and, learning that his desertion and disloyalty were known at court, he fell sick of a fever and in a few days died a broken-hearted man.

Columbus knew the fickle favor of a court and the doubtful admiration of a foreign populace. For the time, the admiration and enthusiasm were sincere and unbounded. The news spread through Europe and occasioned great rejoicing, great hopes and visions of the future. The magnitude of Columbus' service was appreciated. His eloquent descriptions of the New World fired the hearts of navigators and adventurers. Amid the honors and applause, Columbus sagaciously discerned his true friends in Isabella and the friars Diego de Deza and Juan Perez. Already jealousy was lifting its head, and powerful enemies were forming intrigues to thwart and overcome him when Columbus prepared for a second voyage.

On September 25, 1493, he sailed from the bay of Cadiz with a large fleet, with willing crews, adventurous cavaliers, and a stock of European supplies for the settlement at Navidad. The story of this and later voyages is painful in the saddening pictures of miscarried plans and dreams, of the advent of sin where sin had not been, and of desolation where plenty had smiled. On this voyage Columbus came upon a group of the Antilles off Porto Rico, discovered the Carribean islands, and returning to Navidad found the fortress a ruin, and the natives tainted with the touch of the white man's sins. For, with the departure of Columbus, the restraint upon the passions of the Spaniards had been lifted. Some of the men had died of fever, others disobeyed the rules and counsels he had given them, had invited attack by outraging the Indians, and by quarreling among themselves, had been destroyed. Columbus grieved for the fate of the men he had left in the fortress, but more for the harm worked on the savages by the example of the white men. The tale of the colonies henceforth is one of romantic expeditions by daring cavaliers, rebellions, plots, sickness, discouragement, and oppression of the natives. The magnitude of the trials set for Columbus astonishes the reader. On him fell the blame and the odium of all the conditions of the climate, the disappointment in finding gold, the excesses of the men, and the defects of the

sovereigns. Columbus shared all the hardships, bore himself with the same calmness as in time of less adversity, averted great disasters by superhuman exertions on sea and land. And now his brothers enter largely into his story. Without their support his career could not have continued so long. Diego, gentle, priestly; Bartholomew, enterprising, brave, sagacious, determined and magnanimous. Both shared with the admiral the slanders, perils, and reverses of his later days as they already shared his fame. Intrigues in the court of Spain charged Columbus and his brothers with harsh rule, abuse of the natives, and mercenary desires. Often his accusers were those he had favored, had pardoned, and had trusted. Their charges were the concoctions of the most artful malice which prepares the condition which it intends to expose. Yet these tales of returning cavaliers and seamen influenced the mind at least of Ferdinand and later even Isabella. Says Irving:

"No greatness was ever acquired by more incontestable, unalloyed, and exalted benefits rendered to mankind, yet none ever drew on its possessor more unremitting jealousy and defamation; or involved him in more unmerited distress and difficulty. Thus it is with illustrious merit: its very effulgence draws forth the rancorous passions of low, grovelling minds, which too often have a temporary influence in obscuring it to the world."

Contact with the Carribean Indians, who were warlike, had brought bloodshed on the peaceful islands. Cruelties, abuses by the Spaniards, and the enslaving of the once happy, gentle, and timid Indians, for the purpose of supplying tribute, in the absence of gold, had already worked against the christianizing of the islands. The shipping of the Indians to Spain to be sold as slaves is one of the chief charges against Columbus, and one of which he can not be entirely cleared. The practice of his time, the conditions in the colonies, and the lack of interest by the rulers of Spain are the explanation. When Isabella was finally roused to pity for the condition of the Indians brought home as slaves, it was against Columbus that her first indignation and suspicion was directed. When his successors worked utter demoralization and ruin among the unhappy natives, she was then powerless to redress the wrong. Rebellion in the colonies, disobedience to the admiral's counsels and rule, his choice of the lesser evils, his desperate straits must be the palliation for the sending even of war captives as slaves to Spain. He had shared the privations of the

common seamen, had put himself on the same scanty fare, exposed himself to wind and weather, and more than all had maintained his watches in drenching tempests, with the care of a fleet of souls, a nation's enterprise, a watching world's hopes weighing upon his mind. For thirty days almost without sleep, he thus preserved his ships, and was brought back from an exploring expedition, from the coasts of Jamaica to the city of Isabella, stricken insensible in all his faculties, in a lethargy like death itself. It was on his recovery from this illness that he put his brother Bartholomew in charge of the colony as the Adelantado.

The cruelties practiced meantime upon the natives, male and female, by the rebels, need not be told. The measures taken by Columbus to quell disorders, prove his faith, courage, and super-natural resource. He had the devoted aid of Franciscan and Dominican friars, and priests of the Order of Mercy, who stayed throughout all disaster, ministered to Columbus in his distresses, and despite the scandal of bad example converted a number of the savages.

The second homecoming of Columbus is, in a far different way, as striking as the first. Repeated accusations against the admiral by returning cavaliers and others had influenced Ferdinand and Isabella to send Aguado to investigate the situation. This man on his arrival in the colonies conducted himself so arrogantly toward Columbus that the admiral, mastering the situation by his unflinching resource of character, decided to return with Aguado and answer the charges in person. He appeared at the court of Spain, clad in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, having allowed his beard to grow. Ferdinand and Isabella understood. The powerful protection of St. Francis changed their attitude; the humility of the admiral was greater than his eloquence and enthusiasm. They received him kindly, made no mention of the charges against him, and promised to provide for a third voyage and for additional supplies. Domestic affairs and the intrigues of enemies, however, caused delay. The interest of the people in discovery had dwindled. Meantime, Columbus made his will, providing for his family, his relatives, and his own fame. Provision for his brother Diego to enter the priesthood, for the Adelantado, for his own sons, his female relatives who might need marriage portions, for the residence in Genoa of a married relative who should there keep a house for hospitality to the family, provision for the City

of Genoa as long as it was not in opposition to the Church or the Crown, and provision for charitable undertakings reveal the mind of Columbus unchanged by success or failure. Especially noble is his injunction to his son Diego to create from his revenues a permanent fund for the long projected crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, either by public or by private enterprise. In case of schism in the Church, he charged his heir to throw himself at the feet of the Pope, and to devote his property and his person to defend the Church from all insult and spoliation. Next to the service of God he enjoined loyalty to the throne.

For the third voyage six ships were fitted out, and for crews many released convicts were impressed; criminals at large were offered pardon on condition of their taking service; and this together with the increasing jealousy and malice of his enemies, added to the ever increasing burden which attended the advance of Columbus toward his eternal goal. On May 30, 1498, he set out for the third time. In the tropics he suffered greatly from gout, and from enforced watches on deck his eyes were almost blinded. On July 31 he sighted the three peaks of the island which he named Trinidad. Sailing through the Gulf of Paria, he returned to Hispaniola, haggard and emaciated, but with undaunted spirit. Here, to the joy of both, his brother Bartholomew received and comforted him. The Adelantado in the admiral's absence had had troubles of his own with the colonies. He had built fortresses for the working of the mines, exacted tribute from the natives, punished rebellions among the colonists and combatted sickness. The subsequent adventures of the admiral and his brother in the quelling of conspiracy by Rodan, leader of the imported criminals, and of Ojeda, a bold cavalier who had led an expedition of his own after his return to Spain, rival the thrilling creations of romanticists and novelists. While thus engaged in reducing the rebels to subjection and bringing the natives to peace and civilization, the intrigues against him in Spain were doing their work. Boabdilla was on his way from Spain to supplant Columbus. The letters sent by the admiral with returning ships had not offset the cunning plots of his enemies speeding to Spain on the same ships. The failure to realize great wealth had influenced Ferdinand, who had always looked doubtfully on Columbus and his project. Isabella had been worked on by sympathy for the condition of Indian slaves brought back on the ships, especially the girls and

women debauched by the Spaniards. Boabdilla was by letters empowered to investigate and if necessary to suspend the admiral from office and cause his return to Spain.

Boabdilla appears in this story strangely like another Judas, in his abuse of power, his treachery, and his untimely fate. Arriving in the settlement, he violently and arrogantly assumed command, took evidence from the criminal rebels whom Columbus had subdued, condemned the admiral without a hearing, arrested and humiliated him, and commanded him to advise his brother Bartholomew to submit. Guided, no doubt, by the counsels of St. Francis, Columbus met this supreme test with courage and humility, peacefully submitted to the mandate of the sovereigns, advised his brother likewise to submit in the hope of speedy redress when they should come before the court of Spain. Loaded with chains and treated with indignities, both were brought back to Spain. Meanwhile under Boabdilla, who superseded the admiral, the abuses which had aroused Isabella's sympathy were heinously increased. Cruelties, profligacy, license became rampant in the colonies. Slavery and tribute almost exterminated the unhappy natives.

When the news spread in Spain that Columbus had been brought back in chains, a revulsion in popular sentiment took place. The age, the dignity, and the great services of the admiral, together with his fortitude and patience, so impressed the people that they caused his chains immediately to be stricken off. The excess of his enemies had defeated their purpose. Columbus did not, this time, write to the king and queen, but privately sent, with the aid of the captain of the caravel, a letter to the nurse of Prince Juan, a lady of great influence with Isabella at court. In this letter, he related the truth of affairs, his wrongs and misrepresentations. Other letters also reached Isabella, and before the message of Boabdilla had arrived, she too had revolted against this treachery. Isabella and Ferdinand now wrote kindly letters to Columbus, requesting him to appear at court and providing the means. Richly dressed and attended, Columbus appeared, and at the sight of Isabella's tears, he fell upon his knees, his sternness melted, and he poured out his heart in his tears. He then spoke his own vindication, which was not now needed. The sovereigns expressed their indignation at his treatment, and promised immediate redress of his wrongs and reinstatement in his powers and dignities. Thus the third dramatic return of Columbus

ends in a victory only to be surpassed by that of his final return from the fourth voyage. We plainly see God leading him up the way of the cross, sustaining him, when the burden becomes too great, by triumphs which in turn lead to new disappointments and trials. The promises of the king were not kept in the way in which they were represented. Nicolas Ovando was sent to rule the colonies for two years until the anger against Columbus should have subsided there, when the admiral was to return to his office. Ferdinand had become jealous of the power Columbus had secured in his terms of discovery. Vincente Pinzon and Portuguese navigators had pushed discoveries in the direction of South America. Columbus had done his work of pioneering the unknown seas, and others were eager to reap the rewards. Waiting a year, Columbus revolved again the project of a crusade to the Holy Land, wrote of the matter to Pope Alexander VII, promising to repair to Rome on his return from the fourth voyage, for which he now prepared.

Columbus was now sixty-six years of age and broken by exposure and the disease it had brought upon him. He sailed from Cadiz on May 9, 1502, with four caravels and one hundred fifty men. Passing Hispaniola, he was refused by Ovando an entrance to the harbor during a storm. At this time, Boabdilla, Roldan, and their crews of rebels were about to embark for Spain. In the same storm from which Columbus sought in vain for refuge, these ships were swallowed up, the only vessel surviving being the weakest, upon which were the four thousand pieces of gold, the property of Columbus.

Surviving the storm, he coasted Honduras, encountering friendly and more civilized Indians, skirted Porto Rico, discovered Puerto Bello and El Retrete, searched for a strait, and finally returned to look for the mines of Veragua of which he had heard. A settlement was made on the river Belen, near the gold finds. Columbus, leaving one caravel for the settlement determined to set out for Spain for supplies. Hostility of the Indians, sickness, and famine, however, decided his course, and abandoning the settlement, he took all on board. The leaky and rotting ships were stranded off Jamaica, where Columbus was forced to sink the vessels and construct on their decks thatched cabins as a fort. Diego Mandez, a brave and devoted follower of the admiral, undertook a voyage to San Domingo in a canoe in quest of aid from Ovando. Meanwhile, the

crew and the admiral, by strategy and fighting, kept themselves alive on the wreck. Diego reached San Domingo safe, gave his message to Ovando, and, as instructed by the admiral, then set out for Spain for new ships and supplies. Ovando, after a long and unexplained delay, sent two caravels for the relief of Columbus, in which all returned to San Domingo. The last trial of the admiral in the new world was the witnessing of the ruin of Hispaniola under the rule of his successors. Grieved by the desolation and oppression of the natives, he returned, sick and worn out in body, to Seville.

Here he lay sick for a time, his affairs in confusion, his finances exhausted. Still he was solicitous for the relief of conditions in Hispaniola, apart from his own property interests there. Ferdinand looked coldly on his pleas, and Isabella worn out with domestic calamities was dying. Diego de Deza, now archbishop of Seville, befriended Columbus, but he was unable to obtain for him reinstatement or redress.

Finally Columbus sent his brother Bartholomew to appeal to the new monarchs of Castile, the daughter and the son-in-law of Isabella. Immediately the admiral's illness increased; he wrote a dying letter of instructions to his son Diego, settled all details of business and charity, and expired with great resignation on the day of Ascension, May 20, 1506, being about seventy years old. His last words were: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Ferdinand celebrated his funeral with pomp, and his body was deposited in the convent of St. Francisco, afterwards removed to San Domingo and later to Havana.

We have followed the admiral on his life voyage and on his voyages of discovery—his marvelous outsettings and his dramatic homecomings—in triumph, in penitent's garb, in chains, and in the grip of death, but always in spiritual victory. We have read his life hitherto in the names of our towns, our rivers, our colleges, our songs, our streets, our monuments. We have heard of him in the rise and growth of a great Catholic society of priests and laymen—the Knights of Columbus, whose deeds and fame have spread beyond the boundaries of our own country. In the spirit of American Christian manhood we behold the fruit of the service and the virtue of the great admiral. And wonderfully, now, the vision of Columbus begins to become our vision, his dreams become our inheritance, our possession. In America are all nations and tongues and

languages from the ends of the earth gathered together in freedom under the banner of Christ. We have seen even now the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, long guarded spiritually by the Franciscan friars. In the appeal for a monument to the memory of American sons who died for the freedom of others, we hear the *Salve Regina* sung in deeds, as the beautiful shrine to Mary Immaculate rises in our nation's Capital. And according as we respond to his spirit, and make his will of loyalty our will, we hasten the process of the beatification of one whose story of suffering and vilification betokens justice in his crowning by the Church he served:

"But thou, Christ-bringer to the new half-world,

Christ-bearer, too, didst with the Christ, his Cross

Thy portion find. Thy glory's earthly gloss  
Scarce lasted till the home-bound sails were  
furled.

Ingratitude and envy swiftly hurled  
Their torches at thy fame. But was it loss  
They wrought thee? Nay, a merit, purged of  
dross.

For this their lurid flames so fiercely curled.  
And when had passed the years that seemed so  
long,

And came Our Lady with a call to rest,  
She led thy spirit through the sainted throng  
To where her Son reigns Monarch of the  
Blest;

And He bestowed, in meed of suffered wrong,  
A richer realm than thy discovered West."

## THE PERSONALITY OF ST. FRANCIS

By MARIAN NESBITT

"BY this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another," says our divine Lord. In truth, as a writer of today (Abbot Vonies, O.S.B.) has remarked: "The main precept of His religion is a personal precept of love one for another. In other words, instead of material legal observances, He established the great observances of the human heart, of mutual understanding, of mutual support, of mutual love. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ.'" And again: "He Himself, in His own Person, is the unifying force of Christianity. His first disciples followed Him in the simplicity of their new friendship, carried away by this ineffable charm. . . . Yet they had no external observance to make them into a school."

No one reading these impressive words can fail to be struck by the remarkable resemblance which, with all reverence be it said, the life of our Seraphic Father St. Francis bears in this respect to that of his crucified Master. St. Francis really loved his fellow men and showed them ever the most unflinching kindness, a kindness springing in large measure from his deep sense of the needs of human nature, and from his extraordinarily sympathetic understanding of that nature. "Neither shall any brother do evil or speak evil unto another," we read in the primitive Rule. "Nay, rather by the charity of the spirit shall they volun-

tarily serve and obey each other. And this is the true and holy obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ."

To quote once again from the writer above mentioned: "All conversion, all sanctity, must be associated with Christ's Person and the human persons with whom our lot is cast." How wonderfully this sentence describes the Little Poor One of Assisi, the Saint who loved his Savior with such a burning and consuming love that at length it impressed on his body the wounds it had long before engraved on his heart; the Saint whose sunny charm won even the most obdurate and coldly indifferent, and who understood, with a kindness of perception, a courtesy, and exquisite delicacy, that were noticeable even in his very early youth, but which increased more and more as he advanced along the path of holiness; so much so, in fact, that St. Bonaventure tells us no one could see him or converse with him and not fall under an influence so gracious, so indescribably winning that all darkness of soul was dispelled as if by magic.

This singular sweetness and gentleness extended even to the birds and beasts. Animals, the fiercest and wildest; birds, the tiniest and most timid, all were at peace with him, tamed by that secret power which made his dominion over the brute creation a thing to wonder at and admire. Over birds he held astonishing sway. The nightingale, which is perhaps the



shyest of all birds, would go to Francis, perching on his hand and giving not the slightest sign of fear, as one did on Mount Alverna, where the Seraphic Father was staying after the suffering and ecstasy of the stigmata. Moreover, a falcon, which also dwelt in the woods that covered the slopes of that holy mountain, close to the cell Francis occupied, "acted," says a legend, "as a living clock for the Saint, calling him in the night at the hour he was accustomed to rise for prayer." How he preached to the birds at Bevagna is a tale too well known, fascinating and poetical as it is, to need repetition here. But another, not less fascinating and much less familiar, is that of the swallows at Alveano, whither he retired on leaving Bevagna.

As he spoke from a balcony to the vast concourse of people assembled in the piazza, the swallows twittered so loudly and so incessantly that his words could scarcely be heard. Whereupon our Saint is said to have exclaimed: "O, you swallows, my brothers, you have chattered enough; it is now my turn to speak.

Be good enough to keep silence and listen to what I have to say to the people." Immediately, it is recorded, the swallows held their peace, and each one sat in its place during the sermon.

Sheep and lambs were special objects of tenderness with the man of God; and the shepherds on the hillsides often marveled at seeing how, when Francis stopped, as was his custom, to salute the flocks, they would all cease feeding, and running up press affectionately around him, bleating and showing every sign of pleasure and friendliness.



"O, God!" exclaims the learned Bossuet. "I have considered Thy works and I have been afraid. Where is that empire that Thou gavest us over the animals? We see but a small remnant of it among us, as it were a feeble memorial of our former power, and a miserable fragment of our departed fortune!"

But with St. Francis it was wholly different; the gifts, lost by sin, were pre-eminent in him, who entered with such holy joy into all bright things; keeping himself pure as one of God's

stainless lilies, throughout all the temptations and pleasures of his youth. To him, as he climbed the steep mountain pathways, or wandered through the valleys and across the plains of his native Umbria, far-off echoes of heavenly music seemed borne upon the summer wind, and that chanting of Angels making melody in his eternal home beyond the sunset, rapt him into ecstasy; yet not the less did his heart thrill with gladness when the spring song of the robin sounded like a magic flute.

He had gentleness, and to spare, for the little wild things of field and forest, which, like

the rabbit on the island in Lake Thrasymene, whither he had retired to spend Lent in solitude, attached itself to him and would not leave him until he had given it his benediction. For he was endowed, as has already been said, with an inexhaustible fund of sympathy, which overflowed in all directions; hence his influence over animals and tenderness to them; hence also their love for him and their desire to be near him.

But if the kindness of St. Francis to the dumb creation was so marked, how immeasurably more noticeable was it in the case of

his fellow men. "The greatest consolation in life," says St. Ambrose, "is to find a heart to which thou feelest thou canst open all thy own." And truly, indeed, could each one say this of the heart of Francis of Assisi. He so sincerely loved and believed in his fellow creatures that, despite his horror of sin and the clearness with which he saw its disastrous consequences, despite his full recognition of the wickedness that prevailed in the world around him, he always found so much to be thankful for, so much in man to admire, that he became not only the apostle of the miserable, the erring, and the poor—particularly the suffering poor—but in very truth their brother and their friend.

"St. Mechtildis," we learn from her biographer, "anointed all the afflicted with the sweet ointment of her pity, her compassion, and her sympathy." What, then, shall we say of the Poverello, whose dreamy, gentle, and pure nature was far more affectionate and poetical than is usual even with the Saints; though "the sensitive sympathy with physical suffering," which some writer tells us "is the growth of civilization involving a high development of the imagination and a delicacy of the nervous system," which we seek in vain in coarse, unrefined natures, would ever seem to have been the special note of all who have done great things for God.

Francis, who desired that grain should be scattered abroad, in order that his little brown brothers, the birds, might keep the great Christmas feast, could none the less feel his soul torn with pity for the strange, inexpressible mind sorrows of those who walk lonely and alone, along the road of life, blind to the golden gleam of the sunshine, the beauties of earth and sky, desolate because "their spirit comrades have missed them on the way," and they will not turn to others for consolation or for help. If, therefore, we reflect for a moment we shall see why kindness, which is sometimes to be felt rather than defined, should have made such a singularly strong appeal to our Seraphic Father.

In the first place, it must be remarked that kindness is essentially one of the lowly virtues. It is a flower which may, and does, grow on the uttermost heights of holiness; yet at the same time it loves the valleys. It is one of those spiritual blossoms, which, as the saintly Bishop of Geneva so charmingly says, is to be found at the foot of the cross. For this reason alone, it would have been dear to the humblest of God's Saints. But also we must take largely into account that foundation

of natural character which sanctity transforms, but does not destroy; because, in the beautiful words of St. John of the Cross: "God certainly does not wish to destroy nature; on the contrary He wishes to perfect it." The saint, moreover, although he is a man of God, is still a man who has not developed and raised himself under the influence of in the direction of the supernatural and eternal alone. Hence, the temperament of St. Francis lent itself very readily to the practice of kindness. Thoroughly versed in the science of good will to all men, he went about doing kind things so humbly and unselfishly that his simplest act became a demonstration of the religion he so perfectly professed.

He was a past-master in the delicate art of subjugating his fellows not by force—for, as Fénelon so truly tells us, "there is no power that can force the inner citadel of the heart,"—but by charity, by a wise and large tolerance, by unfailing patience; in fine, by making "kindness the first dressing" of the wounds he set out to heal.

"God," says Père Lacordaire, "has willed that no good should be done to man, unless the gift be sanctified by love, and that heartlessness should forever be incapable of imparting light or inspiring virtues." And his great friend, Madame Swetchine, who herself influenced so many by sheer force of kindness, wisely remarks, that if "good people were kinder people, there would not be so many sinners."

Also, we may add that, if good people had more of the spirit of the Seraph of Assisi, that spirit so holy, so intensely human, so deeply touched by the sufferings of others, it is quite certain that the world would be a better and a gladder place; for, to quote the words of the famous writer, Victor Hugo, "If you want to make men better, make them happier."

Now, who could have labored more indefatigably to bring happiness to others than St. Francis? Who could have sacrificed himself more completely in order to lead sinners to repentance, to right the wrong, to establish love and good will where hitherto strife and personal feuds had prevailed? "In all his sermons," says Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., "Francis never failed to urge upon the citizens the blessings of peace and mutual love, nor to denounce with pleading earnestness the spirit of hatred and envy which kept the commune in a perpetual ferment, and the ambition for power which made the higher classes, whether nobles or burghers, bitterly hated by the lower class of citizens." Yet all this he accomplished with

such a bright and loving air, with a heart opened so wide by kindness that it embraced the whole world. It is impossible to imagine him saying disagreeable things; still less, harsh or scornful or mocking things, for "mockery is the fume of little hearts," and he was ever great.

"Let us never stop scattering seeds of kindness and sympathy along our way," writes Madame Swetchine. The whole history of St. Francis shows us that as he went about preaching and teaching, and perhaps even more frequently in the close intercourse of community life, our blessed Father sowed those seeds with such a generous hand, that wheresoever he trod fair flowers of gratitude and admiration and wonder sprang up beneath his feet. For

though he walked always, so to speak, with his eyes fixed upon "eternal Loveliness," yet he never crushed the humble blossoms of gentle thought and tender care for others; never, while his soaring spirit communed with God on the mountain heights of contemplation, forgot in rapture or in ecstasy the simplest needs of the brethren he held so dear; the more so, that his love for Christ was an intensely personal love. Hence his extraordinarily keen realization of the fact that "Christian religion is in danger where legal observance of some sort begins to crowd out the personal element, when all spiritual efforts are directed toward the scrupulous carrying out of a system of observances for their own sake without personal purpose."

## To Our Lady of the Rosary

Virgin and Mother of God's only Son,  
 Bounteous graces thy sweet prayers have won,  
 Countless the favors that earthward have flown,  
 Since first plea of thine touched the heavenly throne;  
 Star of the morning, bright herald of dawn,  
 Maid, in whose arms God in Heaven was drawn,  
 Who shall the half of thy glories relate;  
 Thou whom thy servants have named Heaven's Gate?  
 When hath been need of thy love as to-day?—  
 Hear us—for peace and for mercy we pray.  
 Remember that Jesus oft knelt at thy knee;  
 For His sake thou wilt heed who come falt'ring to thee;  
 Harken as once to his voice long ago;  
 While the beads, gift of thine, through our clasped fingers go,  
 And when death speaks the summons, O may our lives be  
 A chaplet all worthy of Jesus and thee.  
 Fashioned 'mid sorrows and combat and tears,—  
 Destined to shine through eternity's years.

—Catherine M. Hayes



# Franciscan News

Italy.—The Procurator General of the Order of Friars Minor has obtained from the Holy Father permission to insert in the Franciscan calendar, on October 23, the feast of the Blessed Josephine Leroux, Virgin and Martyr of the Second Order, lately beatified with a number of Ursuline nuns. When the convent of Poor Clares at Valenciennes was destroyed by the revolutionists, Blessed Josephine betook herself to the Ursuline community, of which her sister was a member. Thus she received the martyr's crown with the rest of the inmates. She is the first member of the Order of Poor Clares to be honored by the Church as a martyr for the faith.

During the work of restoration recently undertaken on the old church of Pescia, near Lucca, the workmen discovered several frescoes by Giotto representing scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin. The paintings are in fairly good condition.

The Tertiary congress held in Viterbo some weeks since, under the auspices of three families of St. Francis, was attended by a vast concourse of Tertiaries from all walks and professions. Among the distinguished laymen there was present an Italian deputy, who addressed the assembly, vested in the large habit of the Third Order. Papers were read on the following subjects: the true nature of the Third Order, the third Order and the clergy, Third Order propaganda, the Third Order and the press, the fraternity and the director, the Third Order and the young people, the Third Order and the woman, the Third Order and social action.

England.—The ancient friary of Litchfield, one of the first Franciscan establishments in England, has been lately placed on sale. It was founded about 1229 by Alexander Stavensby, Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield. The friary was destroyed in 1291, and the present structure was erected in 1545.

Five Sisters of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary left London for Zululand on August 4. This Franciscan missionary congregation has establishments in all parts of the world, and there is no religious order in modern times that has had so marvelous a growth and so phenomenal success as these zealous missionary Sisters.

Carey, Ohio.—On August 13, a Third Order conference was held at the Shrine of our Lady of Consolation, which is in charge of the Friars Minor Conventual. The two Conventual Provinces of the United States were represent-

ed by a number of Fathers, and the Province of England by its Commissary. Very Rev. Aloys Fish, O. M. C., Provincial Commissary and Financial Secretary of the Supreme Executive Board of the coming Tertiary Congress, presided over the sessions. He was assisted by the Rev. Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., of Cleveland, Ohio, Corresponding Secretary of the same Board. The purpose of the meeting was to devise means of increasing the membership of the fraternities under the guidance of the Conventual Franciscans, in preparation for the national Third Order Convention to be held next year, and to bring about unity of thought and action in the management of these fraternities. Many interesting and important topics were discussed, but no specific resolutions were adopted. Another meeting is to be called in the near future, at which definite action will be taken on the questions mooted.

Joliet, Ill.—On the feast of St. Clare, August 12, at the close of an eight-day retreat conducted by the Rev. Fr. Daniel, O. F. M., of St. Louis, Mo., nineteen young ladies received the habit in the Convent of St. Francis. They will be known in religion as Sr. M. Nicollette Galik, Sr. M. Rosaria Busser, Sr. M. Josita Busser, Sr. M. Esther Weizenecker, Sr. M. Agnes Ferber, Sr. M. Rainelda Garcar, Sr. M. Luella Schweik, Sr. M. Florentia Leipsic, Sr. M. Charles Borromeo Mack, Sr. M. Ethelburga Berner, Sr. M. Raphael Wand, Sr. M. Justa Peter, Sr. M. Rosaline Kodada, Sr. M. Prudentia Kolarik, Sr. M. Alonzo Hotovec, Sr. M. De Paul Klover, Sr. M. Wilhelma Ramaekers, Sr. M. Agnes Clare Baltz, Sr. M. Hortensia Fahrebach. Seventeen novices made temporary vows; fifty Sisters renewed their vows; and eighteen made final vows. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Rempe, V. G. presided at the ceremonies.

Evansville, Ind.—On August 12, in the convent chapel of St. Clare Sr. M. Cecilia of the Sacred Heart and Sr. M. Teresa of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary pronounced their solemn vows in the Second Order of St. Francis, and Sr. M. Philippa of Jesus, Sr. M. Eustochium of St. Roch, and Sr. M. John of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus made their simple vows. The Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O. F. M. was celebrant at this solemn function.



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